

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 170  NUMBER 2

AUGUST, 1942

85th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES

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WHEN Father William blew his hunting horn the Flatwoods shivered. Hounds moaned and quivered and strained at their leashes. The huntsmen licked their lips, savoring the roast possum they would be eating come next day's dinner.

Pa's hunting horns were famous in the Flatwoods, the Negro settlement in the north Georgian countryside where I was born. In those days farmers allowed the longhorned cattle to wear the curved horns that Nature gave them, and it was from those bony cores that Pa made horns for the hunt. He shaved them paper-thin, clear through the sheath, with splitting knives and small, well-tempered planes. He polished their pearly, opalescent surfaces until they were as smooth and shiny as oak leaves.

With hunting in prospect, perhaps on the night of the new moon after the corn gathering, Pa would take one of his horns down

from its peg on the kitchen wall, about ten o'clock of the evening, and shuffle out into the barnyard to call up the neighboring farmers. He had prodigious lung power. When he called hogs down from Horn's Mountain in the autumn, he could be heard all the way to Little Row, the white village three miles up the road; and when he clasped his horn, puffed out his bronzed cheeks, pursed his lips and strained his breath through the mouthpiece, he produced — you can get out of a cow horn only as much as you blow into it — loud, windy blasts of protracted and full-bodied tone, melodious and powerful and eerie. This was my first remembered music, my introduction to the quality of sound.

My father's colored cronies soon came streaming into the barnyard, some of them afoot, some of them on their ancient nags, all of them with lanterns and torches and tumbling hounds. For a quarter of an hour Pa would din the Mountain with change of key and agitated tremolo, until, with mounting excitement, he had prepared hounds and hunters alike for the fearful adventures of the night.

Pa was part Indian — a good part Indian, according to his own account of himself —

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and he never cared very much for life on the farm. He loved the wild freedom of wood and stream. He was something of a man of mystery to his children, my father, William Hayes, of God knows exactly where and whence. When my mother met him on the road from Atlanta to Chattanooga, just after the Surrender, he was carrying in his pocket a document which showed him to be a freeman and entitled to passage through the country. He had a notion that he might have been born in Illinois, but it was from Missouri that he went South, in the days of the reconstruction of Atlanta, to find work.

What a wonderful carpenter and craftsman my father was! He owned, during my childhood in the Flatwoods, a fine set of matched and graded tools, which he kept neatly laid out and shining like silver in a nearly immovable hickory chest. He could work magic with those tools.

Pa claimed to be of Cherokee stock, and often boasted that he could read and write his own language. We children, in our time, lacked the means to test Pa's mastery of the Indian tongue, but we loved to hear him speak and sing the guttural syllables which he taught us to associate with Indians. In my mother's ears, however, the forms of speech which he passed off as the language of his fathers sounded suspiciously like pig Indian, and she warned us that Pa was only fooling.

Clearly, father never liked the ten-acre farm where I was born. Nevertheless he was a good worker — under compulsion. When he had to, he could straddle row upon row of young cotton plants, between daylight and dark, and chop the soil with his hoe in a frenzy of sustained, if impatient, performance. After a day of such passionate labor he felt, I suppose, the need of a durable rest, and the next morning he would find himself a comfortable place in the shade.

Pa taught us children to plow behind an ox named Ned, who wore a bell of a size and bigness of tone which our small farm never quite seemed to require for purely locative reasons. I early suspected my mother of having fixed that bell to Ned's collar so that she might be assured of the continuity of his employment.

One hot midsummer day, when Pa had been put to work with the ox in the cornfield, Ned's bell began sounding out an unusual rhythm. Ma, who ever kept both ear and eye upon the problems of our straitened domestic economy, sharply reminded Pa, across the width of field, of the absolute indispensability of his patriarchal occupation. Presently the bell jingled again with obedient regularity. Ma, thinking to reward Pa with a mollifying dipper of cool water from the spring, went out to him in the heat of the afternoon. She found him taking his ease under a shady tree. There he sat, smoking his pipe and contriving, with a rhythmical motion of his wrist, to produce from a tethered cowbell a convincing imitation of Ned at work.

Years later, in 1926, when I visited Joseph Mann, who had inherited my mother from his father not long before the Liberation, I was reminded of that occasion.

"Roland," said Mr. Mann, "are you that boy of Pony's that got caught settin' down on a plow and ringin' a cowbell?" The story had been told all over the Flatwoods, but it was really Pa, and not I, that got caught.

2

The forests, not the fields, furnished my father with his substantial contribution to our daily bread. If he liked better to eat than to feed my mother's chickens, he was the man to keep the crafty red fox from the coop. If he had no head for figuring and accounts, he could guess within a few ounces the weight of a treed possum by noting the size of the tree the hounds bayed under: the smaller the tree, the bigger the possum; and he would know at once whether to shake him or beat him down. At break of many a day in the fall of the year he would appear from the hunt with meat to eat and skins to be traded for salt and flour from the outside world.

What with the meat Pa fetched from the hills, to supplement Ma's careful husbandry of the produce of the farm, I do not remember that we children — I had six brothers and sisters — ever went hungry. A few steps from the kitchen door stood a smoke-

house, with a pit for curing hams and flitches of bacon and sausages. We stuck our hogs just before Christmas, and through the long month of January we tended a hickory fire whose smoke filled the aromatic chamber where the meat was hung, done up in muslin and wired to the rafters. I cannot remember a season, while my father lived, when there was not a piece of smoked meat to flavor our food — the string beans and fresh corn that we ate in summer, and the rice and potatoes of our scantier winter diet.

A small spring bubbled up from the earthen floor of the smokehouse, providing cold storage for milk and butter and eggs during the hot midsummer weather, when out-of-doors the fierce sun parched our dusty fields; and in a murky corner a twenty-gallon keg of sorghum mounted a pair of concave wooden horses. On warm mornings the sorghum flowed freely into a cavernous pitcher, whence it was poured over our cornmeal mush at breakfast, but in the winter only a little core of syrup remained liquid inside a shell of sugar, and it seemed to me, when Ma sent me out into the chilly darkness of the early morning, that it took forever, drop by drop, simply to sweeten the bottom of the jug.

In my childhood I admired my father's wonderful gift for making music. I believed there was no sound in nature that he could not imitate. His voice brought deer, bear, and partridge within range of his gun. He taught me to identify the songs of birds, himself repeating and answering their melodies, over and over again. I learned to distinguish between "true songs," which the male birds sing when they are establishing their private territorial rights in the spring, and the less highly specialized "recordings," as the songs of lonely females and the wintry choruses of gregarious males are indiscriminately called. At the risk of offending my mother, and sometimes at the cost of being whacked with her whip, I used to stop work in the fields to listen to meadow larks, orchard orioles, and summer tanagers — fancying, in the sympathetic way I learned from my father, that I was a bird addressed by my companions in the trees, and bird-like answering them.

In transactions with untamed life, my father made an offering of his whole nature. When he called a deer, he was a buck himself. It is perfectly clear to me now that he opened the way for me to become a musician by showing me how to offer my body, in imitation of him, to receive the music which he taught me to discover in the natural world. I learned from my father how the body follows the imagination. If singing is to be a really imaginative art it must give off, on each occasion, the effect of a fresh creation in which mind and body act together. The body must respond freely and newly to the mind's momentary act of recreation.

I early learned from my father to let my imagination do fluently what many singers have learned to do only through the repetitive use of destructive vocal exercises. I am fifty-five years old now, and yet, because my father taught me that the body follows the mind without stress and strain, I am conscious of no wear and tear on my vocal equipment.

3

I loved to share my father's secret life in the woods. After a possum hunt I had frequently to carry the victim over my shoulder, and when the angry captive, suspended by his naked, prehensile tail from a split poplar sapling, gave over his natural habit of playing possum long enough to snap at my legs, I was too frightened to hang on to my burden. Old Kirby used to take pity on me and try to teach me to be brave.

"We're all hunters here," he would say. "Hunters ain't skeered, hunters can carry their catch safe home all right."

In the late summer a nocturnal hunt usually came to an end in a watermelon patch. Towards two o'clock in the morning the men would build a bright fire — say on the edge of the big Kemp meadow. They would search the vines for ripe, frosty melons — an experienced thumb and middle finger can detect the sound of honeyed sweetness in the dark — and then, having called all hands and all hounds, they would sit down to gorge themselves until they fell asleep. At daybreak my father would carry me, the

carrier, home, still full as a tick of water-melon flesh.

There are said to be twenty kinds of native trees in our old hunting country, including eight varieties of oak, and I am confident Pa knew them all. Certainly he knew the shape of every piece of timber growing on Horn's Mountain, and estimated accurately the best uses each could be put to. He made splits for chair bottoms from the smooth-grained white oak; sound beds and comfortable rocking chairs of maple; straight-backed seats and sturdy benches of impervious hickory. He had built and furnished with his own hands the cabin I was born in some twenty years after the War Between the States.

It was only a log cabin of two rooms that he had built, at the foot of Horn's Mountain, near the town of Curryville (it was called Little Row in my childhood); but it had certain marks of distinction in comparison with even ruder houses in the neighborhood. There were two chimneys made of stone pulled out of the Mountain, and the timbers of which the walls were built were stopped not with red clay, according to local fashion, but with yellow, after my father's whim. He had discovered a small mound of it in a near-by field.

The fireside in the front room was the center of our family life. Opposite the chimney, in the other end of the room, Pa and Ma and Jesse, my youngest brother, slept together in a big maple bed. Pa's rifle, which hung over the bed, caught the fire-light at night and brought the far, dark wall to life. I remember how the bursting lights used to glance upon a circle of Victorian picture frames which encased some family photographs. They were gifts, no doubt, of white people my mother worked for when Pa was doctoring in Chattanooga. They were, of course, absurdly inappropriate, but they introduced a note of elegance of which we children were inordinately proud.

On winter nights Pa told stories in front of the fire for the benefit of the whole family. He was a great raconteur; he could make us laugh or cry and cause our crinkly hair to stand on end. One night he came in from the lane, pallid under his bronze skin, and told

us that a headless man had followed him all the way home from the neighborhood of Mt. Zion Church.

"I done shot at dat critter," he said, "and what do you think he done? He blowed up, big as a house, and jumped right up into de sky!"

Perhaps once a year Pa would begin to talk about buried treasure, of which there was supposed to be plenty in the Cherokee country. He would tell us that the Big Chief was coming back pretty soon, to look for gold.

"When he comes," he said, "he will go to dat cone of rocks yonder on de Mountain. When he sees dat cut on de wes' side of ol' white oak, he will know where de gold is buried. He will dig it all up, all right."

And then we knew that in a day or two Pa would disappear. Sometimes he would be gone for weeks. When he came back he would bring us presents, but we never knew where he went.

4

The hand of Death is never very far removed from the latchstrings of the poor. Only the strong survived the accidents and rigors of our humble Flatwoods life. Still, when sorrow did not press too immediately upon us, we enjoyed our simple sociability. Most of us had too little knowledge of the world to feel that our pleasures were attenuated. Although my mother did not like to have my brothers go to breakdowns, where corn likker and bad girls circulated freely, she was willing to let us enjoy diversions invented by church members. And above all, we learned to make parties of the routine events of our lives.

Occasionally, when I was a boy, I was allowed to watch the dancing at the Garlington house or at the John Tate farm. Will Garlington had been a notorious infidel, and although public opinion had finally obliged him to join the church, he had never quite been able to put the world away. There regularly repaired to his house all the colored people who wanted to make the most of the church and the world simultaneously, a kind of semi-respectable fringe to the more sedate fabric of our Baptist society. Church

people could go to those dances without taking part, but frequently they would be moved to give themselves to dancing and rioting. Then they were likely to be reported to the deacons and brought before the elders, who would exhort them to repent. Unrepentant members were turned out of the church forthwith.

Will Garlington blew the quills at the Garlington dances, and Ren, his brother, one of the neighborhood toughs, cracked the bones and called the sets. The elderly itinerant musician, Jim Kirby, who boarded at our house when he was in the Flatwoods, — I called him Uncle Nat, — played the fiddle and beat straws, and Jesse Tate picked the banjo.

Many of the musical instruments and a good deal of the music were of African origin. Quills are joints of bamboo, tied together with string in an arrangement like the pipes of Pan. You blow across the open tubes and produce tones like those of a steam piano or calliope, but mellow. In Africa a bone-cracker cracks real bones, but in Georgia we used simulacra carved from hickory wood. A good bone-cracker can crack bones with both hands, clacking out the rhythms required for buck-and-wing dancing. I learned to blow quills and my brother Robert beat straws, so that, although we were not often allowed to go to the Garlington house, we could make music of our own when Uncle Nat was stopping with us.

Pete Vaughn, who conducted a seasonal singing-school in the Flatwoods, also used to stay at our house when he came to the village. He taught me to read book music, printed in square notes. That was stylish music, from city hymnbooks. Fortunately, not everybody in our congregation learned to read notes, or our folk songs might have gone unsung.

There were certain community festivals which the whole countryside attended, even the church people. When my mother's brothers, Uncle Wiltsie and Uncle Simon, picked the banjo — it was Uncle Simon who invented a name by which I was called in the family circle, Roland-Come-Mumbling-Come-Tumbling-Come-Paregoric — I was allowed to watch and listen. Even the

church members joined in the clapping of hands and the singing, although only unbelievers cut steps and swung their partners.

One of the most popular dance tunes was "Ring Around, Swing and Play," and it went like this: —

Ring all around, Suzanne,
Ring all around, Suzanne,
Swing all around, Suzanne,
Swing all around, Suzanne,
Swing your partners, Suzanne,
Swing all around.

My mother's cousin, Jesse Tate, of the earringed ears and the sensitive hands — he is still cheerful and engaging at eighty — used to spell my Uncle Wiltsie in calling the sets at "potillias," as cotillions were called in our county. A potillia was formed by eight dancers, four men and four women, who cut the steps in sets of three "bars." The music and the laughter, the swaying bodies and the shuffling feet, made your own feet itch if you were a church member and not allowed to dance.

So closely contiguous were the sacred and profane worlds in the Flatwoods that their music was nearly identical. To be sure, there were different texts, inequalities of mannerism, gesture, and vocal expression, and conflicting emotions. Yet, curiously enough, there was very little overt lewdness in the secular songs. Coarseness appeared in them only by implication. There was the "Roust-about Song," for example: —

Rock me, Julie, rock me,
Rock me like a baby,
Rock me slow and easy.

The melody went like a spiritual. With the substitution of the Holy Name for "Julie," you might have had a characteristic religious song. You had to know — you could not have discovered it from words or music — that the singer was thinking about a night he had spent with his girl.

In my childhood I knew a considerable number of African songs, but when I went North I forgot them, and it was not until I began to meet native African musicians in Europe, many years later, that I was able to recall the old melodies laid away in the bottom drawers of my mind. It is the greatest misfortune that so little original African

music has survived among us — the earthy, natural music that our forebears brought with them in slave vessels from the Dark Continent. To native Africans, sexual intercourse is creative and holy; allusions to it in their songs are respectful, not obscene, and the bodily movement which accompanies the performance of songs of love is not vulgar to African eyes. On the contrary, it is an artistic symbol of exalted experience.

5

Most of what I know about my ancestors I learned from the man who owned my mother. When I went back to Georgia, in 1926, to buy the farm where Ma had lived in slavery, I found the old gentleman, the last of a great family of planters, in a shanty in Sugar Valley, six or seven miles from the Gordon County plantation which he had inherited from his father. He had been obliged to sell his property many years before, and now he lived in penury with his second wife, a nearly lifeless invalid.

The Big House where my mother worked was not distinguished for the colonial simplicity of the manor houses built in the days of the Georges, but in my eyes, when I was a boy, it had seemed a palace. It was a commodious, two-storied structure, with wide chimneys at either end; and across the full front of it there stretched a veranda with a roof supported by six columns. The bedrooms gave upon a canopied balcony with an elaborately embroidered railing, its lacy scrollwork the epitome of Victorian elegance. And no slave quarters on the farm had been, on the contrary, so mean as the cabin to which the last of the Manns had been finally reduced.

Joe Mann came out into his unkempt yard to talk to me. He spoke of Pony, my mother, his first wife's favorite slave.

"You come of a great family for singin'," he said. "Do you remember that song your great-granddaddy made up? It was a song that went, 'He never said a mumberlin' word.'"

I told him I had sung that spiritual about the Crucifixion in most of the capitals of Europe, and begged him to search his mem-

ory for other recollections of my great-grandfather Charles.

Joe Mann remembered a good deal. Charles was called something like Abá 'Ougi out in Africa, where he had been a highborn chief. He was ambushed on the Ivory Coast, transported to Savannah, and auctioned off to a family called Weaver. That was along about 1790. It was the Weavers who gave my great-grandfather the Christian name of Charles and wrote out his pedigree. Then, Mr. Joe Mann reckoned, they put him to stud like a stallion.

Charles was a powerful fellow. Joe Mann said it must have taken ten men to capture him. Aboard the slaving ship, crossing the Atlantic, he lay in chains in a solitary cell. At dock in Savannah, after the other captives were driven from the ship like cattle, he strode down the gangplank alone. He was of such superior bearing, so handsome and so strong, that many plantation owners bid for his possession. The Weavers had to pay high for him.

My great-grandfather gave himself to ordered tasks on the Weaver plantation near Jonesboro, in Georgia, and it was not long before he became an overseer. It seems clear to me that he did not try to incite rebellion amongst his fellow slaves, but he did counsel them to prepare themselves against the day when God should give them their freedom. He appointed secret meeting-places in ravines and marshes. In the morning of the day of congregation he sowed the word across the fields. "Steal away," he would whisper to his neighbor, and the phrase was passed from mouth to mouth through all the plantations in the neighborhood. At length the ritual words were set to music and a new spiritual was born.

Plantation owners were reluctant to allow their slaves to attend camp meeting. They were afraid the Northern missionaries who came down to Georgia to evangelize the slaves would instruct them in the heresy of freedom. But the Negroes were determined to hear the comfortable words of Jesus and went secretly at night to sit at the feet of the Christian teachers.

My great-grandfather continued to improvise musical signals to announce the

return of the preachers. On a windy morning he would sing: —

Green trees a-bendin',
Poor sinner stands a-tremblin',
A trumpet sounds within-a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Or if the meeting were prefaced by an electric storm, he sang: —

My Lordy calls me,
He calls me by the thunder,
A trumpet sounds within-a my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

The song by which my great-granddaddy is remembered to this day, in the South, was his personal version of the story of Jesus and the Cross, a tragedy which had moved him because he, too, was a man of sorrows.

"Wasn't it a pity an' a shame," the spiritual begins.

Wasn't it a pity an' a shame,
An' He never said a numberlin' word,
Wasn't it a pity an' a shame,
An' He never said a numberlin' word, oh,
Not a word, not a word, not a word!
Dey nailed Him to the tree,
An' He never said a numberlin' word,
Dey nailed Him to the tree,
An' He never said a numberlin' word, oh,
Not a word, not a word, not a word!

Dey pierced Him in the side,
In-a the side, in-a the side,
Dey pierced Him in the side,
In-a the side, in-a the side,
De blood came a-twinkalin' down
An' He never said a numberlin' word,
The blood came a-twinkalin' down
An' He never said a numberlin' word, oh,
Not a word, not a word, not a word!

He bowed His head an' died
An' He never said a numberlin' word,
He bowed His head an' died
An' He never said a numberlin' word, oh,
Not a word, not a word, not a word!

6

On the day of my grandfather's birth — according to the family history — my great-grandfather Charles lifted the child up from his mother's arms, laid him silently down again, dropped to his knees, and buried his head in his hands.

"I was born a free man," he said. "My son comes into the world a slave."

Grandfather Peter Weaver grew up to be a fine, strong man, and when he turned twenty he began to pay court to Mandy Mann, over on a neighboring plantation. Although stout Negro bucks were commonly bred out, to increase the stock, the Manns and the Weavers agreed that Peter and Mandy should be allowed to have a Christian marriage. To this end, one of them had to be sold. Ed Mann paid fifteen hundred dollars for Peter and married him up to his own slave girl Mandy, the daughter of black Jesse Mann and his Indian wife. My mother, Fannie, was their oldest child. Grandmaw Mandy was a tall, copper-colored woman, with straight black hair. I am said to take after Peter, while my brother Robert is the spitting image of Mandy.

Joe Mann never liked my grandfather Peter, who was clearly difficult to discipline. One day, during the War Between the States, he ordered him to cross his hands, — a warning that a beating was about to be administered, — and when my grandfather refused to stand up to the rawhide whip, Joe threatened to kill him. Peter ran away to the woods, where he lived for eighteen months, returning now and again to his cabin, but otherwise dependent upon food cached in trees by his friends. My grandfather was finally captured and he never recovered from the beating he took. He died before the Surrender.

Not long after my mother's marriage, it became apparent to her that Pa could not support a family of children in Chattanooga. She longed to return to Gordon County to claim, if she could, Grandmaw's sharecropping portion of the old place, but it took her nearly ten years to persuade my father to go back to the farm. They found the plantation divided up, but Mose Garlington agreed to sell her ten acres which had once belonged to the Manns. There, in the cabin which Pa built and furnished, the last five of us children were born.

Mother Fannie worked hard all her life. She plowed and hoed and picked cotton. She washed and ironed for the white families in the neighborhood, the Gordons and the Manns and Squire Kemp, who kept the store and owned the sawmill and gristmill

in Little Row. For all the years of my childhood she had no rest from labor, except for going to church.

When my mother went back home in 1875 there was no meetinghouse nearer than the white folks' Baptist Church in West Union, about five miles from the farm. My first intimation of the great gulf fixed between white people and black came to me in that church when I was a very small boy. I used to wonder — although I cannot remember that I ever really inquired — why my mother and my Aunt Maria and I always sat on a bench so far from the preacher.

I was about six years old, I think, when my mother and my aunt founded Mt. Zion Baptist Church in the Flatwoods and gave the Negroes their own spiritual home. My mother, as we children grew older, tried to temper the difference between white and black. She had lived in the city long enough to know that black people had always to appease the white, no matter where they lived. She was gentler than my Aunt Maria, who hated to take a back seat for anybody.

7

We had neither prayerbook nor hymnal in the Mt. Zion Church. Printed books were too dear. We had a kind of local ritual, however, subject to variation at the hands of itinerant preachers and revivalists who visited us. Service always began, for example, with a hymn which the deacon lined out, two verses at a time: —

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.

When we had sung so far, he would line out another pair: —

I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

With what a joyous burst of song we repeated these evangelical stanzas, set to tunes that everybody knew! Prayers and Scripture reading led at length up to the dramatic climax of the meeting, the pastor's sermon.

Sometimes the preacher sang his homily, and then my little body could hardly contain my heart. I absorbed it word by word

and note by note, so that I could repeat it at home and in the field. Such a sermon in song is an Old Testament narrative which I believe has been sung in concert halls only by me. It came to be known as "The Fourth Dimension": —

Now look at brother Jonah,
A servant of the Lord,
Was commanded by the God of Peace
To go to Nineveh to prophesy.

My God is so high you can't get over Him,
He's so low you can't get under Him,
He's so wide that you can't get around Him.
You must come in by and through the Lamb.

Another great favorite was a sermon about Ezekiel, in the singing of which the congregation had learned to take the part of a kind of Greek chorus. This sermon, "Ye Dry Bones Goin' to Rise Again," was first preached to us by our own pastor, a powerful black man, the Reverend Charles Foster, who had a thrilling voice and used to stay amongst us for two or three weeks at a time. He had an amazing repertoire of Biblical paraphrases: "The Horse Pawing in the Valley," "The Sun Do Move," and an epic piece about Creation. We knew his sermons by name and called for them over and over again. Poor as the people of our neighborhood were, they showered Brother Foster with donations — eggs and chickens and fine smoked hams and bacon — whenever he left us to return to his home in Rome.

It became my duty in the church, as I grew older and less timid, to learn new songs and teach them to the congregation. Hundreds of variations have been created in the spirituals because the texts were rarely written down. I have always used in my concerts the Flatwoods version of songs I knew in my childhood. Every year I sing spirituals which are new to my programs, and nearly always they have come from the neighborhood of Curryville.

As recently as the summer of 1941 I heard a workman humming the strains of a song which I had long since known and forgotten. The tune went through my head for many days, and little by little the words came back. I remembered that it had been sung in our countryside by a woman of both African and Indian blood. The music is

likewise both African and Indian, but the culmination of the melody is composed of purely African tones and rhythms.

We children grew up with the language of the Bible ever in our ears. In church it struck me that the Scriptural words were often warm and comfortable. At home we were more likely to hear the hard sayings of Jesus and the Prophets. In later years my mother used to repeat Jesus' words of consolation, like "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But when we were children, she was more likely to instruct us in harder doctrine. She was unwilling to take chances with our immortal souls.

I am sure that my mother appreciated my father's skillful carpentry and his genius as a cabinetmaker, and that she was grateful for all the food he made the forest yield. But it was a mortification to her that he was not also a good farmer and a man of God. The truth is that Pa, although he became a member of the Baptist Church, cared no more for churchgoing than he did for farming. It was probably because Ma was a pillar of the church that Pa was never excommunicated.

My Uncle Bill Mann was read out of the society of believers by reason of his habitual non-attendance at worship, and Uncle Bill most generally non-attended church with my father. When, as frequently happened, he dropped by to visit Pa on the way to church, more often than not he sent my Aunt Maria to hear the Gospel story in Ma's company, while he stopped on to listen to Pa's accounts of less supernatural wonders.

Under the hickory tree, where on weekdays Pa rived white oak saplings and wove splits into baskets for the cotton pickers — or in front of a roaring fire on a wintry Sabbath — he sat to the tonsorial ministrations of my brother Robert, whose weekly duty it was to plait Pa's long, straight hair. This ritual inevitably recalled to Pa's mind the days when he had lived the tribal life of the Cherokees, and fiercely entertaining were his recollections (or were they fictions?) of that time.

My mother was a small, slight woman, with a beautiful, erect carriage which hard

work never bent. She was scarcely more than five feet tall, and she moved rapidly about on her small feet, quick and sprightly as a bird. Her facial structure was both delicate and strong, and you could see from her sharp, keen eyes that she was able to penetrate a situation in an instant. Her skin was as smooth as an olive.

On weekdays she wore plain gingham and printed calicos, which she herself made up on lines which were perhaps more practical than fashionable. Her "common-sense" shoes, laced tightly to support her ankles, reached up to the hem of her skirt. On Sundays she dressed like an immaculate deaconess in a good black calico frock, over which she wore a starched white apron. A white ruffled bonnet and high buttoned shoes of soft kid completed the dominical costume. I was proud of her when we went to church together.

When we were children, Mother sometimes seemed cold and hard. She was never unkind, she was never unjust. She simply was thoroughly persuaded of the difference between right and wrong, and she steadfastly refused to relax her moral judgments. My older brothers, if they found her discipline unbearable, took to running away from home. It was hard for us to understand why Ma, who was so jolly when there was no wrong in sight, should be so much more severe with her own children than she was with outsiders.

I remember seeing my mother cry only once, and that was when my sister Mattie, her only daughter, died; and to me, who grew steadily more and more dependent upon the solid rock of her character, she was soft and warm only once. The last time I saw her she broke through her devout reserve for a single moment, after more than fifteen years of resistance to my vocation, and said, "Son, you are the continuation of me."

8

Pa was hurt in a logging operation on Horn's Mountain, so grievously that his body could not be mended. It was pitiful to watch the dissolution of that strong man. I remember that his body was swollen and

that he suffered horribly. He would crawl to the side of his bed and clasp the bedposts, the veins standing out from his powerful hands and wrists. Sometimes he would ask me to scratch his head with a comb, and then he would relax and grow drowsy and fall asleep. When he woke up he would tell me a story.

For many days Pa was nearly helpless. He could not lie quietly and he could not get up out of his bed. Then, not long before he died, he seemed to recover a little. He made deliveries of chairs and baskets which he had made before he was injured, carrying them out of the yard on his lame, aching back, and coming home exhausted. Mother Fannie, worn with tending him and us children and our unyielding farm, put him back to bed.

Pa died in my mother's arms. Stilled utterly, the fine, lusty voice that people stopped to listen to when he called hogs down from the Mountain; cold and quiet in death the nimble fingers that had been quick and skillful to furnish a house for his family; mercifully abated the terrifying pain; and ready for its rest the racked body.

I walked with my mother up the lane to Mt. Zion Church, behind my father's coffin, and I heard her voice ring out clearly, even exultantly, when she joined the mourners' chorus in that triumphant song of faith, "Roun' about de Mountain."

The funeral past and done, Ma took stock of our condition. She calculated that it would be a good two years of hard work for all of us before we could pay off the debts which had accumulated while Pa was sick. Then she could take us to the city for the serious business of getting us an education for life. Ma hired an additional piece of land from Babe Hendricks, across the lane from the home farm. My brother Robert and I—I was eleven—were obliged to leave school and go to work on the new piece. We burned it off and planted it on shares. I learned to plow in that field. One day I plowed into a nest of yellow-jackets. I thought I was afire. I thought I should perish before I could get home to my mother.

In a field on Babe Hendricks's own place, where I worked for wages when I was not

busy at home, my mother one day caught me preaching to Molly, a blind horse we had bought after Ned, our old ox, died. She heard me out, all the way through the "Dry Bones" sermon from the book of Ezekiel; and then she came out from her hiding-place behind a cornstack.

"Son," she said, "I am glad to hear you singin' all dem Bible words. I'm glad you listen to what de preacher says in church. Now get along to yo' work, and try to earn yo' fifty cents."

It was also my job to fetch and deliver the washing which Ma did for three or four white families in the neighborhood. I dreaded the days when I had to visit John Gordon's house. Mr. Gordon, who kept a stable of fine horses and a pack of hounds, always carried a long whip which he used to crack around my ankles, whilst pretending to sic his dogs on me. I had often heard Mose Garlington describe the flogging of slaves, back in the days before the Surrender, and from the tip of John Gordon's whip I got my first taste of what rawhide had meant to my forebears.

Some time after I returned to Georgia to take up farming in the 1930's, Mr. Gordon called on me in my house—the very same house, except for renovation, that he had lived in when I was a boy. He recalled the days when I used to carry the clean linen up to his house on the hill, and stop on—infrequently—to play with his daughter. We did not speak of the times he had frightened me with his whip and his hounds.

After Pa died, there were times when we desperately needed meat and flour and had no money in the house to pay for them. It was at that time, although I could not confide everything to her, that I began to think of my mother as a tower of strength. If she was severe, she was also righteous and strong, and I leaned upon her strength. I needed then and later—although I do not profess always to have understood that need—not kindness so much as discipline. Many a peremptory rebuff lay ahead of me. I was a timid, perplexed, uneducated Negro boy. I had to learn to be a man in a world in which privilege is reserved for children of a different complexion.

(To be continued)

TODAY BELONGS TO HITLER

by GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

1

THERE is no problem in a war except winning the war. Therefore I am going to assume that when we speak of total war we actually mean what we say, just as Hitler has shown he does. And an essential component of total warfare is political warfare. In fact, as Hitler has demonstrated, the main part of grand strategy today is political strategy.

When Hitler invaded France, we all remember how the commentators tried to figure out his campaign and to articulate it into separate battles — Battle of Flanders, of the Somme, of the Loire; whereas it became rapidly evident that it was all one tactical episode, the Battle of France; and that the last strategic phase proper had taken place during the faceless months of the Sitzkrieg. This last phase included the well-prepared confusion in French political circles, defeatism above and below, the propaganda by radio and loud speakers — in a word, the mental picture induced in Allied countries.

Thus was climaxed a complex strategic campaign that had begun three years before in the Rhineland; in which Hitler had integrated all the modern means of action, peace talk and panzers, press and radio, fears and grudges and hatreds, soulless organization and sullen indifference, into one master plan, waging war as he talked peace, waging peace on those who tried to make war, feeling his way along the cracks and

fissures of the European structure until all his wedges were in place.

Then, at the tap of the hammer, it fell apart.

On our side, the effort for victory will require no less imagination. Total warfare carries with it, of necessity, nothing less than total victory for either side; which does not imply *only* a maximum military effort.

The traditional simple-minded idea of the infuriated giant cudgeling his enemy into submission is bound to cost us uncounted lives in action and more heartbreak in peace. And the problem is immediate. Take the case of a second front. If we have to land tomorrow in Spain, in Italy, or in North Africa, the political preparation will determine the price we have to pay and possibly the outcome of the operation.

This, of course, is well understood by all qualified experts. They have long been rehearsing moves of political warfare, and speculating on some way to “detach” one or the other member of the Axis. A favorite idea is the one which has been endorsed recently by one of our most able and far-seeing political commentators, Mr. Walter Lippmann: —

The fact that Italy may not now be ready or able to enter into peace negotiations with us should not, I believe, deter us from proposing peace seriously, concretely, and sincerely to Italy. The fact that Mussolini will reject it should mean nothing to us since we should make it plain that of course we are not offering peace to Mussolini and never shall. The fact is, however, that Mussolini is not Italy. There remain in Italy the King and the dynasty. There remains an army which is not blackshirt. . . .

Italian-born and now in his late thirties, GEORGE DE SANTILLANA saw what Fascism did to his home country and what it had in store for Europe before he crossed the Atlantic to teach at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has sounded the note of warning before in the *Atlantic*, notably in his oft-quoted paper, “Should Tigers Have Wings?”

Unlike Germany, where all the ancient institutions of the state are badly ruined, the essential institutions of Italy have survived. A peace can therefore be negotiated, and eventually it will be.

Mr. Lippmann then proceeds to offer the Italian nation, thus rescued, a reasonable place in the European concert, and a leading influence in the Mediterranean. Italian patriots in the traditional line ought to find the offer extremely fair. And yet I am sure that all and any Italians with an experience of Fascism and a responsible idea of our times would refuse to give it a thought. If pro-Fascist (and it is to Fascists that it is addressed) they would give it the horselaugh as wholly futile and a further proof of the incapacity of the Allies to understand this war. If pro-Allied, they would consider it extremely dangerous.

First, the offer seems to take for granted that nothing has happened to Italy.

Second, who is delegated to lead that nation in treason (since that is what we limit ourselves to suggesting) and who is to be entrusted with its future? Why, obviously, the "institutions," the legitimate powers which are qualified to do it in the eyes of all the right-thinking people. They are going to take care of the situation, like Weygand, who was going to do the same for us in North Africa, if untoward and wholly unforeseen circumstances — No use going on.

2

Let us face the problem analytically. No amount of political pressure can bring the Italian rulers to sell out. They are bound by chains of adamant: the presence of the Germans, their own past, their discredit, the inexorable vengeance that would come from their people (or would we promise to provide them with a bigger police guard than the one they have now?). So it must be military pressure. And no amount of that pressure would pry them loose. For a very simple reason. By the time we land we must count on local disaffection. What kind of allies shall we find? Not the Right People, the top gentlemen whose ideas and inclinations are interminably discussed in our

columns. It will have to be the People *tout court*, the submerged and exploited, revolting troops and insurgent workmen with their leaders, the men of the underground organizations who know where to strike. In order to penetrate, we shall have first to break through the shell of Fascist "order."

And when we break open the concentration camps, when we bring back from the living death of years and decades the men who tried to save us while we were minding our business or elaborately arranging non-intervention; when we reach those who are now in solitary confinement, or breaking stones in chain gangs, or heaving rails on the Trans-Saharian; when we free those who paid the full price for all and to whom belongs the acclaim of rightful leadership — do we expect them to file out with a sheepish grin, touching their forelock and apologizing for the trouble they gave to their legitimate masters? It would be an interesting sight.

Today, let us be clear, the listeners doubt the purity of our intentions, and this talk (that we are not even keeping to ourselves but zealously plugging on the short wave) is not likely to reassure them. It is clear that we do not dare to set certain balls rolling; even as Weygand preferred to hand over Paris to the enemy rather than risk "disturbance of order"; even as the British kept the Chinese waiting in Lashio after Rangoon had fallen. We had rather half lose the war than touch the sacred cows of the local "orders." We exhort people to dissociate themselves from their leaders, but without losing the proper respect; we beg them to revolt, but — please — for non-specific ends, and especially against nobody that is on top, for that would be most unfortunate. We are aware of the contradictions, we make halfhearted moves as in a dream to escape it. Yet we are caught in the paralysis of chill fear. We are still waging a mental Sitzkrieg.

Let us remember that each mistake, fumbling, or omission on that score is bound to be paid off on the spot in American lives. Our aim will not be won through such demoralizing suggestions, or through moral generalities, or through the colorless news bulletins that go over the short wave; it will

be won by an organized penetration along the line of the understanding and the needs of our actual allies, by bringing the hammer to strike expertly at the links of their chain.

Terrorism and sabotage are in Europe everywhere. We think that's fine. But what kind of solidarity are we bringing to it? Dare we presume that these men consider themselves the advance guard of the United Nations? How is it that the only purposeful group among them are the Communists? Would we ever stop to consider that only the Axis has been able to organize and direct a fifth column, in the proper sense of the term? Have we ever troubled to localize the concrete nature and the motives of action of those on our side? To give in our turn a clear mental picture of the United Nations? Have we ever troubled, we the great fact-finders, to get clear in our minds what kind of people are actually listening to our broadcasts at their personal risk, what they need and what they expect to hear? Have we ever troubled to reach out to them, in our sudden sympathy, with anything more than a pat on the back and the breezy exhortation to go and shoot some more Germans? All these questions had better be answered, and concretely too, or we run the risk of Europe's going deaf on us.

And if our aims are supposed to be the Four Freedoms, what will the Common People feel when they hear they are to be handed back to their old masters, whose only act that they can remember was that of selling them out to the present outfit? True, it may be said, such a restoration is only an idea conned by studious experts, perpending deep thoughts on Stability and Continuity. But if the people over there stop to consider that their only experience of Anglo-Saxon foreign policy lies in the repeated interventions of the Western powers to save Fascist dictatorship and consolidate its hold over unwilling nations (all in the name of Stability), they may get slightly leery of Allied intentions. Most of the facts, most of the ideas which reach them from the Allied camp, will lead them to think that their hope in America was another of those day-dreams, and that there is something after all in the slogan which stares at them in bold

black letters from walls and posters: "Mussolini is always right."

The brave new world of magnesium and glass and high octane numbers, of high-powered experts and global planning, has begun, even before it starts, to be the incubator of a new conflagration. "The waste remains; the waste remains and kills."

The problem, then, is: How can we help the experts to form a more correct idea of the strategic situation?

3

American experts are like experts everywhere, and probably better. They rank high, morally and professionally. But they have often puzzled Europeans by their studious and elaborate regard for a past somewhat frigidly conceived. Maybe it was not their fault. Except for an occasional contact with his greengrocer and garageman, an expert simply had to keep close to the "effective" sources which centralized both influence and information; he was bound to derive his facts and his views from a specific set made up of diplomats, society, finance, and officialdom — in short, from those entities closed by definition, the "circles" or "spheres," "authoritative," "well-informed," or otherwise. The "spheres," of course, had in their turn a host of informers: economists, consuls, attachés, bankers, chambers of commerce — but the information was sifted and organized according to unshakable preconceptions and subtle rationales.

It would be caricature to call them only the Right People: they really were, purely and simply and totally, the World, as it had been going on forever, sure of its ascendant and rich in all the talent at its disposal: what to Proust and Henry James and Galsworthy had been the universe. The "spheres" it was which informed, set wise, and gave the background to the visiting journalists and university presidents, to the bankers who came back praising order and firm labor policies, even to unorthodox and irreverent inquirers; which kept a gentle but inexorable grip on American correspondents, impressed by their responsibilities and the hallowed intricacies of diplomatic history, who were

slowly taught to make theirs the bleak wisdom of the late Lord Dufferin: "When all is considered, there is little room in the world for good intentions."

Should we insist on the obvious, by adding that the prime mover of the "spheres" had been for years the Red Menace? After 1919 all pretenses were forgotten, all other problems were shelved in the agonized waiting for a Russian Restoration that should have come according to precedent but never came; the vested interests were by now ready to extend a welcome to any expedient, any Man on Horseback that promised to set things right.

And so, when a new gang got into the saddle of power, hardened, reckless men who knew the needs of the masses and the uses of modern technique and were not afraid of riding the revolutionary broncho, they smiled and nodded and recognized, slyly offered non-intervention, gleefully took to their bosom enemy agents, provided their names were princely or baronial ("with him we can be sure he understands, you know"), or sent prudent old gentlemen to settle the Sudeten fuss under the hospitable supervision of Steffi Hohenlohe — and undaunted by failure and ridicule traveled around offering the policeman's badge to Matsuoka, to Mussolini, to Franco, to Hitler himself. Under the gathering storm they assured each other on absolutely reliable inside information that Mussolini was going to play ball, that Franco was really a good chap, that Felix of Hapsburg could take care of Central Europe, that the Japanese were bound to know on which side their bread was buttered.

And today, after France and Singapore, the "spheres" over here still speculate on what Darlan or Badoglio would like to do if they could do what they liked; patiently fetch from the unwholesome past, in the holy names of Stability and Continuity, puppet kings and hierarchies which sold out to gangsters — men who took too many names in vain, or stale political hacks of the French Tammany variety, the very counselors who gave the casting vote for the Armistice — and put them forward engagingly as maybe a Good Thing.

As a European, and specifically as a European from the conservative classes, I submit that it would be a strikingly novel and creative idea to decide that all that world in Europe is now gone with the wind. I mean gone objectively, on the basis of such varied but concrete facts as the education of the Fascist youth, the decay and disrepute of enslaved officialdom, the undermining of religious institutions, hatred of the collaborating rich, the extortions and indemnities, the stoppage of business and traffic, the destruction of records in gutted cities, the confiscation of savings and bank boxes, the taking over of insurance and pension funds by the conquerors, German intrusion into great concerns, the systematic drainage of hidden assets, removal of plants to Central Europe, the burning and looting of whole countrysides, the transformation of paper money into mass-printed leaflets, the education of the masses to recklessness and disregard; not to mention the more of the same that is bound to come before the end. The classes and institutions which bore the intricate network of stability and legitimacy cannot be thought of as just smothered and impoverished. Everyone now is trying in the dark to carry on a spectral existence of make-believe, but on the lifting of the curtain they will be found to be simply not there.

In conqueror and conquered alike, the Hitler Revolution has planed away the whole top layer of European life, and a deeper layer of situations and causes is open for inspection.

If we accept the above as cold facts, we are bound to form another picture than the traditional one, and to try to find both the significant facts and the elements of continuity not where we should like them to be, but where they can be found. And we had better be as smart and realistic as we can about it, for Hitler on his part had an exceedingly clear idea of the forces at play; the only thing that he missed were certain sentiments, especially (and understandably) that people could not bring themselves to find him a likable person.

It is not so much a sense of the past that we need, as a sense of the break with the past. And how big a break.

I submit therefore that it would be valuable if both experts and we laymen would divest ourselves of any cultural, habitual, or traditional background and try to organize in our minds a different historical picture of Europe from that provided by the textbooks, *Pertinax*, or the *Times*; and to discern the important facts not in the glittering dates of foreign policies, but in the internal problems of the governments. All the strategy that Hitler is applying to us was worked out on the inner front. His was the first attempt (if we except Lenin's) at a solution of the great problems due to the Industrial Revolution and the growing pressure of the masses.

But the problems were present everywhere, and the distinction between national and international, between my business and your business, was, and had been for a long while already, wholly irrelevant and picayune.

5

Let us draw our conclusions in terms of the realities as they now exist, in terms of political strategy, which is becoming fairly urgent after the failure of the Cripps plan in India, and in the face of the coming Eastern crisis. We cannot deal with the elemental forces let loose in the world today, we cannot bring them into our camp, unless we bring forward a mental picture as clear as Hitler's — real solutions of our own instead of his fake solutions. We are in a good position to do that. For today belongs to Hitler. He is the realistic, consistent, frightful, totally senseless present. But the soul of man is such that it cannot face the present or comprehend life except in terms of an image of the future. To project such an image is more than a necessary integration of our military effort; it is what gives that effort its meaning and definition. Napoleon used to say: "I do not risk the first battle unless the whole campaign is already finished in my mind." Today, Anno Hitler IX, the campaign includes the peace.

The actual shape of things to come is

beyond us. But I feel it is a first essential to state convincingly that a new system of association and interdependence is going to be devised and that it is going to be established for the first time in the direct interest of the majority; by which no mechanical equalitarianism is meant, but the freedom, on assured foundations, to go forward to new orders and structures, in which people will be really able to choose their allegiance.

One way to show that we really mean a new start would be to state that whatever took place before does not concern us and that we will be concerned simply with the needs of the people as they are — in other words, in a democratic reconstruction from the ground up. This attitude, meant for all alike, might be more conducive to winning the war than warning the Germans that they are going to be crucified upside down and in all sorts of strange positions (including the Weimar one) for the sake of future peace.

If, on the other hand, we insist on processing the average man over there with a bewildering double-talk made up of caginess and provocation, of vague generalities and icy punctilio, of stale commonplaces and outdated tricks, we must expect to get not allies but enemies, for all we are doing at present is breaking their hearts.

It is easier today to work out resolutely a good international order than to resurrect a set of pretended national setups with the consequent old game of balance of power. It is more natural for Americans to be fearlessly themselves than to play the embarrassed or cynical outsider; it is sounder *not* to stand in awe of the tangled social and cultural traps that have become only instruments to make confusion worse confounded, and stand now shorn of the myth of eternity and necessity. The true culture and traditions of the peoples will only come out stronger if the dead superstructure goes to the junk heap.

There is one faith which has war potential today and peace potential tomorrow. It is the faith expressed in the words of Lincoln and Wilson and Roosevelt and Wallace. Let us go on from there.

» The automobile industry is indispensable in our drive for victory. Its transformation is a seven days' wonder. What has been the impact of the war upon the younger executives, the unions, the whole complicated structure of mass production? As goes Detroit, so goes the nation — tomorrow.

AS GOES DETROIT—

by ARTHUR POUND

1

EVERYTHING the automobile business ever has done is dramatic, revolutionizing, socially significant. Even in the catalepsy of depression its quiet was portentous of the coming storm whose fury, breaking in 1935, wrought changes in our social order which are still beyond calculation. The present chrysalis change of the industry from peace to war, from vehicles to shooting irons, from flossy passenger cars to tanks and airplanes, is breath-taking in speed, scope, and historical import. Yet fewer than fifty years have passed since the horseless carriage was introduced to America by the Duryeas, who placed a little internal combustion engine under a buggy seat and said "Giddap" to the whole wide world. Charles B. King, the first man to drive a motorcar in Detroit (population then less than 200,000), is today hale and hearty at age seventy-four; but his old home town has grown to 2,000,000. Under the eyes of scores of living participants in those fateful beginnings, that tiny business germ grew into the nation's largest manufacturing industry and set the pace for the entire world in efficient production. Actually the making of automobiles grew to such proportions that the government, in order to wage total war, had to suppress the manufacture and sale of cars for indiscriminate civilian use. Production required so many workers and machines and such vast quantities

of materials that business as usual in this master machine-shop and assembly industry imperiled the nation.

Union officials foresaw this possibility by December, 1940; management not so soon. Some time earlier I asked a top-flight automotive engineer what I ought to say about the effect the war would have on the industry, and he firmly replied, "Nothing whatever. There is no connection." At present he is going full steam ahead to make up for lost time; but the first two years of European warfare baffled him, along with millions of other Americans in the sheltered Middle West. Many years ago this same man told me that automobile engines should be located on the rear axle, whereupon streamlining might become really effective in the true teardrop design. This obvious change, he explained, hadn't been made for two substantial reasons. The cost of tooling would be enormous; but more compelling was the high cost of educating the public to the advantages of new and radical design. Customers, it seems, like to make haste slowly, by short steps from one model to another; consequently, radical changes may be deferred year after year and eventually be blanketed entirely by some development closer to current practice. Since that talk was way back in the twenties, I conclude that for fifteen years the cost of retooling was a factor in restraint of the sort of engineering progress which requires expensive leaps and bounds. The Diesel engine seems to have encountered the same feather-bed barricades. This whole industry, while still young in years, was obviously growing a bit

Pontiac born and bred and a graduate of the University of Michigan, ARTHUR POUND is a native son who, as editorial writer and economist, has followed the growth of the horseless carriage since the year one. He is the author of many books, of which *The Iron Man in Industry* is the most prophetic. He is now State Historian of New York.

heavy-waisted through prosperity, and extreme change called for the kind of work and worry that a fat industry dodges.

Today, with passenger car production at a standstill and specialized machinery in any amount hustled out-of-doors, the return to the usual, after the war, can proceed on unusual lines. Stakes involved in successful comeback are so huge that investment in former machine installations, now discontinued, is trifling by comparison. Minute by minute, obsolescence gets in its deadly work on parked machinery, while new and better tools and systems are being developed under urgent pressures. Practically, all Detroit has pooled its idle machines, and with every withdrawal of machinery from that pool there is less reason to return to conventional designs and old methods. Functional design has a better chance against traditional or decorative design. A public keen on airplanes, tanks, and command cars is being schooled to welcome something different in personal transportation. Engineers may again be free to seek novelty, variety, and utmost efficiency of operation as respects fuel and tires. It would be a pity to miss this war-born grant of freedom.

2

There are men in this industry who downright refuse to look beyond the war. One of these scored a spectacular success in combining mass production with varied appearance of product. By means of accurate timing and swift interfactory communications, his assembly lines brought together so many kinds of fancy trimmings that the various combinations gave an air of individuality to automobiles basically the same. Now he looks upon that subtle dexterity as child's play on "Christmas tree" models, something for a man to forget.

"I don't care if I never make another passenger car," he proclaims. "I ask nothing better than to go right along as we are, on machine guns and anti-aircraft — all we can turn out and then pretty soon twice as many. After we've won the war, I hope we'll continue making guns until the United States has so many that it will never again be

caught unprepared. But right now I'd rather not think beyond week after next. I'm concentrating on shooting irons."

In war or peace such singleness of purpose is beyond price. But there are other men who cannot do otherwise than look backward and forward, partly because of their greater responsibility to stockholders, partly because their inner natures compel them to think of post-war depressions, of dependent communities, and even of the sour lessons of history. They know that it will be impossible for America to pass our war costs along, and that a long period of disillusionment normally succeeds the short exultations over peace born of victory. The Spartan moods of war are ever closely trailed by social disorders and decay of public morals. Victorious armies must eventually be demobilized and wages found for them, while arms production is falling from flood to rivulet. Those who reflect upon these melancholy truths must work and plan, at the very least, for continuance of a social order satisfactory to a majority of our people and one that is not too bitterly resented by any considerable minority. Many such minds, in industry and out, will feel under moral compulsion to keep their planning in line with the recovery of a sense of world brotherhood, and the re-establishing of amicable relations in diplomacy and trade.

I have heard conservative executives enlarge on this text. A few are lifelong die-hards and others are fatigued liberals gone temporarily astray. Every war has such casualties. Such are now drawing comfort from the thought that history repeats itself, at least to the point where it ceases to validate their reckonings. They are sure that the Republicans, as in 1918, will gain Congressional seats this fall and go on to elect the next President. The converted liberals express a pious hope that the new Harding may surpass the old one in wisdom and piety; but a gleam in many conservative eyes indicates that an exact duplicate would not be altogether unacceptable.

In that sort of post-war world, motorcars would again roll down the assembly lines, to be snapped up by the millions in a seller's market deep with accumulated demand.

These cars will be immensely superior vehicles constructed of improved materials by well-trained and well-behaved men. A most impressive schooling is going forward, not only in industrial techniques, but also in industrial discipline.

3

What's more, the automotive industry now has a stout second string to its long bow; it is now also an armament industry and intends to preserve all the skill and kudos so evolved. At last airplanes have come into quantity production, and the automotive industry will always be its big brother and chief supply to aviation. An industry so fortunately circumstanced will make a good living, thank you, in any kind of world where it is at all possible to pass taxes along to the consumer. Reasonable dividends can be paid to stockholders and the traditional social dividends contributed toward the amelioration of life and a rising standard of living. In our kind of country it just isn't possible to stop this most American of industries from making profits, creating wealth, and scattering blessings. Thus declare the official spokesmen, optimists all. So far these bearers of good tidings have always been right; and from that hopeful but not introspective point of view a good many piecemeal changes will be considered.

Here are some of them. How about extravagant display in car trimmings; will "doll-up" be denied either by edict or economic pressures on post-war buyers under heavy tax burdens? Why not less steel and more plastics, plywood, what not? What price novelty, and how flexible will pricing policy be? How about using the interest rate to influence car buying, as the Federal Reserve used to use it in restraint or encouragement of security buying? Would cheap customer credit encourage car buying in bad times, or tend to break down the seasonal lag if winter and fall buyers were given a lower rate on installment balances than spring and summer buyers? Could out-of-season buyers be tempted by lower prices, as is done by the coal merchants? And now that the dealer organization is retrenching

where it is not collapsing, is it utterly necessary to revive that function on the former expensive and elaborate scale? Should the consumer continue to pay nearly one-third of the purchase price for the sake of being sold something he ardently desires? Are improvements in efficient merchandising impossible in this most efficient manufacturing industry? How about chain automobile stores and factory outlets? Is Automobile Row a necessity? Or the used-car lot and the junk graveyard — eyesores both? Is the used-car situation, as it used to be called whenever a glut in that field damaged first sales, beyond peacetime remedy and control?

In addition to this medley of merchandising questions, here are some which relate to consumer use and affect sales indirectly rather than directly. What about parking? Is the parking problem to be forever a nuisance discouraging alike to car owners, merchants, and downtown property owners? Could not automobile manufacturers encourage the application of more decisive remedies than have ever been attempted? Might it not be worth while to make an investment in some troubled city by way of demonstrating what could be done to clear streets? How about exorbitant service charges and the too frequent undependability of garages? Is big business to be forever at the mercy of petty methods in the market place? All these considerations affect the paramount social question posed by the very existence of this great industry in its present proportions: Must factory operations, and with them the steady social life of great cities, be left henceforth at the risk of any adverse influence which can be foreseen and forestalled? I think that most of the leaders of the industry would like to make the right answer to this fundamental question and that they are already trying to find constructive answers to the lesser questions involved.

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These men, peering with such determination into the hazy future, will accomplish some notable things and overlook equally rich opportunities. Such lapses as they fall into, such absurdities as they commit, will arise from their habitual and perfectly natural shortness of view. History for the elders begins with the motorcar in 1893; for

the youngsters, with the closed body in 1916. When they think of history repeating itself, they drink false comfort from mere tots of time. Possibly the voters, in hot reaction against war controls, may elect another Harding some November day. But will any Republican President and Congress be able to stem the currents which flow so strongly toward government control of industry the whole world around? Even before war shot up the pressure, the world trend ran that way in every sort and condition of political regime, no matter whether it was republican, imperial, monarchical, democratic, fascist, or communist. The United States has been definitely part of that swing, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, during the greater part of our national existence. Election results may hasten or slow down the march, but they cannot reverse it.

An historical repetition of more validity, because it is universal in space and time, is this: whatever social adjustment proves helpful in war is likely to be popularly demanded and firmly adopted in peace. War, in this sense, is an experimental prelude to peace. The income tax, for instance, was introduced during the Civil War as an emergency revenue measure and soon discarded. Agitation continued, however, and after thirty years it was revived, adopted, and declared unconstitutional. Then, more than half a century after its introduction during war, the income tax became part of the Constitution by amendment.

Of the many gradations in the scale of government control over industry, the slot in which this industry now finds itself isn't so bad. Operating companies cannot do as they please, but within limits of a broad program they can pretty well choose what they want to build and proceed with its production in their normal way, subject to schedule and inspection. And, of course, they are being well paid. This situation, while far removed from ordinary commercial liberty, is even farther removed from government seizure and operation without consent. At what point will government check in on its next visit?

That depends upon how well the industry

heavy-waisted through prosperity, and extreme change called for the kind of work and worry that a fat industry dodges.

Today, with passenger car production at a standstill and specialized machinery in any amount hustled out-of-doors, the return to the usual, after the war, can proceed on unusual lines. Stakes involved in successful comeback are so huge that investment in former machine installations, now discontinued, is trifling by comparison. Minute by minute, obsolescence gets in its deadly work on parked machinery, while new and better tools and systems are being developed under urgent pressures. Practically, all Detroit has pooled its idle machines, and with every withdrawal of machinery from that pool there is less reason to return to conventional designs and old methods. Functional design has a better chance against traditional or decorative design. A public keen on airplanes, tanks, and command cars is being schooled to welcome something different in personal transportation. Engineers may again be free to seek novelty, variety, and utmost efficiency of operation as respects fuel and tires. It would be a pity to miss this war-born grant of freedom.

2

There are men in this industry who downright refuse to look beyond the war. One of these scored a spectacular success in combining mass production with varied appearance of product. By means of accurate timing and swift interfactory communications, his assembly lines brought together so many kinds of fancy trimmings that the various combinations gave an air of individuality to automobiles basically the same. Now he looks upon that subtle dexterity as child's play on "Christmas tree" models, something for a man to forget.

"I don't care if I never make another passenger car," he proclaims. "I ask nothing better than to go right along as we are, on machine guns and anti-aircraft — all we can turn out and then pretty soon twice as many. After we've won the war, I hope we'll continue making guns until the United States has so many that it will never again be

caught unprepared. But right now I'd rather not think beyond week after next. I'm concentrating on shooting irons."

In war or peace such singleness of purpose is beyond price. But there are other men who cannot do otherwise than look backward and forward, partly because of their greater responsibility to stockholders, partly because their inner natures compel them to think of post-war depressions, of dependent communities, and even of the sour lessons of history. They know that it will be impossible for America to pass our war costs along, and that a long period of disillusionment normally succeeds the short exultations over peace born of victory. The Spartan moods of war are ever closely trailed by social disorders and decay of public morals. Victorious armies must eventually be demobilized and wages found for them, while arms production is falling from flood to rivulet. Those who reflect upon these melancholy truths must work and plan, at the very least, for continuance of a social order satisfactory to a majority of our people and one that is not too bitterly resented by any considerable minority. Many such minds, in industry and out, will feel under moral compulsion to keep their planning in line with the recovery of a sense of world brotherhood, and the re-establishing of amicable relations in diplomacy and trade.

I have heard conservative executives enlarge on this text. A few are lifelong die-hards and others are fatigued liberals gone temporarily astray. Every war has such casualties. Such are now drawing comfort from the thought that history repeats itself, at least to the point where it ceases to validate their reckonings. They are sure that the Republicans, as in 1918, will gain Congressional seats this fall and go on to elect the next President. The converted liberals express a pious hope that the new Harding may surpass the old one in wisdom and piety; but a gleam in many conservative eyes indicates that an exact duplicate would not be altogether unacceptable.

In that sort of post-war world, motorcars would again roll down the assembly lines, to be snapped up by the millions in a seller's market deep with accumulated demand.

These cars will be immensely superior vehicles constructed of improved materials by well-trained and well-behaved men. A most impressive schooling is going forward, not only in industrial techniques, but also in industrial discipline.

3

What's more, the automotive industry now has a stout second string to its long bow; it is now also an armament industry and intends to preserve all the skill and kudos so evolved. At last airplanes have come into quantity production, and the automotive industry will always be its big brother and chief supply to aviation. An industry so fortunately circumstanced will make a good living, thank you, in any kind of world where it is at all possible to pass taxes along to the consumer. Reasonable dividends can be paid to stockholders and the traditional social dividends contributed toward the amelioration of life and a rising standard of living. In our kind of country it just isn't possible to stop this most American of industries from making profits, creating wealth, and scattering blessings. Thus declare the official spokesmen, optimists all. So far these bearers of good tidings have always been right; and from that hopeful but not introspective point of view a good many piecemeal changes will be considered.

Here are some of them. How about extravagant display in car trimmings; will "doll-up" be denied either by edict or economic pressures on post-war buyers under heavy tax burdens? Why not less steel and more plastics, plywood, what not? What price novelty, and how flexible will pricing policy be? How about using the interest rate to influence car buying, as the Federal Reserve used to use it in restraint or encouragement of security buying? Would cheap customer credit encourage car buying in bad times, or tend to break down the seasonal lag if winter and fall buyers were given a lower rate on installment balances than spring and summer buyers? Could out-of-season buyers be tempted by lower prices, as is done by the coal merchants? And now that the dealer organization is retrenching

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stands with the public of that day, and how well it has been prepared to meet the changing strains of the times. For example, consider barter trade, at once a disturbing and alluring prospect to an industry which adores a big deal. In another depression, ten or fifteen years hence, a manufacturer might do something for his company and the nation by trading, let us say, ten thousand cars to a farmers' cooperative in return for farm products. Any of three large companies could handle such a transaction a few months after planning that move; but a joint effort of all companies, under Washington's consent and approval at all points, would be needed to cope with larger barter transactions originating in foreign demand. Suppose Russia, whose economy is ready-made for international bartering, offered to send us a million ounces of gold in return for a hundred thousand motorcars — \$350 per car, F.O.B. Detroit, for something plain and neat. An order of this kind might spell the definite beginning of the cartel system in America as a domestic by-product of the barter system which seems likely to remain a factor in international trade for years to come, no matter how or when the war ends. If the antitrust laws run counter to transactions of this nature, remember that they can always be amended to gain a national objective.

Even if barter wins in salt-water trade, strong efforts no doubt will be made to keep domestic commerce free from the innovation. But if barter deals of foreign origin assist full employment, their influence will surely affect home practice in a society where production for use instead of for profit already has many advocates. Our popular and traditional opposition to cartels is not likely to outlast the war, because it is now evident that this form of industrial organization possesses certain definite advantages not lightly to be thrust aside by an industrial nation. Already we have seen how easily American corporations were tricked by German cartels into situations dangerous to our military safety. These unfortunate transactions were rooted in desire to secure benefits from German scientific research, which has long been prosecuted by the cartel

system on an overall industry basis with the help of the Reich. America's chemical self-sufficiency at present gives the lie to the old German taunt of "barnyard American chemistry," but obviously Germany's broader approach to industrial efficiency gains through steadier prosecution of research and a swifter spread of new ideas and formulas throughout an industry.

Our established practice of licensing agreements functions rather slowly and not always fairly, because of personal and corporate likes and dislikes. One of the continuing debates in big business is whether licenses should be declared open to all applicants on equal terms or whether the owner of the patents should use discretion in an effort to check unfair competition or "chiseling" among licensees. A patents pool would eliminate these difficulties. Equally, cartel planning would eliminate uncertainties which inevitably arise through separate corporations competing strenuously for sales, talent, material, and labor. The staunchest defender of unrestricted initiative must admit that competition is continually dislocating the best-laid plans of men and corporations, as well as those of governments.

5

In America trade associations have always been suspect, and in the automobile world relatively weak. A new element, union labor, has arisen which can see this industry as a whole without piecemeal responsibility for any of its parts. Just as the mine workers gained strength by showing that coal mining was a sick industry, so the automobile workers gained by demonstrating that their industry was too healthy for the nation's good when the nation was running a temperature. For instance, consider the advantage a union official possesses over a corporation official in a war economy when the statistics of production indicate an approaching steel shortage. The union man can go all-out for more production because that means not only more guns and tanks, but also more work and wages no matter in which shops the work is done. But the corporation official must consider — or at least

he is in the habit of considering — his company's contractual relations with certain steel producers, the relative costs of the various kinds of steel acceptable on filed orders and those to follow, and the chances of loss if he buys the wrong steel at any price or the right steel at the wrong price. A war economy often makes a prudent businessman look stodgy, while acclaim goes to those in position to take broader views at no personal risk. Industry must strive for equal insight and breadth. Until management becomes able to take the national view, — intellectually as well as emotionally, — the unions are likely to surpass the corporations in realistic planning as well as in successful collective bargaining.

How much corporation initiative can be salvaged for the post-war period depends a good deal on how long the automobile industry remains under restraint. Some of the younger executives are beginning to ask themselves whether the eggs can ever be unscrambled if the present scrambling continues for several years. In this self-questioning they are in deadly earnest, for their careers depend upon the answer. Having adjusted themselves quickly to war, they are enjoying a revived conviction of social approval as they crash into production for use, not for profit. Although profits accrue and may well become enormous, the production men aren't thinking of profits, but of output, of beautiful schedules in which the ceiling is the limit, of assembly lines that will never be slowed down by bad salesmanship or hard times or anything but victory.

These men are the majors and colonels of industry, not its generals. There are a good many of them, and the present situation makes their contribution to victory apparent to everyone. In both authority and income they are in the middle brackets. Like everyone else, they have been whittled down by taxes, but they are not complaining. Once upon a time they would have been horrified at the thought of wasting time on government blueprints, standards, and inspectors. Now they act as if they would be willing to run their plants for the government forever.

Labor has been gaining, both in pay and prestige. Consequently one net result of the combination of union recognition and arms program is a sharp gain for an old and cheering phenomenon, the leveling process. Twenty years ago, in my *Iron Man in Industry*, I observed that this healthy movement was a conspicuous social feature of automobile manufacturing and likewise drew immense strength from the common use of automobiles. Truly, this industry has been a mighty force for democracy, not merely by leading a consistent upward trend in wages, but also in developing mass markets on the broadest possible scale for a product which liberates and broadens mankind. More than any other influence except public education, the cheap automobile saves us from the full effects of class hatreds and jealousies. Now, in addition, titanic war pressures are pushing closer together the men above and the men below — in income, in way of life, in patriotic objectives. Through this very compression are being generated some of the future waves of thought and feeling which are destined to drive this nation, and other nations that lean on us, toward high decisions. No industry can foresee, measure, and prepare for the interplay of all these complex imponderables. But planning which does not take into account the rise in status of the rank and file, and accept that new level as one of the platforms on which to build a nobler society, will fall short of its highest opportunities.

This industry climbed to a high place; and then a high, hot wind, which was war, tore off its false whiskers. Whereupon everyone saw that the automobile industry is something utterly unique and precious. Having been thrust into primacy by the government, the automotive industry can no longer masquerade as just another industry. Now it is the indispensable industry, the key industry, *the* industry. The one industry without which war cannot be made effectively or peace be maintained effectively has now become the special target for whatever hidden forces are brewing in the cave of the future. As goes Detroit, so goes the nation, perhaps the world.

SUBMARINE FROM CORREGIDOR

Manila Goes Under

by ELIZABETH E. SAYRE

1

NEVER in my life had I felt the least desire to go down in a submarine. I can remember the day when the High Commissioner's naval aide in Manila said to our fifteen-year-old son, "Bill, how would you like to go out with me today and look over one of those new submarines?" Bill had come back with an enthusiastic "Swell! When do we go?" I was saved from embarrassment by not being invited! Little did I think then that I should, in the near future, live two weeks on a submarine, going through three thousand miles of water where a great naval battle was being waged, and spending the daylight hours submerged.

When war broke out in the Far East, we in the Philippines were almost immediately under fire from the air. From the moment the news reached us of the Jap treachery at Pearl Harbor until enemy planes began to bomb the Philippines was a mere matter of some four hours.

At 8.00 A.M. on December 8, Jap bombers rained destruction on Camp John Hay in the mountains to the north. Our youngest son was there at the Bishop Brent School, and the bombing brought immediately into our household the fear and anxiety which never entirely left us until we were again on home soil. At noon on that same Monday Jap planes in large numbers raided our largest air base at Clark Field, adjoining Fort Stotsenberg. There we lost a considerable number of planes and Flying Fortresses. Nurses from Fort Stotsenberg Hospital told

me afterward that mess call had just sounded and they were on their way to lunch when bombs began to fall. There were many badly wounded and burned casualties as a result of this raid. Some of the cases which were movable were taken in to Sternberg Hospital, Manila. One of these boys my husband stopped to speak to there a week later. Earnestness showed bravely from his swollen lips and eyes as he struggled to speak. "Is it true, sir, that a transport landed today? We'll get them soon, won't we, sir?" No thought of self-pity — only the thought, "We'll do the job. We'll lick the Japs as soon as we get some planes and some reinforcements."

The hospitals in and around Manila were soon full and it was necessary to add to the number of beds. Additional hospital units were set up — one large one at "Jai-Lai" stadium, a large air-cooled building; another one at LaSalle College, and another out at Caloocan. The doctors and nurses worked night and day.

On December 15 I went to Sternberg Hospital to see Miss Marie Adams and Miss Catharine Nau, who had set up a Red Cross service there. The beautiful grounds had been dug up to make narrow ditches deep enough to lie down in. They made me shudder, for they looked like shallow graves. Later I was to know them as the friendly "fox-holes" of Corregidor and Bataan. Our Volunteer Unit at the Residence had promised to make and fill fifteen hundred "Treasure Bags" for enlisted personnel in military hospitals, so that every soldier and sailor — American and Filipino — might re-

The wife of the High Commissioner to the Philippines, ELIZABETH E. SAYRE has drawn from her Diary on Corregidor episodes of which every American will be proud.

ceive on Christmas Day a bag filled with small gifts, toilet articles, and cigarettes and candy. This was carried out in spite of air raids, disrupted homes, and difficulties in transportation. On Christmas night in the hospital tunnel at Corregidor, I saw several men carried in on stretchers, with one of our Treasure Bags clutched on his chest or dangling from his arm.

Three days after war broke out, we stood on our terrace at the Residence of the High Commissioner in Manila and watched a perfect formation of twenty-seven silver flying ships circle over Manila Bay and turn toward Cavite, where they dropped their heavy load of bombs on our naval station. Great clouds of smoke followed the explosions, and for two days afterward we saw flames going up as tangible evidence of enemy destruction there. Our hearts sank. We knew that the enemy had badly crippled our defenses; and in spite of the heroic efforts of our Filipino and American flyers, the Japanese had their own will in the air.

Each day at twilight, most of our staff and secretaries gathered at the Residence for the night, as our air-raid shelters were substantial. The Residence was only completed for occupancy in April, 1940, and it loomed up on its area of barren filled-in ground, a perfectly exposed target for the enemy. But the Jap planes ignored us, bombing the ships off our seawall, the piers not far away, and the Pasay area a mile or two up Dewey Boulevard. They must have felt sure of their success and were saving the Residence for their military headquarters, for they moved into it immediately upon occupying the city, and transferred our staff elsewhere.

While on Corregidor, we saw a copy of a Manila newspaper of January 7, showing the Jap military commanders receiving the Filipino officials invited to act as commissioners under Japanese rule. Every chair and lamp seemed to be in exactly their accustomed places, and my housewifely instincts were gratified to see that the chintz slip covers had been left on the chairs, but outraged to observe the Jap officers tracking up the highly polished hardwood floors with their rough boots. I wondered if the bronze shield of the United States still served as

ornament over the marble entrance to the room, or if the Japs had torn it from the balcony as a souvenir for the Emperor.

2

On the morning of December 24 word came from General MacArthur that a nucleus of our staff was to leave for Corregidor at 1.30. It was about 10.30 when Mr. Sayre appeared in the ballroom entrance and motioned to me where I stood in the center of Red Cross activity going on there, preparatory to sending out the Christmas Treasure Bags. My husband told me there was danger of the city falling, that we must be prepared to move soon and in great secrecy to the fortified island of Corregidor, from which point our civil government would continue to function. It was cruelly hard to have to leave friends and loyal staff people this way, but there seemed nothing to be gained by allowing ourselves to be captured, after which there would be no way for either the United States High Commissioner or the President of the Philippine Commonwealth to function.

I went back to the ballroom and joined the group of some twenty women of our Red Cross Volunteer Unit who were feverishly working to finish our job, but whose lips and faces had become singularly quiet. I think they sensed a crucial climax. We had been drawn very closely together in the last two weeks of danger, working between air raids, sometimes carrying bandage-making and Christmas work to the basement shelters, when the sirens shrieked and the bombing began.

As we bent over a large packing box, I whispered the plan of our departure to Amea Willoughby, wife of the High Commissioner's Financial Adviser, for she and her husband were to go with us. Finally we packed away the last Christmas box and surveyed the room. It was a riot of color, for every table and sofa and chair was piled with variegated Treasure Bags. It was the fruit of many hours of work and planning. Well, the boys in the hospitals would know we did not forget them. The Red Cross would see to that. We wished each other a happy

Christmas Day and broke up our meeting. I did not see any of those good friends, American or Filipino, again.

Our whirlwind departure from the Residence took place with military precision at 1.30 in spite of a noon bombing of the port area. I had packed my own and Bill's suitcase in a few moments, before partaking of a sandwich lunch we had quickly eaten in the basement shelter during the air alarm. It was hard to go — to leave the home where for over two years we had had so many happy times, and which had taken so much of our thought and time to establish and furnish. We felt no impulse to carry any of the art treasures with us. They belonged to a period in our lives which was now past. We walked down the corridor of the family entrance.

I paused at my secretary's office and tried so hard to smile and look happy when I said good-bye. I played a little game with her. "Perhaps we shall be back in a few days and this may be a false alarm. I cannot say where we are going, but you will guess." She was wonderful and brave in spite of the fact that her husband had disappeared that very morning on some unknown mission. There were the Filipino houseboys, frightened but trying to smile. Anna Zee, — poor faithful Chinese, — whose heart quailed at the thought of Jap invaders. One boy and one cook we were allowed to take with us — no more! And one suitcase apiece. I managed to grab the largest knitting bag ever made, a rattan affair which was commodious enough to take our present for Bill's Christmas, an inflated football. (Alas, he never used it on Corregidor!)

Our tin hats are over our shoulders, our gas masks on our arms. There are the two cars — we pile in. "Good-bye." The car moves; we turn and look out the back window. There is Claude Buss, Executive Assistant to the High Commissioner, now to be left in charge of our staff. He is waving, smiling, bless him! We circle the flag, our flag still flying! We pass through the gates — it cannot be forever! There is the fine-looking policeman who has stood like a dignified dragon over our gates. He salutes

slowly, easily — he is full of a serene confidence. Then left on the Boulevard and past the Elks' Club, the Army and Navy Club, the Luneta, the Manila Hotel. It is a clear, sunny day, but there is a cloud of smoke rising behind the Manila Hotel. We turn into the Presidential landing, trying hard to joke with each other, but the effort is rather hysterical. "Is it really cold on Corregidor? How about an overcoat?" — "Look, I brought two Christmas packages which came this morning." (One turned out to be an evening bag and the other was sachets!) "You know, I couldn't get any more batteries for my flashlights — there aren't any to be had in Manila." The Quezon party arrive in their cars. There is the President, looking pretty well considering he is only just recovering from a serious illness. There is Mrs. Quezon, the two daughters and the young son; Vice-President Osmeña, Chief Justice Santos, Secretary of Finance Roxas (now in his uniform as a Colonel). We crowd into two waiting launches and chug away from the landing.

3

Our launch was now nosing out into the blue waters of Manila Bay. We knew that Jap planes might appear at any moment. We looked back at the clouds of smoke rising from the recently bombed port area. The Tabacalera warehouse was burning and one ship beside the dock was in flames. Pier 7 was not hit — its turn was soon to come! We took one last lingering look at our substantial concrete Residence. The sentries were pacing the seawall and the terrace. We turned our eyes toward the Manila Hotel, where the MacArthurs and Admiral Hart had their living quarters. Our flag still flew from the highest turret.

Out in the sparkling blue bay we approached our waiting ship, the *Mayon*, an old, sturdy, Southern Island boat. President Quezon's luxurious yacht, the *Casiana*, stood near by, with its new coat of war gray. Upon this comfortable ship we had cruised to Mindanao the year before, when President Quezon had opened the new cross-Mindanao highway, naming it the

Sayre Highway in honor of the High Commissioner.

We boarded the *Mayon*, for the *Casiana* was to bring the MacArthur party in the late afternoon. The Quezon party were soon aboard and we were all told to remain below deck for fear of air raids. Each one of us was fitted into a hot and stuffy life jacket. We paced the lower passageways, feeling hot and impatient. Why didn't we start? Soon the word came we were waiting for the chief engineer. He never turned up, so after a half hour of nervous fidgets it was decided we should make the trip with the second engineer in command. At last we were under way with two PT or mosquito boats forging ahead of us as convoys. Once away from the inner bay, we all went out on the lower afterdeck, enjoying the sunshine and cool breezes. I have never seen a lovelier sky, clear blue with little puffy white clouds — and no Jap planes over us for the moment! We began to feel a sense of freedom, of escape.

As we approached Corregidor, President Quezon's aide, Colonel Nieto, came in to announce we were landing. We all eagerly collected our "impedimenta" and in relays went ashore.

Landed on the "Rock" at the busy pier, we were met by Lieutenant Brown, General Moore's aide. We were told Corregidor had been air-raided at four o'clock, so that we had timed our arrival most opportunely. As we drove up the dusty road, we saw that the fortress was as busy as a beehive. Drove of workmen, like ants, were rushing to and fro, carrying and storing all sorts of military food and hospital supplies. Within a few moments we were at the west entrance of Malinta Tunnel and so we passed under the great rocky hill which was to shelter us from heavy bombardment for two months.

The two entrances to this main tunnel were wide and only a distance of about a quarter of a mile apart, so that the interior was partially lighted by the sunlight. Over halfway in, our car stopped at the sign "Malinta Hospital." Here we stepped into a whitewashed lateral stretching off at right angles to the main tunnel, and running through the Malinta hill for about a quar-

ter of a mile until it came out upon the southeastern side, meeting a steep roadway descending to the water's edge.

So there were really three tunnel entrances to "Malinta," and each one was used for a particular purpose. The exit, or southeast end of the hospital tunnel, was the one which became our outdoor sitting room during "safety hours," and this end was also used as the hospital mess where corps men and ambulatory patients had their meals out-of-doors when bombing and shelling were not going on. Here we listened to the radio, the Voice of Freedom hour, the William Winter broadcast from San Francisco, which later on meant so much to all of us, and here we later heard the stupid distorted Jap broadcasts from Manila (which either completely disgusted us or sent us off into hysterical laughter).

This hospital lateral was to be our home. In it we came to know intimately the doctors, nurses, and corps men. We saw behind the scenes and we talked with them freely. We who were on Corregidor need never ask if Americans and Filipinos can "take it" — we *know* they can.

4

And so it was that, on Christmas Eve, the Sayre and Quezon parties took up residence in one of the hospital laterals, where iron beds were placed end to end against the wall on two sides, leaving a narrow walkway between. On each pillow was pinned a penciled place-card. I looked around me — there was Mrs. MacArthur, Arthur MacArthur, Arthur's nurse, Mrs. Quezon, Miss Quezon — and so on. We were quietly greeted by a low-voiced, lovely-looking young woman — Ann Mealer — who was "Queen Nurse" in every sense of the word. She proved her courage and her efficiency many times over and I never saw her ruffled, excited, downcast, or bored. She was a ready friend in time of trouble, but she let us know in the very beginning that we were now in a hospital and that the patients came first and we weren't patients! This was surely the best way to start us off in our new life. No sympathy or commiseration ex-

pressed — only a gentle suggestion that we wait on ourselves, make the best of a crowded life, and “Here is a towel and there is the bathroom!” We soon discovered that in our No. 9 lateral we were to keep our beds tidy and our floors clean, that we were to be quiet after nine o’clock, and that we were to fit ourselves into the nurses’ schedule.

In these early days of our tunnel existence there was one bathroom for sixty-eight women, and the only harassment which lowered our morale to the breaking point was when we waited in line to get a “teacup” bath only to have the water turned off just as we got to the head of the line! Later on, thanks to the tireless efforts of Colonel Arthur Parker (Quartermaster Corps, who recently lost his life on Corregidor), additional artesian wells were tapped and piped and we had the great luxury of a bath a day and water for laundry. Also, one or two additional bathrooms were built into the tunnel. Ask anyone on Corregidor what is the greatest single blessing to man and they will all say with one breath, “Water — fresh pure water!”

Tunnel life is a most intimate form of existence. Privacy was practically unknown. It reminded me a little of boarding-school days. Our beds touched one another and there were no screens or partitions between. We were a strange assortment — seventeen women from civilian and army life. There was a President’s wife, her two Filipino maids, a General’s wife, several middle-aged women, a journalist, a young mother with a tiny baby, a Chinese nurse, three young girls, and a canary bird! In the far end of the same lateral, separated from us by a hospital screen, were some twenty doctors. When we went in or out of our tunnel we had to pass through the doctors’ quarters. They were very good sports about these rude interruptions we made upon their privacy. At first we suffered more than they did over it if we found ourselves trespassing at the very moment one of them was getting in or out of his uniform, but before long we blithely said “Good morning” or “Good night,” no matter what stage of dishabille they were in.

5

After we had learned to get used to our underground life and to find our way around the maze of laterals, we had an ever increasing respect for the Army engineers who had planned and carried out this secure refuge under a solid mountain of rock. The hospital services were improved each day: doctors and nurses were indefatigable in working out a more practical way of doing things. Everyone realized time was short — we might be under heavy fire any day, so it was terribly important to do the work while the Japs were busy with the taking and occupation of Manila.

Five days after our arrival on Corregidor came the first big bombing raid. Jap planes had been flying high above us, but until December 29 they had not dropped their eggs. On this day bombs rained upon the Rock for two and a half hours and “Topside,” the upper level of the Island, was practically demolished. One end of the main hospital building was destroyed, although there was a great Red Cross to mark it for what it was. Many hurt, shell-shocked, and wounded were carried into our hospital tunnel. The floors and canvas stretchers were soaked in blood. Doctors and nurses worked valiantly all afternoon and night trying to save lives. On “Topside” one Filipina nurse, Miss Salvacion, remained at her post during an emergency operation where bombs were falling all around her. I asked her about it afterward and she smilingly replied, “Oh! I was scared, Mrs. Sayre, but what I did was nothing; anyone would have done just the same.”

The ambulance drivers did superb work. One of them, a friend of my son’s, named Roy Jones, made many trips to “Topside” in the midst of bombing to bring wounded down to the tunnel. Finally his ambulance was crippled — tires blown off — and Roy got a dose of shrapnel in his shoulder. He stopped by the hospital lateral for treatment, then went out again to continue his work in another car. One nurse went up on an ambulance to “Topside” Hospital — the bombing intensified, and she and the driver jumped out of the car, lay in a ditch

beside the road while the ground rocked around them. She said, "I prayed, 'Oh, Lord, let a bomb hurry up and hit me quick and get this thing over with.'" But when a lull came they sprang up and went into the hospital, loaded their ambulance, and went on with their work. One officer, Lieutenant Keyser, picked up a wounded man and carried him in his arms to an air-raid shelter. Just as he stopped to go in, a bomb hit behind him; the concussion killed him, but his patient was saved. It was during this raid that Colonel Craig, commanding the hospital, was knocked unconscious by the force of an exploding bomb. But in a few days he was well again and back on the job.

During one heavy raid when large bombs dropped near the hospital entrance the concussion was felt in the innermost recesses of the tunnel. In the midst of an atmosphere charged with tension, a voice called excitedly, "Everybody into the side laterals — clear the main passage. Lie down on the floor against the wall, open your mouth, and put your fingers in your ears!" This was hysterical advice given by an inexperienced person, but the loud imperious voice had its effect on me — I suddenly found myself on top of a suitcase underneath my bed, and how I ever managed to get myself into these close quarters in such short order was ever afterwards a mystery to me.

This first heavy bombing was followed by many others, but we learned from our first experiences. We did not take so many chances and we did not hesitate to jump face down into a ditch or a fox-hole if we heard a plane overhead. It was the men at the batteries or manning machine guns and anti-aircraft who had to remain at their posts and take it, watching eagerly for a chance to make a hit. Their bravery was something incredible. They stuck at their posts even when the bombers flew low. Before long, the Jap planes learned a wholesome respect for our anti-aircraft marksmen and they took care to fly high. One of our anti-aircraft on Corregidor brought down a Jap plane 27,000 feet up — five miles! No wonder the Japs took care to fly high! For that very reason the Jap bombs rarely hit with precision a military target on Corregi-

dor — even though their raids were always in broad daylight.

Two weeks before we left Corregidor it became necessary to give more room to patients. The number of malaria cases was steadily increasing. And so the High Commissioner's and President Quezon's staffs were moved into lateral No. 1, which boasted four or five partitions making a few small rooms. After spending a night in one of these cubicles, I was reminded of Mark Twain's story about a hotel bedroom partition when he said "it was so thin he could hear the young lady in the next room change her mind." President Quezon slept in one of these cubicles when it was thought unwise for him to sleep in the tent house built for him on a platform near the tunnel entrance. He had a racking cough which was most distressing and he had lost much weight since coming to the Island fortress. But he never lost his indomitable will, and how we did admire his fighting spirit!

The life on Corregidor was not all fear and misery — there were aspects of it which furnished sudden joy, poignant sympathy, and quiet, heart-to-heart talks. It is high, cool, covered with beautiful big trees, deep tropical ravines running down to the sea, small stretches of sandy beach, and is one of the few places in the Islands where there are no mosquitoes. As bombing raids became concentrated upon Bataan and before the shelling started (the first part of February), we used more and more a little house that had been assigned to us, sleeping there at night, and going up in the early afternoon for a siesta or reading hour. Back to the tunnel for the main meal at four o'clock, then returning to our house at the sunset hour when we spread our Army blankets on the terrace overlooking Bataan and Mariveles Mountain and sat watching the sun go down. Sometimes we read aloud from Cabot Coville's precious book of verse, or a short story; sometimes we had a feast of a can of fruit or doughnuts saved from the dessert course of our mess. Out in this lovely fresh air, the sun on our backs, our hands touching the grass and the ground, our eyes feasting on the green trees around us, anything tasted good. It was a touch of

normal existence which restored our souls. Occasionally my husband and I left Bill playing "catch" on the lawn, and we took a walk in the fading sunlight down the road to "Monkey Point." It was a lovely woodsy walk, with occasional glimpses of the sea and with plenty of shallow-grave fox-holes along the edge of the road, which, on the sound of a plane, we could duck into and lie in the warm dust until the drone of the motor passed. Often the Japs would bomb Cab-cabin airfield this time of evening and we would watch in the direction of Bataan, and see the clouds of dust rise following the sound of explosions. Sometimes the bomber missed; clouds of spray, like geysers, rose from the water off the Bataan shore. More often at this time of evening the plane was ours — the lone plane which made its nightly flight over to Bataan to keep contact with our forces there, observe, report, and then return. This little plane flew low and flew fast, for it couldn't afford to come to grips with the enemy.

On our evening walks we sometimes circled the flying field. This was most cleverly camouflaged, and the few broken down and battered planes were artfully concealed from view some distance away from the runway.

After a night's sleep in our little house the return to tunnel air was always a shock and a torment. The first whiff of stale air was enough to make us long to turn back.

On the left, as we passed the heavily sandbagged entrance, was a Diesel engine which was a supplementary one for electric power. By it slept or worked its faithful attendant, a tall, lanky, rawboned gentleman who seemed always to be on his job. One day I stopped to share with him some magazines. The light wasn't too good but he read a lot when he wasn't tending or oiling his engine. His cot was right beside his noisy, smelly old motor. "Don't you ever get out of here?" I asked. He pushed his khaki cap forward as he scratched the back of his head. "I guess I'll have to do something about getting exercise, one of these days."

After breakfast there was always some personal laundry and mending to do. We

learned to be thrifty with water and soap. Even the men were careful. One morning we met Joe Stevenot near Headquarters tunnel and he was holding a glass less than half full of water. "What shall I do with this?" he asked, perplexed. "I drank a little of it, I shaved with some, I washed my face and brushed my teeth, and here's a whole half glass left over!"

Church services in the tunnel filled a need as acute as that for food and drink. Chaplain Oliver read the services in the mess hall for those of us living in the tunnel, but he spent longer hours walking over the trails and roads to the different batteries and outposts where the men were on military duty. In the tunnel we had a little portable organ, and the hearty response to its meager tone more than made up for the small size of the instrument. We all got a lot of happiness singing the old hymns, and the mess hall was so crowded Sunday mornings that many had to sit on the concrete floor or stand outside in the main tunnel. A few patients in wheelchairs or on crutches came in and joined us. The sound of singing voices reached back into the furthestmost ends of the hospital laterals, where many maimed and dying lay quiet and listened.

As I look back over the days on Corregidor, I realize how gradual was the realization that help in the air and reinforcements on the sea would come too late to help. We used to make bets on the date when we should see our side showing greater strength in the air. Many made wagers on our return to Manila — February 22 was a popular bet, and we thought of a great patriotic celebration on that day at the Army and Navy Club. As the days passed, the realization deepened that it would take a long time to bring troops, planes, equipment from the United States to Australia, and again as long to move them to the Philippines. We listened with sinking hearts while radio messages from home boasted about how many planes we could turn out in 1943 — how many troops we could train by the end of 1942. It would not do — it would be too late!

(To be continued)

I KNOW ALMOST EVERYTHING

by FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

I

IT HAPPENS that I know almost everything, and one of the things that I know is that it just happens; it is chance, and chance alone. You know how it is. You are looking up a definition, or a quotation. What definition? What quotation? I was looking up a word that I had come across in reading, — I always stop when I strike an unfamiliar word, — and the word was *nubility*. I found that it meant marriageability, but that *nubilation* meant cloudiness. So I remembered from way back in First Year Latin that *nubes*, *nubis* was a cloud, and that *nubility* came from *nubo*, the verb from whose participle *nuptial* is derived. So, as the fellow says, what? Not only useless information, but also dull.

And once I was looking up to prove that it was Isaac Watts and not Reginald Heber who wrote "Little drops of water." And that was the time that I came across "Onward, Christian Soldiers," whose music I knew was Arthur Sullivan's, but whose words, I then found out never to forget, were S. Baring-Gould's. Better than that, S. for Sabine. Not that these facts, found by accident, are momentous to me. But most of the other things I know have stuck because I am easily diverted from the main search. Not that I am alone. Columbus was looking for India; Hudson for China. Nor did Marconi have an idea that he was going

to be responsible for Jack Benny or "Information, Please!" — bless his (Marconi's) heart! If it didn't take so much research, I'd like to write a piece called "By-products of Research," for I have a notion that many of the discoveries, inventions, stories, poems, and even paintings, have been come upon because the creator was trying to do something else.

I know hundreds of poems, if not all the way through, at least the first few lines. On the library table when the table and I were about ten years of age, there was a copy of Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*. There were subdivisions, such as Poems of Love, Poems of Places, and Humorous and Satirical. It was this that I liked and read first, though why they should put the best poems last I couldn't see.

I never committed anything to memory, but some poems I have read so often that I know them by heart. I think that the first poem that I read was Bret Harte's "Plain Language from Truthful James." And years later, when I was reading Swinburne, I found that

Which I wish to remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinese is peculiar:
Which the same I would rise to explain.

is the same as "Hertha" and that Bret Harte was putting his poem into

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together,
the sun and the mountains and thou?

The extent of F. P. A.'s knowledge has been a source of surprise and delight to the thousands who have read his column, "The Conning Tower," and to the millions who have heard him on "Information, Please!" Chicago (where he was born in 1881) is responsible for that cubbyhole mind of his, a mind stored with pertinent and impertinent facts and the wit to make use of them. "Makes My Mouth Water" will be the title of Mr. Adams's next contribution to the *Atlantic*.

And I think what mischievous fun Bret Harte must have had when he burlesqued "Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me, man that is I," with "Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise."

It is worthless knowledge; it helps nobody; it never did me any good; it'll never help me; and I can't ever forget it. I know hundreds of irrelevant and equally useless things. I have been at newspaper writing for forty years. What I recall, offhand, is that it is Grand Central Terminal and Pennsylvania Station; that it is Rea Irvin and Irving Berlin and Ervin Wardman and Irvin Cobb and Will Irwin and Hervey Allen. I know that my teachers in Douglas School, Chicago, were Miss Werkmeister, Miss Emily Freiberger, Mrs. Dreyfus, Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Kewley, Miss Pierce, Miss Shoemaker, Mrs. Swarthout, and, best of all, Miss Ellen M. Stowe. At graduation we sang "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Speaking of songs, I remember "The Daughter of Officer Porter" because it was sung in 1896 by Lady Sholto Douglas who wore a diamond garter and skirts that showed her knees.

2

The first complete book I read was *Davy and the Goblin*, a book inspired by *Alice*. Yet I never considered Lewis Carroll comparable to Charles Edward Carryl, who wrote *Davy*, which had "A capital ship for an ocean trip" and "The night was thick and hazy When the *Piccadilly Daisy*." Oh, I can go through both of them from memory.

I know many a mathematical formula, and could still arrive at one or two. The only one that I use is the one for arithmetical progression. And that only in rotation pool, as the balls are numbered from 1 to 15. Well, s the sum, n the number, a the first number, and l the last.

$$s = n \frac{(a + l)}{2}$$

$$\text{Then } s = 15 \frac{(1 + 15)}{2}$$

$$s = \frac{240}{2} = 120$$

So you know that you have to get 61 points to win.

I know a lot of Latin; and most of it I learned after I left school, though I had a good foundation. But for many years I had a newspaper column to fill, and I had read that Eugene Field, whom all Chicago boys revered, filled his "Sharps and Flats" with translations of Horace. So I did some. And it was fun, though it often took the best part of two days to do eight satisfactory lines, which doesn't plug much of a columnar gap.

But this I know: what you learn when you're not trying to learn, when your mind is relaxed, is likely to stick. Years ago I heard somebody say, "'Twas ever thus, from childhood's happy hour." People still say it, and I scream. I knew that was wrong, because "happy" made two extra syllables, yet I looked it up. Of course I found that it was "Oh! ever thus." So I ran a series of Familiar Misquotations, such as "Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And silently steal away," when it should be "*as* silently." So I developed a passion for accuracy, mostly because I always have hated sloppiness; I hate the person who, because he doesn't know that the day Fred Merkle didn't touch second was September 23, 1908, says, "What difference does it make?" None. You may be ignorant of most facts, and careless, and wise; you may have great knowledge and accuracy, and no wisdom. But oftener knowledge and wisdom, in varying degree, are in the same person. As the late Hugh E. Keough said, — I quote him often, and accurately, too, — "The race is not always to the swift, but that is where to look."

I am a little ashamed when during a broadcast of "Information, Please!" I am able to sing, or recite, the words of some song that was popular in 1897. Well, in those days I went at least once a week to the variety shows then current. Songs lasted longer than they do now; and there was sheet music that everybody had, and nearly everybody played, instead of taking music vicariously on the radio. There were ballads that told stories, and no silly "Hut-sut" something or other. Who could help

remembering "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" when it had lines like "Is that you, Madge?" I said to her. She quickly turned away?"

There seems to be mild astonishment that I should know many of the words and most of the music in the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. In my childhood my father played many of the melodies, and in 1934, when the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company toured the United States, I heard each of them many times. You don't forget things that you like.

John Kieran was telling some boys at the Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut, how he knew such a lot about art. "I covered big league baseball for eighteen years," he said. "Ballplayers and baseball writers are lazy. They don't do anything till it's time for the game. I had nothing to do all morning, so I went to the art galleries. There's at least one in every big league town. You can't help sopping up a lot of admiration for certain paintings, and then you want to know about the painters." And he learned French literature by failing to waste two hours a day on the subway for over a year.

3

Remembering something of what I learned at school makes me a hero to my children. I can explain the solution of a quadratic equation to one, and the ablative absolute to another. *Can?* I do.

And yet there are things that I don't know, and expect never to know. I don't know why I can't get crisp bacon, strong coffee, or rare beef. No cook believes me. Cooks appear to think that I can't possibly like it the way they don't.

I don't know why a wife says, "Hurry, we're due at Rodgers's in ten minutes. *I'm* all ready," and you shave, take a bath, and dress, and still she isn't ready. I don't know what women do between the times that they are ready and are ready. Or why women hate to be at a station more than a few seconds before train time. I don't know why anybody of any sex says, "I don't get time to read," except that such people simply

dislike reading. For everybody throws away at least one hour a day. I don't know why anybody who has lived in the United States thinks of Hitler as he might think of an unpleasant fellow, and why he doesn't know that the Hitlerian ambition is so ruthless and cruel that there are still millions of us who can't yet take in an idea so foreign to anything in our experience. I read about divorce, and I can't see why two people can't get along together in harmony, and I see two people and I can't see how either of them can live with the other. I don't know why I read so many things — books and magazine and newspaper pieces — written by those who know more about everything than I do about anything. I don't know who, if not I, first said that — about whom.

I don't understand the principle of the radio. Nor for that matter the telephone or the telegraph. Don't explain it to me; I don't get it.

I don't know why people tidy up my desk so that I can't find anything. I don't know why I don't slap the next person who asks me, "What's the use of voting?" I don't know why some stores or restaurants keep a loud radio going all the time. "Did anybody request this?" I ask. "Request what?" "That the radio be turned on." "Why, no," says the proprietor. "Well, I request that it be turned off." "Sure," he says, surprised that there was any noise. I don't know why employers won't pay those who work for them anything they ask, or why workers don't believe that employers pay them enough. Why, I always have been overpaid, while I grind down the few employees I have had — and no longer can afford.

I don't know why people, especially in war work, don't realize that if nobody cared who got the credit for this or that, as long as the objective were gained, red tape would fade to a mild pink, and the output would at least double in quantity and increase in quality. This doesn't go for peacetime or inspirational work. How many, for example, know who wrote that famous poem, "Tinker to Evers to Chance"? . . . I wrote it.

» Today we depend upon the American Merchant Marine as never before. Our American ships will be as good as — or as bad as — the men who serve them. In the aftermath of the last war we let our ships rust and our service corrupt. But today our green crews are rising to the emergency. Here is one internal victory which the country does not know it has won.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE TODAY

by WILLIAM McFEE

I

THE great national weeklies have been carrying a half-page advertisement of the United States Merchant Marine. It is headed by a picture of an extraordinarily handsome young man in naval uniform, holding a sextant and gazing soulfully towards the zenith. His perfect features are a blend of Tyrone Power, John Gilbert, and Roddy McDowall. The caption says: —

BE AN OFFICER

U. S. Merchant Marine offers wartime jobs with a peacetime future. . . . America's new ships have the finest officers afloat. . . . Are you between 18 and 23? High-school educated? A U. S. citizen? Anxious to get in and pitch for America? . . . Train to be an officer. . . . \$65 a month while you learn. . . . High-caliber associates . . . good food, good quarters . . . a well-paid, lifetime career. . . . Naval Reserve. . . . Clip coupon today. . . .

To an old-timer, a survivor of the First World War and its submarines, a graduate of that school of rugged individualism, the British tramp steamer, such an advertisement sounds very much like Utopia. It resembles those fantastic, Paul Bunyanish, cock-and-bull yarns we used to tell in the second mate's cabin during our watch below on a long voyage from Suez to Singapore. Yarns of great, fast ships where junior officers had ham and eggs three times a day and

six times on Sunday. Yarns of benevolent skippers who brought bevvies of beautiful blonde daughters, all highly educated, to sea with them, arranged marriages with the juniors, and set these happy couples up in shore jobs or appointed the sons-in-law masters of new crack liners. Yarns of messrooms equipped with roast pheasant, iced champagne, and Havana cigars. Yarns in which shipowners ate salt horse and slept in bug-ridden bunks while their junior officers had suites at the Ritz and took lovely ladies to the opera.

All these yarns, told far out at sea, in a dirty, ill-furnished cabin, after a supper of salt hash and canned potatoes, with a dessert of dried apples washed down with dusty tea, were wish fulfillments. We were really happy — happier by far than the present-day sybarites of the National Maritime Union, with their iced water laid on to all points, their steam-heated messrooms, electric light, and mechanical refrigeration. But we were socially nonexistent. We had no position in the world. Our calling was the last refuge of scoundrels, ne'er-do-wells, social misfits, and boys with neither ambition nor acquisitiveness. No feminine bosom swelled with pride because she was loved by a sailor, whatever the old songs of yesteryear might say. No eager industrialist pushed his way on board to offer us a better job. No government department paid the slightest attention to us, except His Majesty's Board of Trade, who examined us as to our professional competence and enrolled us as a crew before sailing. As for the Naval Reserve, until the World War put the fear of

Born in London and a seagoing engineer, WILLIAM McFEE paid his first visit to the United States in 1911. He served the British Admiralty sturdily in the First World War, and now from his home in Westport, Connecticut, he judges with fairness and experience the development of the new American seamen.

2

God into the Admiralty and stripped a few outer layers of social snobbery from the souls of the quarter-deck fraternity, we were told (by an underling) that we were not wanted.

We wanted to be wanted. It is one of the hardest things in the world, if you are a craftsman, if you have a pride in what you can do, to be ignored. It was also difficult enough, in those days, to convince those in high office, admirals and shipowners, that prestige is more than pay.

Men do not go to sea because of the money there is in it. Gentlemen who write advertising copy such as I have quoted at the head of this article will always expect to be paid a higher salary than the commander of a liner. I have heard that many of them make much more than admirals and generals. The announcer who blares forth the heroism of a victorious naval officer would be outraged if he were paid less than four or five times the naval officer's salary.

That is the American way. It is accepted by all of us as part of the price we pay for democracy. So seamen of the humbler sort — the sailors, oilers, firemen and their officers, and stewards — expect only a reasonable remuneration. What they have always wanted, but for various reasons have not received, is recognition. They want to be wanted. They want to feel that the public knows what they are doing.

What are they doing? They are creating something the American people as a whole have never quite comprehended. We call it admiralty. Because we are so largely a continental nation, it has not been easy to bring home to Americans the significance of admiralty. Statesmen of an earlier era knew the need of freedom of the seas. Politicians paid it lip service, and big business used to filch incredible subsidies from Congress to secure admiralty.

The common people of the nation ignored it. The farmer remained callously indifferent as to the flag under which his grain was shipped abroad or his fertilizer imported. The worker neither knew nor cared about ships. The rich used the latest fashionable British, French, Italian, or German floating hotel, and expressed surprise on learning that their own country had any ships at all.

So there was here no admiralty. Honest men in Washington held their noses while investigating committees poked with long poles at the bottomless bog of maritime skulduggery. Better let the foreigner do it was the verdict of many to whom the phrases "honest business" and "American shipping" seemed contradictory. No investor could be persuaded to put his money into ships while the Shipping Board was a competitor of the men whose taxes paid the Board's astronomical disbursements for managing obsolete, bankrupt lines.

You could not, in those days following the last war, convince the great, stately American Federation of Labor that the seamen's unions were part of a key industry. You might as well have asked a prosperous businessman, whose son was at college, to send that son to sea. There were only a few thousand men on the ships, said the A. F. of L. tycoons. So Andrew Furuseth, who had toiled many years for his shipmates, was left to languish in the shade. He was one of the incorruptibles, unsocial, without the smooth, slick urbanity of the modern labor "executive." As for the prosperous businessman, how could he let his son go to sea when he would have to wait perhaps fifteen or twenty years for a command with a top salary of \$3600 a year. Thirty-six hundred dollars! Assistant vice-presidents in those days started at \$7500 when they were thirty. There was no glamour about going to sea for them!

It has been an incredible *Via Dolorosa* from those days of dropping wages, strikes, new drops in wages, collapse of fly-by-night steamship companies, collapse of Shipping Board routes, and the annual report of a million-dollar deficit in trying to operate the *Leviathan*. There seemed to be a black jinx on every effort of the United States to build a merchant marine. Consider the fates, for instance, of the *Leviathan* and her sister ships, the *Majestic* and the *Berengaria*. They were roughly the same size and speed, built in Germany for the transatlantic luxury service and taken over by the Allies after World War I. Of the three, the *Leviathan* (ex-*Vaterland*) was the most likely to succeed. She

was slightly smaller than her sisters, but she had a service speed of 24 knots. Yet she was a hopeless failure. In spite of junkets to Havana, during which she had an advertised speed (coming back) of 28 knots, due to the Gulf Stream; in spite of advertising from coast to coast as the world's largest ship (which she was not), she lost money all the time to her one-time consorts the *Majestic* and the *Berengaria*. For season after season her operators paid harbor dues in Cherbourg on 5000 imaginary tons to enhance their claim that she was larger than the *Majestic*.

Was this the trouble? Had the United States shipping industry fallen into the trap of believing that maritime trade was like patent medicines and tooth paste? Did they believe that, so long as you shouted, passengers would come rushing aboard your ship, operators would route their freight to your holds? It looked like it. Megalomania was almost a disease in those days. With a thumping subsidy from Uncle Sam, American shipowners would build ships 1200 feet long with a speed of 40 knots and a port-to-port schedule of four days, thus scooping the entire transatlantic trade into their hands. It looked easy on paper. It was like making a fortune out of a chicken farm. Every hen laid so many eggs a year, producing so many chickens which became hens, and so on. All that was needed was a subsidy of \$12 a mile!

3

Meanwhile, what were the seamen doing? Most of them had gone ashore in disgust after the 1920 collapse of foreign trade. No ships except a few tankers had been built in America for a generation. The big ships that filled the headlines were all foreign. It became fashionable to sail in foreign lines. It was to become fashionable, later on, to brag that you would not cross in an American ship — which was an all-time high for patriotism and a sense of admiralty!

The seamen, as trade recovered, found American freighters, Shipping Board relics reconditioned and operated by owners whose chief interest in their business was the subsidy, far from a bed of roses. The food, the quarters, the pay, all were poor. Sixty dol-

lars a month (\$15 a week) and all found, when "all found" meant living in a floating flophouse on iron rations, was not a career to draw young men of high-school education, born in good homes and "anxious to get in and pitch for America." The crews of American ships were then the sweepings of the water front, and the water front was a pretty tough region. It was a front of another sort. By way of the water front, Russian Communism came to America.

It is a curious feature of our times that executive capacity should be considered a sort of black art. It all depends on where you practice it. If you are in the Department of State, it is called diplomacy. If you are a businessman, it is called public relations. If you are a labor leader, you are a traitor to the workers. It is the art of getting things done.

The Communists studied this art for years. They trained themselves strenuously to assume executive control. They knew what to do. They were familiar with all the complicated business of organization. They knew, if William Green did not, that the maritime unions were of immense importance if the United States was to be revolutionized. The Communist Water Front Party was the spearhead of their active advance to communize America. It was an affiliate of European organizations.

The condition of the seamen, from the point of view of these cool, calculating men, was ideal. It was impossible for the ordinary shipowner, with his tradition of subsidized incompetence, to care very much about building up a personnel. He would shrug off the defective living quarters because the government had built them. He could claim that seamen's wages in America were higher, often by 50 or 60 per cent, than those of any other merchant marine. This was true; but by comparison with work on shore, and remembering the precarious, seasonal nature of much seafaring, the wages were not good enough to attract men of character, sobriety, and intelligence. An able-bodied seaman forty years old, let us say, married and with two children, received \$72 a month. How could his wife keep a home together on \$18 a week, even if her husband never bought a

piece of soap or a pack of cigarettes? The shipowner's answer was, that was his lookout. Let him get a better job.

Suppose he did. Suppose, by enduring a little extra privation, he secured a little private tuition, bought books, possibly a sextant, and got himself a third mate's license. Suppose he was lucky, and after a few years as quartermaster or bosun he got a berth as third watchkeeper on a freighter. His wages were \$110. His superiors would be his juniors in years. That was ten or twelve years ago. In ten years, if he won his grades as second mate, chief mate, master for all oceans, he might reach a chief mate's billet at \$250.

The man who held on until 1940, of course, and who still survives, is lucky. The point is that in the thirties the prospects were so dreary that nobody in his senses would have anything to do with going to sea if he could start in business or the professions on shore. We too easily forget now the hell through which the executives of the Merchant Marine have come during the past twenty years. It was bad enough when the 1920 depression tied the ships up, when harbors were full of abandoned Shipping Board vessels. They were like a horrible fungus growth on the water front. It was worse when things seemed about to get better. The seamen began to mutiny.

Legally, of course, it was not mutiny. It was one of the unfortunate actions of the shipowners when they persuaded Secretary of Commerce Daniel Roper to accuse men of mutiny. The charge could not be sustained in any court. It was not sustained.

4

What had happened was that the seamen were becoming organized. For years the A. F. of L. union, neglected by the labor tycoons in Washington, had been powerless to drive bargains with the owners for improved conditions and wages. For years the Merchant Marine had stagnated, while the old Hog Island and pre-war ships purchased from foreign owners became obsolete and poor money-makers. For ten years no liner had been launched in America. For years

operators of government-owned ships lay on their oars and collected their subsidies. The major scandals of the industry were being forgotten. And now the seamen suddenly erupted with a new union full of rough, tough, insubordinate individuals, demanding new quarters, new wage levels, improved lifesaving equipment, and even overtime for work done.

Andrew Furuseth, growing old and ailing, was unknown to the younger generation who manned the turbine-driven or Diesel-engined vessels of the thirties. Moreover, he insisted on seamen keeping their side of a bargain even if the bargain might have been better. These new sailors had a new ethic, a new ideology, the class war. Where had they got it?

Long before 1930 the Communist International had realized the importance of the seamen in their business, as it was then, of world revolution. The Comintern sponsored a chain of International Seamen's Clubs. Out of these clubs evolved the Trade Union Unity League. This in turn begat the Marine Workers' League, which became, around 1930, the Marine Workers' Industrial Union. These successive reincarnations of the same organism were numerically insignificant. What made them important was the fact that their members were alive and disciplined in the party ideology and techniques. They formed the nucleus out of which grew not seamen but organizers, executives, and propagandists.

The violence of the seamen at sea and the sit-down strikes on shore were exactly what the Communist Water Front Party wanted in order to achieve control of the union. Roy Hudson, the mysterious figure in the background of these activities, who bears the same relation to the seamen's union that Lawrence Dennis bears to the Fascist fringe of our society, never appeared in any of the frantic conflicts between unions and operators. To make matters even more confusing and infuriating to a public bombarded with advertising urging them to "sail American" and "ship American," the fight became three-cornered. The new unions were as mutinous towards the Bureau of Steamboat Inspection as towards

the operators. On occasion the crews defied their own unions, staged sit-down strikes of their own, attacked their officers, and created the impression, in the mind of an impartial observer, of men gone mad. They took over the clenched-fist salute from the Communists, fraternized on shore with their officers, informed shipmasters that their authority was coequal with that of the union delegates on board, and brought on a number of nervous breakdowns among executives, both ashore and afloat.

The explanation of the shipowners, that all this was due to Communism and the Red Menace, was and is inadequate. Their close contact with the Red Water Front Party in their daily work, the devastating efficiency of the invisible organizers of the seamen, so impregnated the minds of the executives that they still see Red plots everywhere, even though America and Britain are allies of Russia. They do not understand that the Reds could never have driven the seamen to such desperation if conditions had not been ripe for it. All the Communists did was to organize the new unions to exploit the conditions produced by years of unimaginative neglect. For a generation American shipowners had drawn their personnel from Europe. Scandinavian, German, and British seamen had manned and officered the ships. Foreigners had even staffed the offices ashore. As time went by and ships increased, while Europeans no longer came to American ports for work, the quality of the personnel declined. A few cadets were carried, but the black gang and sailors were recruited from the riffraff of the water front.

They had nothing to lose when the new ideology of the class war came along. The worst of them took charge for a while. But when the United States Maritime Commission was created the rowdies and plug-uglies, who were using the unions as a cover for sabotage and drink and private vendettas against their fellow mariners, had seen their best days. When the unions got their hiring halls they had to assume responsibility for the men they shipped. That problem was laid in the laps of the genuine unionists. They were no more Red than the men who went to sea, but they had had to turn to the

Communists, who had the organizing experience, the cold, impersonal bureaucratic viewpoint, the knowledge of mass psychology and propaganda, to get their union started.

5

To the operators, by which is meant not capitalists but the loyal, devoted, sincere executives whose job it is to get the ships loaded and out to sea, they were all Reds. True, there were a few fanatics on the ships, sea lawyers with heads full of half-digested economics and Marxism. One of them, over a friendly beer with his chief officer, urged him "to mix a little Lenin with his Conrad," though the poor chap knew as little of Conrad as of Lenin. Others, swollen with success, blared out Communistic prophecies in the messrooms, promising to turn the ships over to Joe Stalin. Others gratified private animosities by organizing pinprick "quickies" at the moment of sailing. A ship would be ready to cast off her hawsers for departure. Suddenly the sailors would vanish. A frenzied chief officer would burst into the forecastle to find a meeting called to discuss a defective steam pipe in the oiler's messroom. Would the chief officer kindly retire as this was a confidential union meeting? The delegation would move slowly to the bridge to lodge the complaint while pilot, passengers, towboats, and engine staff stood by. The captain would promise to have the matter seen to. Slowly, slowly, with winks and grins, the deck hands would cast off the lines. The ship would then proceed to sea, two hours behind her schedule.

This is all over and done with, of course. Instead of staging a strike because a drunk is logged or fired, the union deals with what are called "performers" itself. Men who draw carfare and do not join are suspended or called for trial. Drunks and plug-uglies are prevented from shipping. The union paper publishes a blacklist of these gentry.

Since the invasion of Russia the leaders and their Communist ghosts in the shade have done a complete double somersault politically and are now in full cry for an Allied Nation's victory against "the Fascist dictators." This may not be an ideal solu-

tion for shipowners who still believe that all members of CIO unions are potential Stalinists who propose to achieve revolution by violence. It is even less satisfactory to the Communist Water Front Party, who see a powerful union slipping out of their control. The West Coast union, the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, under a clever politician named Harry Lundeberg, has never accepted the domination of Roy Hudson and his orchestra of commissars. Another Harry, the Australian longshoreman Bridges, is an equally astute strategist and his scalp has long been frantically sought by shipowners. Not because he is a Communist, a fact not yet decided by the highest court, but because he has outsmarted the most ruthless employers on either coast, the Pacific ship operators. He forced them to pay better wages. California employers have inherited a tradition that fluctuates between vigilantism and a tolerant paternalism, and has kept them backward in recognizing the elementary rights of labor. The very idea of collective bargaining, which was accepted for years in pre-war Europe, is repugnant to the American industrialist and disputed violently by Californians.

The uproar of the thirties, as more and more ships were launched, died down. The attitude of the Maritime Commission, under Joseph P. Kennedy, was bracing, uncompromising, and comprehensible. No nonsense was tolerated from anybody. When the crew of an American ship refused duty at a South American anchorage, the master was backed by the Commission, the crew were tried and sent to jail. When the Dollar Line executives refused to act in the best interests of the industry, they were evicted and the Commission ran the ships (which they owned anyway) themselves.

It was inevitable, of course, that such a Commission, building and operating a merchant navy for the citizens of the United States, should stamp on some tender toes and be called sinister names. There is a fashion in name-calling, and the National Maritime Union, now the largest and best organized, early learned from the Communist Water Front Party the power of invective. Just as every critic of the old-

time operator was dubbed a Red, so Mr. Kennedy, when he supported a shipmaster against a mutinous crew, was stigmatized as a Fascist dictator by the union newspaper. When he cracked down with equal justice upon a shipowner, he received no credit for it. All opponents of the union are Fascists, all seamen loyal to an employer are stooges, finks, scabs, and renegades. When Harry Lundeberg signed an agreement with Admiral Land of the Commission, the CIO union screamed that it was a Munich. As it is patently ludicrous to pin the Fascist label on Admiral Land, college professors and college girls doing social science research on the water front accused him of being "anti-labor." Left-wingers wrap themselves in the flag (since Russia was invaded) and attribute the heroism of the seamen who are torpedoed to the fact that they belong to the union.

This violence of invective is merely part of the great modern game of publicity. It corresponds to the pamphleteering of the eighteenth century and has no more significance. The neutral citizen is permitted to smile at the vehemence of denials when any union member is stigmatized as a Communist, and at the complete absence of indignation on the part of the party members in the background. The Communist Party in America, if we are to believe the water front gossip, in fact, has achieved the impossible. It is linked with Moscow, yet Moscow never takes the trouble to give it any information. It is all-powerful, yet it apparently has no membership, since no one ever admits having joined it. It sends its Red members to sail in American ships, and plots with Stalin to destroy the American form of government. One sometimes wonders whether some people in the shipping business have not lost their sense of proportion. As a matter of fact the gap separating the successful, power-hungry labor organizer and the ambitious shipping executive is sometimes hard to discern. They are brothers under the skin, but with different ideologies.

All these antics are symptoms of violent growth, of a certain amateurishness in labor relationships. The Commission has had to

turn to companies whose executives have the knowledge and the skill to fill the executive posts. The theory so ardently cherished by professorial minds and seamen's unions, that the employment of ship operators to operate ships is a deep scheme to destroy the unions and bring in Fascism, is wishful thinking. And the sincere and hard-working staffs who keep the ships sailing, who believe that the Reds are getting control of the nation's merchant marine, are suffering from delusions. Even while they shudder, the so-called Reds are being torpedoed and are scrambling on board another ship as soon as they are rescued, to "keep 'em sailing."

6

Here we approach that side of the shipping question which has aroused the most painful public anxiety but around which Washington has kept an almost impenetrable smoke screen. It may be said that, while the Pearl Harbor news struck the American public between wind and water, the rebound was rapid. It was a foul blow to begin with, and the ships sunk were old. The fleet was intact, our turn would come soon. Life, if one took care of one's tires, would go on. The Pacific is enormously vast, and a long way off.

But when the tankers began to be torpedoed within sight of people lying on the beaches; when a Miami businessman could look out of his office window and see the black plume of smoke from a tanker burning offshore; when the crews began to be landed and carried to hospital after days in open boats, the American public began to worry. It was not, as first broadcast, a sporadic raid of a few desperate men who fired their torpedoes and made off. It was an immense, carefully planned, and efficiently supported campaign to sink the American tanker fleet. Brand-new submarines appeared in the Gulf of Mexico and sank ship after ship. Ships sank in clusters from Galveston to the Virginia Capes.

The public began to worry, but they were in the grip of a cruel predicament. The coast along which the tankers crawled is for hundreds of miles devoted to the tourist trade.

Scores of cities live on the people who come by car to lie on the beaches. The sea fronts used to be a wonder to the seaman steaming south offshore. The night scenes were dazzling. The enemy submarines, whose crews must have dreamed sometimes of such luck, but who certainly never believed it would ever come, beheld lines of tankers silhouetted against the glare of amusement parks, giant hotels, and night sports fields, and sent them to the bottom as easily as they would shoot sitting birds. As the American yards speeded up in their launchings, the enemy submarines kept pace with them. It began to be touch and go.

Some say bad matters were made worse by typical American recklessness on the part of seamen who ignored blackouts on board and demanded this and that before they would take the prescribed precautions. This I do not believe. Undoubtedly there was loss of life due to inexperience. Consider the situation. Ships were sliding off the ways at a rate never known before. Fifty-seven were launched last May. But ships do not go to sea without crews. Where, do you suppose, were the crews coming from? A year ago the Maritime Commission's training schools had a total enrollment of 1240 officers and 5000 unlicensed seamen. Those men, many of them, have gone into the enormously enlarged Navy. The rest are at sea. The new ships had to take green hands.

That is one reason why the number of men lost in American sinkings has been higher than the average. Another serious problem, and there is no way of evading responsibility for it, is poor stowage and inefficient supervision in port.

Take, for instance, the case of the S. S. *Eastern Sword* of the Sword Line. She signed on in May and sailed when ready for sea. She met bad weather, and five large cylindrical tanks, carried on deck, came adrift. Eight times the crew had to turn out to struggle with these things. The ship began to take water in the hold and there was obviously water in the fuel oil tanks as the engines slowed and stopped without warning. The lay reader will understand that, with oil fuel, if the burners go out the steam pressure drops like a stone. With coal the bed of

hot fuel holds the steam quite a while even if the firemen stop working.

More than this, the blackout on this ship, unless the crew's report is a pack of lies, was nonexistent. The second night out from New York, even the red and green side lights were burning. The side scuttles of the machine shop, which is in an engine room 'tween decks, were open and showing lights at night. The captain and mate lit their cigarettes on the bridge, and the crew indignantly report that the captain was slow to close his cabin portholes. Next morning, at eleven minutes to four, the *Eastern Sword* was torpedoed and sunk with a loss of eleven men, including the captain.

To a survivor of World War I this attitude of the bridge officers is not at all surprising. In fact it is in character. Ship after ship was lost in the Mediterranean in that war simply because the masters of those vessels refused to obey the explicit orders given them by the Navy before sailing. They were instructed to sail on a certain course, which was being patrolled. Would they do it? They would not. They took the course they had always taken and were sunk and died. There was no doing anything with them.

Something of this sort has been going on on our coasts, but not so much as before. We have to take into consideration the attitude of the United States Navy towards the Merchant Marine. Owing to the long series of strikes in recent years the reputation of the merchantmen has been low. Moreover, the sudden switch in the alignment of the union leaders the moment Germany attacked Russia was bound to smell in the nostrils of service men. Before that attack the union line was: "This is an imperialist war. Let Britain and Germany fight it out." Ships for Britain were delayed for flimsy reasons. Now the slogan is "Keep 'em sailing!"

That too may be a Russian plot, to lull us into false optimism! I am unable to think so. It is time for us, the public, including the Army and Navy and shipping officials, to recognize that the American Merchant Marine personnel has radically changed in recent years. It is not only largely native-born;

it is characteristically American in awareness. Sixteen hundred seamen registered under Selective Service at Seamen's House (Y.M.C.A.), of whom only 9 per cent were born outside the United States. One of the amusing features of the *Pilot*, the union newspaper, is a personal column, in which seamen are ordered, by name and number, to get in touch with wives, mothers, or sisters. Almost always the mother lives far inland, in Kansas, Dakota, or Wisconsin. The American Merchant Marine is American.

It is also, at the present writing, too intelligent to be taken in either by the extreme left-wingers or by the business-as-usual brigade. They will never be Communistic, as our friends in the office so much fear and as our other friends in the Communist Party so fervently hope. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the executives, whose hair turned white and whose nerves were badly frayed by the lunatic behavior of crews in the thirties, are any more Fascist than ordinary citizens.

7

Seamen, however, will no longer be inarticulate and suppressed. When, for example, a ship leaves New York in wartime so badly equipped that the engines break down two days out, the crew report that fact. When her speed is only six knots, so that she becomes a certain victim, they register a protest. There have been many cases in which the responsibility for loss rests squarely on the shoulders of the staff on shore or the military authorities behind them. The *Normandie* has not been forgotten by the seamen, by any means.

Another unhappy result of ignoring the men who sail has now been corrected, but it must have helped the enemy far more than fifth columnists on shore; in fact, when the United States first went into this war fifth columnists were unnecessary. I refer to the failure of the authorities to deal with radio apparatus on board ship. Thousands of miles before a ship entered the danger zone the master would order the radio officer to cut out the transmitter. But nothing was done about the receiver, the auto-alarm, or

the broadcast receivers in the men's cabins. Fifty signals emanating from regenerative receivers, auto-alarms, and broadcast receivers on board vessels in a convoy would act as radio beacons for submarines within a twenty-mile radius. Fifty such beacons all concentrated on one conning tower would make the convoy a perfect target. Radio receivers emit signals. It has taken the Navy and the Federal Communications Commission a long time to realize this fact.

Those who have lived in an Atlantic coast resort during the past winter have witnessed the struggle between Army and Navy on the one side and the business-as-usual element on the other. For weeks after ships were reported sunk near by, Florida resorts maintained a blaze of light to seaward. For weeks after the public was compelled to drive at twenty miles an hour with parking lights only, and all street lighting reduced to a minimum, vast neon advertising boards were left on full. Dog tracks and golf ranges retained their blinding glare. When the authorities in Miami finally obtained compliance from the former industry the season was over.

The seamen, who know all about this, for they see the lights as they sail by, have sought to gain publicity for their views. Last June they sent a delegation of seven survivors to Trenton, New Jersey, to attend a meeting of mayors and chamber of commerce officials who were seeking a relaxation of shoreline dimouts in the interests of resort business. When the seamen protested that the lights would cost them their lives and lose the ships, the secretary of the New Jersey Advertising Council accused them of "Communist talk." An Army officer, representing the commander of the Second Corps Area, confirmed the seamen's statements. The rules were not relaxed. But a large number of men who earn their living by publicity in coast resorts have not been cordial or coöperative. They have pooh-poohed the whole business as unnecessary. One ingenious gentleman in New York declared the curve of the earth's surface prevented the glare of New York being visible at sea.

Not much has been said about American

ships carrying guns, for obvious reasons. Some ships have guns and more are being armed as guns become available. As a general rule the gun crews are naval men with naval pay. The relations between these men and the union members on board is for the most part entirely satisfactory. Crews often collect money from themselves and present it to the gun crews to show their appreciation. Regular seamen are learning to use the guns. Earl Wolfe, able-bodied seaman on board *S. S. Larranaga*, was the first seaman to sink an enemy submarine, last Christmas Eve — a sinking confirmed by the British Admiralty.

Conrad's old seaman said, "Ships are all right. It's the men in them." We can amend that statement today: American ships and seamen are all right. It's the men on shore who think the war will not change conditions. They imagine they can escape criticism by calling seamen subversive. But the seamen regard this as unintelligent. They do not see anything subversive in being aware of what is going on. They fail to understand a policy that deports Harry Bridges while signing a treaty with Mr. Molotov.

In one of the rooms at the British Board of Trade, which corresponds to the United States Department of Commerce, there is an inscription which I reproduce here because it expresses, in stately seventeenth century phrases, the spirit of a seafaring people, the spirit of admiralty: —

As concerning ships, it is that which everyone knoweth and can say, they are our weapons, they are our ornaments, they are our strength, they are our pleasures, they are our defense, they are our profit; the subject by them is made rich, the Kingdom through them, strong; the Prince in them is mighty; in a word, by them, in a manner, we live, the Kingdom is, the King reigneth.

Substitute for the earlier idea of kingship our present conception of government, and the above words express what we are striving for. We have not yet attained it, and it will be some time before we do, but we are on our way. That way will be all the easier if we abstain for a while from name-calling.



THE MINISTER'S BOOKS

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

1

WHEN young Hugh McRidden was called to the old brick church at Titusville, in the closing years of the past century, he felt that strong, slow leap of the heart which comes to all ambitious young men, no matter what their profession, who see their ambitions in a fair way of being fulfilled. Born in one of those small communities in the West Virginia mountains where the Scotch-Irish speech still lingers, almost unaffected by time, he could hardly remember the day when the ministry had not seemed to him the first of callings — and the hopes that had been placed in him made him eager beyond most young men. Tall, lean, and darkly handsome, he carried a fire within him — it had made him the marked man of his time at the seminary — and there was something very appealing about the grave earnestness of his voice. “All fire and bone and sinew,” thought the leading elder, John Waynfleet, as he talked to him. “And those gray-blue eyes would face the Devil himself. We’ve made a good choice, I think — I like spirit in man or minister. Though no doubt he’ll give us something of a shaking up — and all the better. Dear old McCullough was a saint but he let us get rather sleepy, in Titusville. I shan’t take my mid-sermon nap as easily under this young man.”

And indeed, for a time, it seemed as if all John Waynfleet’s prophecies were in excellent train for fulfillment. Titusville was an old town — rather proud of itself and its

red-brick pavements, its quiet, long-settled wealth and its fine Pennsylvania cooking. But religiously, as John Waynfleet said, it had grown a little sleepy — and the new broom swept clean. Not only did it do so, but people liked the sweeping, which is a different matter. Dr. McCullough had been a saint and a tradition — but Dr. McCullough, toward the end, had grown very old. The young people came to church now with a willingness they had not shown in Dr. McCullough’s time; the sick and the poor were visited with energy; the young girls, seeing the grave youthful face in the pulpit and hearing the rich voice, musical and sincere, had the thoughts of young girls but with them a sense of the Spirit they could not have explained. All in all, the town was happy in its new minister.

As for Hugh McRidden, he did not think of himself as happy, for that was not what he sought for in life, but he found his days busy and new. More comfortable also — for Titusville was proud of its manse and kept it well. He need no longer deny himself the books he coveted — indeed he had been able to take over all Dr. McCullough’s library as well as most of his furniture at a ridiculous valuation. John Waynfleet was responsible for that, as he was for Mrs. Breck, Hugh McRidden’s housekeeper, though Hugh McRidden did not know it. Mrs. Breck had only one eye but she was an admirable cook, and while Hugh McRidden seldom noticed what he ate, he was better nourished than he had been in years. It did not spoil his ascetic look, though now and then it gave him nightmares.

In the twenty-three years since his graduation from Yale, STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT has developed his narrative gift to the point where he stands recognized as one of the most intense and brilliant of our short-story writers.

Church and manse were alike to his mind, the townspeople very friendly though a little foreign in their ways. And yet, sometimes, he felt homesick for the West Virginia mountains in spite of it all, and that puzzled him. The Cumberland hills in the distance were softer and rounder — they were fair in their blue haze, yet he found himself wishing for sharper, clearer outlines, he did not know why. He knew as well as any man that his work was succeeding. And yet, when the first few months had passed, he still did not feel really at home in the town, and there was not the satisfaction in these things that there should be — the satisfaction of work well done. Sometimes he thought, a trifle wearily, that the people of Titusville, despite their civil manners, were like their hills, rounded and soft — yes, terribly soft like their copious feather-beds. At first he put it down to his being a stranger, but the feeling increased instead of diminishing.

2

Sometimes he put the state of his mind down to the reading he did late into the night, and resolved to give it up. And yet it was hard to give up — he had always been starved for books, and Dr. McCullough's library, while not very modern, was a curiously fascinating one. He would not mean to read, and then he would find himself by his study fire, bright and cheerful, with a book in his hand. He was familiar, of course, with the early persecutions of the church in Scotland; the thing ran in his blood, and sanctified John McRidden had been shot before his own plowtilts by no less a person than bloody Claverhouse himself. Yet, in these old calf-bound books, with their quaint type and browning paper, the scenes and personages of that persecution became singularly alive. They came out of the past as if to a hoarse skirl of pipes — he could see the blood on the heather and hear the wailing of the women. He told himself that profitable and searching examples might be drawn from this early church history — yet that was not the reason he kept on reading.

There were other volumes too, and odder ones — old tomes on witches and witch-

craft, from Glanvil to Mather. They were foxed and the bindings worn. Many of them bore a quaint bookplate — a crowded little woodcut of a number of persons in Puritan costume gathered together for prayer or conventicle in an open glade in the forest; below the scene was the motto, "Seek it and ye shall find," and in one corner the initials of the artist or owner, which seemed to be "J. v. C." These had been well read in their time, though not by Dr. McCullough, for the occasional notes in spidery brown ink on the margins were not in his hand.

Hugh McRidden felt a trifle contemptuous of his predecessor — obviously he had bought or inherited the library of some elder divine, set it up on the bookshelves of the manse, and paid little subsequent attention to it, for the books were not in good condition. Such things were done, as he knew — there were booksellers who made a speciality of fitting out clerical libraries. But he was a lover of books and it went against his heart to see them neglected or misused. He repaired a few of the oldest — he was clever with his hands — and gave Mrs. Breck special instructions about dusting in the study. She did not seem to take very kindly to the idea; and, indeed, during the first few days of her ministrations, there was an odd smell in the study whenever he entered — a smell of dust and crumbled leather and something else that he could not quite identify, though it reminded him a trifle of churchyard yew. But it was not an unpleasant smell and he soon became used to it, though he found, after that, that it was hard to keep flowers in the room for longer than a day.

When the winter came, Hugh McRidden noticed a further change. It was not a hard winter — indeed sometimes the lax air made Hugh McRidden long desperately for the clean cold of his mountains. But a green Christmas makes a fat graveyard — and time after time young McRidden was summoned to some old man or old woman's bedside to put heart into them for the last journey. That is part of any minister's duty, and he did it well — yet, though death is the joy of the Christian, it has its ugly aspects, and the faces and words of the dying come

back to one's mind. Had he done all that he could for them — had he guided them as he should toward effectual grace? Here and there, there was one who would look at him in a daze; he could not rouse that one to a pressing sense of God's wrath and love — or so it seemed to him and he reproached himself for it. One even, a stubborn old woman, turned her face to the wall when he began to pray, and said, in a sort of whimper, "I'm wishing it was Dr. McCullough praying for me — there's a darkness about you, young minister." Hugh McRidden knew that such talk should not hurt him, yet it did.

He took his difficulties to John Waynfleet and got what was meant to be comfort but did not console him. "An old town — settled ways — a sickly winter — he was doing as well as man might — the parish believed in him —"

It was a hard thing for Hugh McRidden to say but he said it.

"Tell me, Elder Waynfleet," he said, earnestly. "Do I seem changed to you at all?"

"Changed?" said Mr. Waynfleet, slightly puzzled.

"At times I seem changed to myself," said Hugh McRidden, staring broodingly at the fire. "At times I feel as if what that old woman said were true, that there is a darkness about me. It is not pleasing."

Mr. Waynfleet took a look at his face, and exerted himself, as he could upon occasion. He made the young man stay to supper and gave him much sound, sensible talk. He did not speak of a wife, though he longed to — but he spoke of the advantages of horse exercise and the dangers of overstudy. He agreed that Dr. McCullough had been little of a reader and must have purchased his library in a lot from some enterprising bookseller, remarking that some of the volumes McRidden described were odd ones for a minister's shelves. But when McRidden began to talk of the early martyrdoms of the church, and the struggles of the saints against the Accuser of the Brethren, he fell silent and watched his companion keenly. At the end he put in some gentle, sensible words on the general subject of superstition — oddly enough, there had been quite a

deal of witch lore in Pennsylvania and ignorant farmers still painted certain signs and marks on their barns against the hex. "But I never saw a witch could so much as sour a cream-pan — though I've met some queer cases in my legal experience," he ended with cheerful scorn.

He spoke with authority, but when Hugh McRidden took his leave he looked after him thoughtfully. "All fire and bone and sinew," he muttered. "But that's the difficulty — and a Scotch-Irishman too. I wish I had a niece unmarried — 'tis not good for man or minister to live alone. I thought he was a liberal, too, but, by my faith, when he talked of the martyrs, his eyes burned like a Covenanter's. And as for the Accuser of the Brethren — he might have wrestled with him, hand to hand." He shivered a little and stared about the room. "Now where have I heard of a bookplate like the one he speaks of? There was some story or other — I wish I could remember it. I must do more for the lad."

It would have been better for all concerned had Mr. Waynfleet been able to carry out his resolution. But the following day he sickened, and, while the case was not grave, his doctor ordered him off for change of air as soon as he was able to travel. Like most men, he was deeply concerned with his convalescence, and he and Hugh McRidden parted as elder and minister with no further chance of intimate talk.

3

That was a pity indeed, for the very night after he had talked with Mr. Waynfleet the desire to be at his reading again came upon Hugh McRidden with redoubled force. For a while he strove against it consciously — perhaps Mr. Waynfleet was right and he was neglecting his health for his researches. He would walk in the garden till he tired himself and go to bed early. But, when he pulled back the curtain, a chilly rain was falling and the garden looked glum and dismal. He could not stumble around it in the dark, and the study, with its fire, would be so snug and bright. He liked it better than any other room in the house — he could

smell its queer smell of leather and dust already. Even as he stood, irresolute, a gust of wind snatched the window shut, and he felt a weight lifted from his mind.

The smell was unusually strong as he entered the study — for a moment he thought of ringing for Mrs. Breck and reproving her for neglecting her duties; then he let it go. He rather liked the smell, and the fire was laid — a good thing, for he felt chill. He lit the fire and pulled up his chair before it. Once or twice, while he watched the flames catch, he looked over his shoulder. Then the fire began to crackle merrily. There was a small brown book on the table beside him — he could not remember taking it from the shelves, yet he must have done so, for Mrs. Breck never touched the books except to dust them. He did not intend to read this evening — he would meditate over his sermon. Yet the only texts that came to him were fearful and gloomy ones — he needed distraction. He opened the small book idly, glanced at its curious title-page and began to read.

Some two hours later he was roused from his fierce concentration of reading by a loud and brawling voice outside. He shook his head impatiently and tried to resume his book, but the song was too loud. It was punctuated by heavy, wavering steps — he could hear them splashing in the puddles of the street. “Oh, I’m a snollegoster and we’ll all jine the Union!” sang the raucous voice. “The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!” Hugh McRidden put down his book angrily. He knew well enough who it was — drunken Danny Murphy who lived in the shanty behind the grogshop at the end of town. He had been a good carpenter once and a Civil War hero — now his pension went to the grogshop and he was the town’s disgrace.

“Oh, I’m a snollegoster —” roared the voice. The wavering steps began to come up the path. “Intolerable,” thought Hugh McRidden and went to the door.

The man was actually mounting the steps of the manse when Hugh McRidden flung the door open. For a moment they stared at each other in the sudden gush of light. The veined and bulbous nose, the slack mouth,

the unhallowed white hair — oh yes, it was Danny Murphy, his clothes dripping with rain.

“Bejasus, if I haven’t come to the minister’s!” said Danny Murphy, in a stupefied voice. “Now why did I do that? I’m a snollegoster if I know!”

Then a gleam of wheedling intelligence lighted the broken face for a moment.

“Ah, minister dear,” said Danny Murphy, in a practiced whine. “Sure it’s a poor man I am and neither bite nor sup in my mouth the livelong day and the shanty destroyed with rain. It was only a dry place to sleep I was searching — and a cup of hot soup maybe — and to dry my clothes, if your reverence’d be so kind —”

“You’re drunk, Daniel Murphy,” said Hugh McRidden distastefully. “Why do you come here? Be off before I call a constable.”

“Oh, it’s that way, is it?” said Danny Murphy, smitten with a sudden truculence. He advanced another step — his hot breath stank in Hugh McRidden’s face. “Not a piece of bread in charity — and ye call yourself a man of the church. But I’ll tell you what sort of minister ye are — and the black curse of Clare upon it! I’ll tell you —”

Then he stared at Hugh McRidden, and beyond him, and the color left his face completely and in a moment. For an instant Hugh McRidden thought the man had died on his feet, and stepped forward to catch him as he fell. But Danny Murphy backed away instead, and there was naked fear in his eyes.

“I beg pardon, your reverence,” he muttered. “I’ll not do it again, your reverence. I did not mean to disturb your reverence — nor your friends —”

“My friends, fool?” said Hugh McRidden, sharply, but Danny Murphy did not answer the question. He backed down the steps, mumbling that he humbly begged all their pardons, and at the bottom turned, with a hunted look, and fairly took to his heels. Hugh McRidden watched him run — he ran swiftly for a drunken man and yet with a strained anguish of body as if he feared hands on his shoulder. “The wicked flee when no man pursueth,” murmured

Hugh McRidden, approvingly. As he shut the door, he heard a shout in which only the word "minister" stood out clearly. Later on, he thought it had been "I wish you luck of your friends, minister," or "Keep your friends from me, minister," but which he could not be sure.

Nevertheless, when Danny Murphy came to him the following morning, wan and tremulous with sobriety, to offer his apologies, he accepted them. Indeed, though the man was not of his congregation, he even went so far as to spare him a five-minute discourse on the deep damnation of his drunken ways — a discourse to which Murphy listened with a white-faced, strained attention. Now and then his eyes strayed uneasily over Hugh McRidden's shoulder but he kept perfectly still. Next day the word went through town that Danny Murphy had taken the pledge for the new minister — and Hugh McRidden won added glory. But, by that time, Hugh McRidden was past caring.

He was past caring because he had read the book. It was a manuscript volume, bound like certain old diaries and written throughout in the spidery copperplate hand with which Hugh McRidden was already familiar. It called itself, soberly, *An Examen into the Powers of the Invisible World*, and it bore the familiar bookplate — but, as Hugh McRidden read it, the words seemed to enter his veins. The style was entirely lucid and reasonable — he could bring no arguments against it, though he tried. After he had finished it, in the early morning, he felt entirely composed and better than he had in many days. So that was the way things were — it only remained to prove them. He must go and look at a barn or two in the country, when he had the opportunity, and talk to some of the farmers — he knew what the signs and the marks meant now.

Nevertheless, such things are not borne without revulsion, and the next day he found himself praying alone in his church — praying like a frightened child till the tears ran out of his eyes. But that evening he went to his study again and looked at the bookplate under a strong reading glass. It was as he had thought — the figures were gathered

together in the grove, but for no innocent or Christian purpose. Under the glass, the faces were extraordinarily lifelike and vivid. As he gazed at them, they seemed to move a little. Then he knew that he was lost, and opened the book anew.

4

The epidemic waned at last; oddly enough with only two deaths, and those long-expected. The town began to think of testimonials, and Mr. Waynfleet at the Springs began to think of coming home. The minister himself looked haggard and worn, as was to be expected, but he preached as powerfully as ever and with a strange fervor that moved his sparse congregation to their marrowbones. So must some of the martyrs of the Covenant have preached among the mists — the men who knew sin like an enemy in their own hearts.

Then he would go back to his study and his lamp burned late there. There were other books beside the *Examen* — soon he knew them by heart. The first steps in the knowledge were easy — after that they grew more taxing on the strength. He felt a certain contempt for the broomstick rides and hexings of tradition — he had saved the child at death's door, though they had not asked him in whose name. There must be a price paid for it, of course. Well, let there be a price. He began to understand the fearful joy of the warlocks, who let themselves be put to the question and burned to ashes rather than abandon their power and their sin. Between good and evil there was a deep gulf fixed — there was a fearsome joy in crossing to the other side.

Yet let it be said to his credit that remorse walked with him often — and sometimes at night he would wring his hands in pain. And when the spring began to come, sweet and daunting, the first breaths of air from the garden were almost more than he could bear. And yet, with the coming of the spring, he knew something else must come.

He fought against the knowledge stubbornly — but one may not stand still in these matters. The shadow in the depths of the grove within the bookplate was darker

and more tangible each time he viewed it — soon enough he would see the face. When the sun was hot, in May, there would be the meeting of the coven — he did not know where or when, but doubtless he would be shown. But first there must be a sacrifice. And that sacrifice would be the man Daniel Murphy — Hugh McRidden knew it well enough, in spite of his prayers and tears.

On the whole, it speaks well enough for the remnants of his character that it was this soul and no other that he selected. By any rule of life, Danny Murphy was a scoundrel and a wastrel — he had been scared into righteousness for a moment, but, left to himself, he would sink to the gutter again. The world would be well rid of him indeed — and yet it was a fearful thing to contemplate. But there were things more fearful still, and they were becoming impatient — he knew it by the look of the books.

It was the last night of April that he called Dan into his study, having sent Mrs. Breek away. There were glasses and a decanter on the table, and the fire was very bright and clear on the hearth. The old man's eyes looked longingly at the decanter.

"Come in, Dan, and sit down," said Hugh McRidden with cheerful heartiness. "There's something I want to say to you."

"Your lordship — your reverence, I mean — won't be entertaining your friends to-night?" said the old man, timidly. "Faith I wouldn't want to disturb them."

"Nonsense, Dan," said McRidden, still cheerfully though with altered color. "Besides, what other friends have I but you?"

"Oh, your reverence has many in the town," said Danny Murphy. "Well — thank you," and he sat down on the edge of a chair. He wetted his lips a little, staring at the liquor and the glasses.

"Yes, Dan," said Hugh McRidden, and his eyes were dark. "It's for you. You've served me well through this epidemic — and I've kept you rather strictly. Now you shall have your reward."

Some time later, Hugh McRidden wiped the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief. He felt soiled and sick at heart. The old man was snoring in his chair now — he would not wake for hours, even at the prick

of a knife. But it had been a lengthy business, sitting there and watching a man grow maudlin. Danny had been, by turns, boisterous, bellicose, and pathetic — he had told the interminable tale of his bravery at Antietam and wept dishonorable tears for his lost youth. Yes, it had been like watching a soul take on corruption — a soul with not one white spot left upon it — a soul where no grace might grow. Hugh McRidden thought of his own soul and shivered — but it was too late to turn back now.

He made his preparations — they took time, and a glass of the liquor in the decanter would have steadied his nerves but he did not take it. He was about to commit a mortal sin but he would not break his rule. When all was ready, he stood and listened — the house was entirely quiet, the smell in the study had never been so strong. He picked up the long knife and looked at the sharp blade. It would all be over in a moment — he knew just where to strike. Then at last he would see the countenance of the shadow in the grove, not as in a picture but face to face. He wondered, idly, how it would appear. Dark and comely, with the beauty of a ruined angel, or hideous yet compelling?

He picked up the knife with a firm hand and stood in front of his victim. The old man's head had rolled to one side — that made it easier. Now it rolled back again. The eyes opened and stared Hugh McRidden full in the face. There was no recognition in the eyes but they were full of a lost and hopeless wonder. Somewhere in the wreck of that body, the soul sat prisoner and wondered at being so bound. It could no longer master the body, yet it suffered and endured, with an unbearable patience. They were the eyes of a lost dog or a beaten child. Then the lids closed over them again.

Hugh McRidden heard his knife drop to the floor. Then he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. He could hear the old man's quiet breathing. After a while, he knew what he must do.

5

He wondered at his own steadiness as he got the ladder and fixed the rope to the

beam of the ceiling. Perhaps this was what they had meant after all, but he did not care very much. It too was mortal sin, but the better way. Only he must be quick — he knew that he must be quick. Yes, there was a knocking at the front door — he could hear it echo. But he would be off before they came — it would anger them, doubtless. Only he must fix the rope first — there must be no mistake about the rope — and his hands were so clumsy.

"Forgive me, a sinner," he said and adjusted the noose. The touch of the hemp at his throat was rough and clinging. He could hear someone calling his name in an agitated voice — had it come to that, already? He shut his eyes, his lips moved once more soundlessly. Then the study door was flung open and John Waynfleet burst into the room.

"Thank God!" said John Waynfleet, catching him in his arms. "Thank God, I have come in time!"

"You have come too late. I have met the Accuser of the Brethren and I am his. And yet I meant to hang myself, at the end," said the miserable young man and burst into tears.

When the noose had been taken from his neck, John Waynfleet got him upstairs to bed. He was very biddable, but started at any slight sound, and it was some time before he sank into a heavy sleep. Then John Waynfleet returned to the study, the key of the minister's bedroom in his pocket. As he opened the study door, he felt dizzy for a moment. "Pah!" he said, half aloud. "What has happened to the place? It smells like a fox's earth." He began to throw up the windows — that helped a little, though his spirits felt uncommonly depressed. He picked up the knife from the floor and shook his head at it. For an instant the thought came to him, queerly, how well and easily the haft would fit in his hand — then he caught himself, sternly. "So that's the way of it," he said, and broke the knife, carefully, on the stones of the hearth.

When he had done so, he felt relieved and would have said a prayer, had he been able to think of a fit one. Then his eyes fell upon a small brown book upon the table. He

picked it up, his spirits sinking as he did so, and began to examine the bookplate with the minister's reading glass.

When he put the reading glass down, his face was very white and grave. His hands beat at the air for a moment. "Yes, this is bad work," he said. But John Waynfleet had never lacked courage and he did not do so now. "Lord, lift this burden from thy servant!" he cried, in a strong voice, and, catching up the book again in a pair of iron tongs, thrust it into the heart of the fire.

There was flame and a roaring noise — and yet to John Waynfleet, when he remembered it, it always seemed more like a flame of shadow than a flame of fire. Certainly there was darkness about it — a darkness that pressed upon the eyeballs. It only lasted for a moment, but when it was done John Waynfleet felt himself panting as if he had run a race. There had been something like the tones of a voice as well — but that he never cared to remember. When he looked once more, the book was red ash and the room much clearer.

"And now, I suppose," thought John Waynfleet with resignation, "I must get this drunken reprobate of a Danny Murphy back to his kennel before he wakens. Well, well, it has been a strange night. Yet it was Danny who wrote the letter that brought me back here — that may be accounted to him for righteousness — though I could not make head or tail of what he said except that the minister ailed. I must never tell McRidden that — it would break him. Best get the lad to my house."

He did so, but when the minister was well enough to sit up, Waynfleet found himself obliged to answer questions, much against his will.

"Yes," he said. "My dear fellow, you are quite sure you are strong enough? Well — the books belonged to a man named Jacobus van Clootz. It was quite a famous case at the time — I have looked it up since, though I do not advise you to read the testimony. Oh yes, he was accused of sorcery and witchcraft — but he disappeared rather strangely during the trial and the body was never found. Before that he had made some sort of incoherent statement that his soul lay in his

books and woe be to them that meddled with it — the usual rant. I am telling you this just to show you there is not a word of truth in such tales. His effects were sold at auction — I can only suppose that some cheap-Jack bookseller bought them and, finding them hard to dispose of, let them molder in his cellar for years before he finally foisted them off on Dr. McCullough. McCullough must have had them some forty years — I must say I am very much surprised at him.”

“Forty years!” said Hugh McRidden, with a bleak look. “And they were with me but a few months — and yet —”

“You must not take it like that,” said John Waynfleet heartily, and clapped him on the shoulder. “Even supposing there could be a grain of sense in such moonshine, — and as Christians we must disbelieve it, — well, well, there are men who can walk through pestilence untouched. My father told me of such, in the days of the yellow fever. And others no less honest and honorable, who — ahem — are not so fortunate. Besides, as you know, McCullough was nothing of a reader. I doubt if he so much as took down a volume from one year’s end to another. He was a man of great simplicity of soul. And as for the books themselves — well, they’re burned now, every one of them. I saw to that myself. Indeed, when you return to the manse, you will find it has quite a different atmosphere about it.”

“I shall not return to the manse,” said Hugh McRidden slowly, shaking his head. “I have been greatly ambitious since my youth, Mr. Waynfleet — the core of the matter lies there, you see. Had I thought more of God and less of my own ambition, I would not be as you see me. Now I think I must spend the rest of my life in rooting that ambition out.”

“My dear man,” said Mr. Waynfleet, “I assure you — the best medical opinion — a breakdown from overwork that might happen to anyone — you are young and able — I’ll not hear a word against you —”

“It is not that, though I thank you,” said Hugh McRidden. “What manner of man

was this Jacobus van Clootz — an old man, with a barren face, rather pockmarked, and singular, searching eyes?”

“Why, he is so described in the records,” said John Waynfleet, uncomfortably. “But —”

“You see?” said Hugh McRidden. “No, Elder Waynfleet, it is useless. I hope and believe in God’s providence, even for the worst of sinners — but my road lies straight before me, and it is not the road I once thought of.”

So it came about that the young and beloved minister left Titusville, after so short a stay. At the farewell service, his words were few and simple, yet there was a gentleness in them that moved his congregation as no other words of his had done. Later on, they heard from time to time of his work among the obscurer missions — and every word was of praise. The last letter John Waynfleet had from him was dated two weeks before the Army of the East overran and burned his outpost mission, and it contained the sentence, “My dear friend, I think and trust that my penance is at last worked out, for I see the old man no longer. Wish me joy.” And when John Waynfleet, later, read the accounts of that heroic martyrdom, he knew it was with joy and faith that Hugh McRidden had gone to his doom. He muttered a text about another joy promised in the Scriptures, and felt the tears come to his eyes, for he was a very old man.

There have been three ministers in Titusville since — good men, all of them, but Hugh McRidden is a legend. There will never be another like him, say the ladies who were girls in his time — and they used to point to Danny Murphy for a proof. But Danny has some years gone the way of reformed characters and no longer sits in the back pew of the old brick church, attentive and doglike, an example to all the church-going. He sleeps well, no doubt, in the churchyard — but no sweeter than Hugh McRidden in the foreign soil that gave him at last the release and peace for which his spirit craved so long.

THE CHILDREN

by LEONARD BACON

After our long and not too splendid proem,
After the ghastly night,
Dear children, you are going to write the poem
We could not write.

There will be in it dogwood never lost,
For all the ill we did,
White shoals of music in seas by us uncrossed,
Our future hid.

You will declare these things to who come after,
Past even your presaging,
Who will, perhaps, not understand your laughter
More than our raging.

Yet do not mock us. We are the mad, whose madness
Loosed what was not desired
By us, who now must disappear in sadness,
Embittered, tired.

Though, in our failure, never at all forgetting
What it is that endures,
We, by prevision, while our sun was setting,
Imagined yours,

And so are not so utterly defeated
As it, perhaps, might seem
To them, who, on the thrones we dreamed of, seated,
Shall live our dream.

"AREN'T YOUR CHILDREN A PROBLEM?"

by LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

I

UNLESS my memory plays me false, parenthood anywhere from the heart of Texas to the middle of Manhattan is one long coping with maladjusted personalities, crooked teeth, allergies to goose feathers, and lamentable traits inherited from the other side of the family. In short, children certainly are a problem — only in the woods the details of the problem aren't quite the same as they are on the Outside.

The problem starts with getting them born. Of course, with Sally, I skipped this. She's my stepchild, and sprang into my life full-panoplied, as it were, at the age of twelve. I skipped not only the actual giving birth, but also the housebreaking and habit-forming. This advantage is offset to an extent by the fact that I'm responsible for her not only to her father and my own conscience, as I am with Rufus, but also to her mother as well — no mean responsibility. It would be bad enough to have something happen to your own child. It would be almost impossible to have to go to another woman and say, "So sorry, but I let your daughter get drowned." That's the chief reason that the first thing I did about Sally, when I took her over, was to insist that she learn to swim. All in all, though, I would say that I came by Sally in the easy way.

Rufus I got the hard way, on the 18th of December at 2.55 A.M., with the thermometer down to 10° above zero. That's a night I

won't forget in a hurry. Neither will Ralph, I imagine. Ralph has always been the type that, if he heard it rumored that the wife of one of his friends was going to have a baby eight months from date, took to crossing the street and raising his hat politely from the opposite sidewalk when he met her. He was taking no chances of having to ride in a taxi with her to the hospital. The mere thought caused him to break out in a cold sweat. Well, the night Rufus was born he didn't have any time to worry about what might happen in a taxi. He was much too busy coping, singlehanded, with what was happening right then and there. In spite of the temperature, he was doing his quota of sweating. I can see him now, with a wool cap pulled down over his ears, his mackinaw collar turned up to meet it, and his mittens on, reading by lantern light a little book called *If Baby Comes Ahead of the Doctor*. Perspiration was running down his face. You see, he knew the doctor couldn't possibly get there for ten hours or more.

Nothing is more tiresome than the details of some other woman's pregnancy, but just bear with me for a minute. I've been wanting to say this for a long time. I don't believe most women need be miserable at all. There are two simple preventive measures to take. First, they can stop regarding themselves as being, for the period, interesting and unique and fragile, and treating themselves like rare porcelain. It's very bad for them. No wonder they feel rotten. A coal heaver would feel rotten too, if he kept telling himself that he ought to — on general principles. And second, they can just not listen to their married friends' and maiden aunts' tales of

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the terrible things that may happen to them. Some of the things that otherwise sensible women tell prospective mothers are enough to frighten the wits out of anyone. They won't let you remember that these ghoulish tales are the exceptions and that most babies are born with some discomfort, it's true, but not much else. Personally, I'd almost rather have a baby any day than go to the dentist. My friends tell me that this is just because I was lucky. I think I made my own luck. I felt swell, so why should I alter my normal behavior and curtail my normal activities? And — this I will admit was just plain luck — I was so situated that there were no married friends and maiden aunts to scare the pants off me. Result: I had a very pleasant pregnancy, thank you.

End of Lecture on Prenatal Care, by Mrs. Rich. Thanks for listening.

2

I was supposed to go out to Rumford to have Rufus; but then he wasn't supposed to be born until the first of the year. The idea was that I would stay in over Christmas and then, in a leisurely way, betake myself to the hospital to wait the necessary week or ten days. Consequently we hadn't moved out of the summer house, which is without heat upstairs. Ralph was going to move the things in my absence. In the meantime I pursued my program of "Business as Usual," and the usual business of a lovely day such as the 17th of December turned out to be sliding on the Pond.

I never saw such a beautiful winter day. It was warm and sunny, and the ground was covered with a light fluff of snow, which was blue in the shadows, and gold in the sun, and faint rose and purple on the distant hills. On the Pond it had blown into tightly packed patches which were white, as snow is supposed to be, against the sky-reflecting deep blue of the glare ice. We'd started to go to Middle Dam, but when we saw the Pond we went there instead. The sliding was perfect. We could run on the snow islands and slide across the intervening spaces of ice to more snow. Cookie went with us and she had a lovely time, too, racing and barking

and falling down and scrambling to her feet. We all fell down dozens of times before we completed the mile circuit of the Lamonts' island, which may have had something to do with Rufus's premature arrival. I don't know. I felt quite all right.

All I know is that I woke up in the middle of the night, out of a sound sleep, with a stomach-ache. Only it wasn't a stomach-ache. It was an emergency, and there were no lights on the Ford, and I didn't have a bag packed. I woke Ralph up, and he went down to telephone the Millers and, of course, woke them up, while I wandered around with an old pair of slippers in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. I couldn't seem to think where I had put my suitcase or what I should put into it. Pretty soon it became obvious that it didn't matter. I got back into bed just as Ralph came up with the information that the Millers' Ford had no lights either, and since it was pitch black outdoors we wouldn't be going anywhere. This didn't upset me as much as it would have fifteen minutes before. I'd already come to the same conclusion, but for an entirely different reason.

I don't want to give the impression that I was calm and unruffled through this whole proceeding. I wasn't. But I took one look at Ralph's face, and saw that he was ten times as alarmed as I was. I'd never seen him really alarmed before, and it was the best thing in the world to have happen to me. I suddenly felt very brave and confident. I remembered that lots of babies are born without benefit of the medical profession, and that the best thing in a crisis is to keep busy. I was busy enough myself. All I had to do was to give Ralph something to occupy his mind.

"You'd better heat up a lot of water," I said. I didn't know quite what for, but I remembered that in books people always heat water under similar circumstances.

He went away and I could hear him rattling away down in the kitchen. By and by he came back and said that he wanted a nice wool blanket to warm over the stove before he put it in the laundry basket. "Got to have some place to park the kid," he explained, and I stopped worrying about

him. He was functioning again, that was plain. I told him where to find the blanket, in between pains, and he went away again. When he came back, five minutes later, he was a father.

Usually a father has no immediate responsibilities toward his new offspring aside from running up to the hospital once a day for a viewing — and of course paying the hospital bill. Ralph's responsibilities, on the contrary, were immediate and pressing. There was the little matter of the umbilical cord to be cut and tied, first of all.

"And don't you wash new babies?" I asked.

"Nope. You grease them." I don't know to this day how he came by this piece of knowledge, but he was right. Perhaps he read it in the *Reader's Digest*. That's where much of our information originates. He folded his new son in a bath towel and went away with him, while I lay in bed and worried. What did he know about greasing babies and tying cords? The new baby was crying, too — a little but furious bellow. I could hear him from away upstairs. What was his father doing to him? Or wait a minute — you were supposed to worry, weren't you, if they *didn't* cry? So probably it was all right. It was criminal, I decided, for a grown woman to arrive at motherhood knowing as little about the whole thing as I did. By and by Ralph came back.

"Did you get him greased all right?" I asked anxiously.

He looked offended. "Certainly I did. I should hope, after all the pistons I've oiled in my lifetime —" Pistons, mind you!

"What did you use?" I asked, horrified. "Motor oil?"

"Olive oil, naturally."

"Where did you get it? We haven't any olive oil."

"I've got a can. I use it to make fly-dope out of."

Well, why not, after all? If early experience molds a child's life, I could see from where I lay that I was going to be the mother of another mechanic and fly-fisherman.

"He's all right and he's all there," Ralph went on. "Fingernails, toenails, hair, everything. I went over him carefully. And, my

God, is he homely!" He threw out his chest. "I never did like pretty men, anyway," he added complacently. "He's got a grip like a wrestler, and Cookie likes him, so I guess he'll get along all right. And say. What am I supposed to do with all that hot water?"

Oh, yes. The hot water. Well — "Why don't you make some coffee?" Suddenly I was starved. "Make me a sandwich, too — a ham sandwich with a lot of mustard."

Alice Miller came down in the morning, as soon as it was light. Lying in bed, I could hear her laughing down in the kitchen. She laughed all the way upstairs. "What do you suppose Ralph used to tie his cord with?" she demanded before she was halfway into the room. "A piece of rope! That poor little kid! The knot's bigger than he is. I guess I'll call the doctor in Rumford when I get home and tell him there's no need of his coming way in here. No sense in spending twenty dollars for nothing."

So Rufus missed his chance of having a doctor look him over. I guess it didn't do any harm. He's never seen a doctor from that day to this, except in a purely social capacity.

3

I frequently read in magazines articles which begin: —

Do You Realize —

That blank per cent of the homes in America have no running water?

That blank per cent have no bathrooms?

That blank per cent of our children are born with no doctor in attendance?

These appalling figures show that the huge army of the underprivileged —

I cluck my tongue, suitably appalled for a moment until true realization hits me between the eyes. "My God," I think, and then I am truly appalled. "That's *us* they're talking about! Why — *we're* the underprivileged! Why — Why —"

But are we? I'm not stupid enough to recommend that all, or even any, children be born with only their fathers in attendance. But because it happened to Rufus doesn't make him underprivileged. In fact, I would

say he was especially privileged — not in that he was held up by the heels and oiled with piston-oiling technique, but because, from that moment on, his father has had a very special feeling for him. All normal fathers love their children, we will assume. They all feel a responsibility toward them. But — and I think I am not being merely sentimental when I say this — that early, primitive responsibility that devolved upon Ralph toward Rufus left its mark. Fatherhood is necessarily a less intimate relationship — physically at least — than motherhood; but Ralph can't think of himself only as the guy who buys Rufus's food and clothes, and administers spankings. Fundamentally he is always the guy who tied his cord and greased him when there was no one else to do it. That is something I wouldn't want Rufus deprived of, for all the hospital treatment in the world.

Nor can I bring myself to believe that our children are hopelessly handicapped because they take baths in washtubs in front of the kitchen range, read by the light of kerosene lamps, and sleep in unheated bedrooms. We'll give them a bathroom and steam heat and electric lights when we get the house rebuilt; but perhaps we'll be making a mistake. Soft living isn't important to them now, because it never has been.

What can we give our children, then, that won't be outmoded, that won't, under some eventuality that we can't foresee, prove to be a handicap to them? I don't know the answer to that one. Once I would have said "Ideas and Ideals." But I grew up in the years after the First World War, when perpetual peace was supposed to be the easily attainable ideal. I was trained in that ideal, and I believed in it with all the sincerity of which I was capable. Perhaps it is still attainable — but if it is, it will be by some different means from those I was taught to trust in. I don't want my child ever to feel as lost in the world as I do right now; nor do I want to inculcate in him the doctrine of force and aggression at no matter what sacrifice of the rights of others.

We can give him a happy childhood to remember, a way of life that he will be willing to die to protect, if the need arises. That

sounds like a grim and Spartan gift to a little boy, but it's not as dangerous a gift as the belief in pacifism and universal well-wishing to which my generation was exposed. I don't want to raise my son to be a soldier — but if he has to be one, I want him to be a good and capable one. I want him to know what he's fighting for — and Freedom and Democracy won't mean a thing to him unless they are all tied up with memories of things he has loved ever since he can remember: things like the sound of the river, and the way Kyak lies and dreams in front of the open fire on a crisp autumn evening, and the picnics we've held at Smooth Ledge. The name of his country won't be worth fighting for unless he can remember from experience that his country is the place, not of equal opportunity, not of universal suffrage, not of any of those lofty conceptions so far above a little boy's ability to comprehend, but the place where he walked with his father down a woods road one evening and saw a doe and twin fawns; or the place where he came in from playing in the snow and found the kitchen warm and fragrant and his mother making popcorn balls.

That's all that I can give him; that's all that I dare to try to give him — something that he will love enough to want to preserve it for himself and others against whatever danger may threaten from whatever quarter, and the toughness and courage with which to fight for it.

Even here I am working in the dark. He won't remember the things I expect him to remember. I don't remember from my own childhood the important things that happened; but I can recall a hole in the ground among the roots of a maple tree that grew in front of our house. It was a small hole, about as big as a pint measure, but there was something about it. It was moist and smelled of earth and water when I lay on my stomach and thrust my four-year-old face into it. It was everything that was mysterious and marvelous to me then, and somehow it still is. I couldn't have explained to anyone then what that little hole in the ground meant to me, and I still can't. But the memory of it makes me wonder what

Rufus is carrying around in his head that he can't share, and never will be able to share.

4

Of course the biggest problem we encounter in bringing up our children in the woods is their formal education. They do have to go to school. Even if there weren't laws requiring their attendance, even if we were quite capable — which we aren't — of giving them a solid foundation in the three R's, we should still have to send them. One of the most important parts of education is learning to get along with other people, and we just can't supply a society of their peers for them to rub up against. Rufus has seen so few children of his own age that he has no idea how to act with them. He lets them walk all over him, he's so happy to be with them. So we'll shortly have to ship him out to his grandmother's, where he will learn among other things, I hope, to stand up for his rights. It's going to be rather a painful experience, so the sooner he gets it over with the better.

I certainly hope the school authorities don't start out by giving him an Intelligence Test before he's learned the ropes. If they do, his I.Q. will be about 50. (I don't believe in I.Q.'s anyhow. My own is up in the near-genius group, and nobody knows better than I the abysmal depths of dumbness I can plumb. I just happen to have a very good memory for the sort of things they ask on Intelligence Tests.) But poor Rufus! All the questions dealing with such common things as running water, electric lights, hens, and railroad trains will leave him completely in the dark, and they don't ask how to tell a fox track from a dog track, — a difficult thing that he can do easily, — or how to use a birch hook, or how to employ a cant dog to its most efficiency. I suppose that is what the textbooks dismiss blandly as Feeble-mindedness by Deprivation.

Sally's education has been somewhat peculiar. The first twelve years of her life she lived in Southern Illinois and attended school regularly. Then she came to us for a while. Just as she was getting used to our peculiar mode of life, her mother sent for her

to come to Liechtenstein — a small country between Switzerland and Austria, in case you didn't know — and she spent two years there and in the West Indies. She didn't go to school at all, but she was being educated nonetheless. She learned, among other things, not to giggle when a Count kissed her hand, no matter how much it tickled; how to get through the customs with the least trouble; how to wear clothes; and how to order a meal in German. Then came the war, and Sally came back to us. She goes to school in Upton now, boarding with the Allens, who are among Ralph's oldest friends. She certainly ought to be adaptable — she's had a varied enough experience. I think that she is. When she was fifteen, her birthday party was held in the bar of a hotel in Haiti, closed to the public for the occasion. When she was sixteen, her birthday party was held in the Allens' kitchen — open to the public for the occasion, I judge. Apparently everyone in town attended it. As far as I can tell, she enjoyed both parties equally.

The school in Upton is a two-room school, and I'd forgotten that such a thing existed. If I had remembered it, I would have delivered a speech beginning, "Well, in this day and age, with all the fine schools available, no child of mine —" I should have been wrong. Sally learns in what is known as the Upstairs Room, where Grades 7 to 10, inclusive, sit under one teacher, as much as she could possibly learn in the biggest and best-equipped school in the country. Her Mr. Flanders is a very good teacher. The excellence of a teacher has nothing at all to do with his background, or the amount of salary he is paid, or anything else except his own personality and inherent bent. A good teacher is born, I am convinced, and his presence would make a good school out of a woodshed.

But Sally gets more than book learning out of going to school in Upton. She gets, for the first time in her life, the sense of being a member of a community. This is a thing more easily acquired in a small town than in a large one, and it's very important to feel, I believe, that you are a member of a whole. There's time enough, later, to be

an individual. When she gets out into the world, she will be "different" because she went to a rural school. It will make a good story. It will set her apart. We all want something to set us apart from the rest, to make us interesting. It doesn't have to be very much. I myself derive a great deal of satisfaction from the fact that I'm the only person I ever encountered who grew up in a family where they had family prayers every morning after breakfast. My sister and I are probably the only people in the world who grew up in a household where the immutable winter Sunday morning breakfast was oyster stew. Ralph says now that he wishes that on the night of Rufus's birth he'd thought to move me out into his workshop. It couldn't have been any colder than the bedroom was, and Rufus might then have had the distinction of being the last American child to be born in a log cabin. Not that it would have made any difference — unless he wants to run for the Presidency of the United States sometime, which God forbid; but it would have been something to talk about. That's what I mean.

So Sally, some night in the future when

she's sitting in the Stork Club all done up in gold lamé, — also, God forbid! — can smile reminiscently and say, "You know, I got my education in a rural school in the backwoods of Maine." I think the effect will be very piquant.

Right now, though, she's having too much fun to worry about being different. She belongs to the 4-H Club, and goes to church and teaches a Sunday School class of infants, and has a boy-friend. In fact, she has a different one every time we see her, practically, which makes it nice. If she stuck to one I'd probably think I had to worry about its being serious. In short, she's living the usual life of a small-town American girl, only she's getting a lot more out of it than most small-town girls do. She's been around enough to value it at its true worth.

Probably I ought to be able to draw some valuable deductions and conclusions from my special set of circumstances in regard to the problem of child-raising. I'm sorry to say that I can't. The only conclusion that I've come to is pretty general and pretty trite. All any parent can do is to stagger along as best he is able, and trust to luck.



GENESIS AGAIN

by VIRGINIA FRENCH

THE little ark rides restless on the flood
Where Tyre's spires climbed. The hills are flat;
And Babylon lies pool-interred in blood . . .
How many leagues, O Lord, to Ararat?
The calf, the leggy foal, the weanling lambs
That never knew a meadow — stall-confined
And cabin-peevisish, butt against their dams;
The suckling fawn turns fretful from the hind.

Laconic broods the lark. Against oak beams
The eagle wounds his pinions, mad for sun;
Dejected on a naked rafter dreams
The cedarbird, rememb'ring Lebanon.
And wearily across the wastes of grief
The dove returns, without the olive leaf.

» How dependable is our press treatment of war news? Editor White finds it vastly better informed, more alert, than in the days of the First World War. T. H. Thomas (page 60) contends that overoptimism in headlines and news selection is damaging the credibility of the wartime newspaper.

EDITORS LIVE AND LEARN

by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

1

THIS spring I was one of a dozen newspapermen looking over the editorials of one hundred American newspapers. We were awarding a prize to the newspaper that had the most intelligent outlook on the world today. It was a difficult job to make that award. For all over this country newspapers, large and small, from the country weekly to the metropolitan daily, are discussing world politics with an intelligence that could not have been imagined twenty-five years ago when we entered the First World War. The intelligence of this editorial discussion is not all on one side. Isolationist editorials bolster their opinions by facts and figures that indicate a wide knowledge of the world today. Editors whose opinions have an international slant also present their case and draw their conclusions with a conception of facts and a sense of balance that only a few newspapers used in their discussions in the second decade of this century. One is amazed at the change the quarter of a century has brought in the range of information and kind of intelligence that the American press reveals in its editorial opinion today. Also the reporting is of a quality so good that it really differs not in degree but in kind from the reporting of the last World War. The American people therefore, in so far as the newspapers lead them, are under better, more dependable

leadership in the matter of foreign affairs than ever they were before.

Just now foreign affairs are major issues in American politics. But twenty-five or thirty years ago foreign affairs should have been a major issue in our politics, for we were about to enter the First World War. It was not a world war. It was a European war with certain African and Asiatic annexes, sideshows, and minor commitments. But the so-called First World War did mark our country's complete abandonment of isolation. We had turned our backs slightly on isolation when we conquered the Philippines and took over Puerto Rico and Guam and Midway and Marshall Islands. Then we were only standing sideways and looking askance at isolation. We tried to go completely isolationist by rejecting the adoption of the Covenant of the League of Nations. The events of the twenties made it clear to most men that when we rejected the Covenant of the League of Nations we did not isolate ourselves. We merely curtailed our power and still remained, because we were the world's creditor, in the midst of the international brawling.

The American press began to understand the truth about our international involvement when we found ourselves lending billions to build up Germany, to bolster Continental credit, and to support the British pound. When Britain went off the gold standard, the American press received a major shock. Editors, who ten years before had been clamoring for isolation, were writing able editorials about our new creditor position and our new duties. Fumblingly,

Proprietor and editor of the *Emporia Gazette* for close to fifty years, WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has been one of the sanest and most vigorous spokesmen of the Middle West. As a member of the Pulitzer Awards Committee, he recently had occasion to compare the editorials and lead articles in our American dailies with those which he, Frank Simonds, Arthur Krock, and Lewis Gannett were sending back from Paris during 1918 and 1919.

blindly, the American newspapers groped their way to the truth: that in a world shrunk by the airplane, the radio, the long-distance telephone, the five-day liner to Europe, and by the solidarity of world credit, centering not in London but in Wall Street, economic isolation is merely a demagogue's phrase full of sound and fury but ending in nothing.

2

I can no better illustrate what has happened to the American press than by a short reminiscence. I was one of the reporters who covered the Peace Conference in Paris which made the Versailles Treaty and wrote the Covenant of the League of Nations. I filed three days a week a cable story to fifty American newspapers, gathered together by a powerful syndicate in New York. In Paris I was one of nearly a hundred American reporters. Some of them filed daily stories by cable, some filed three a week as I did, some sent two a week, others filed weekly. But all of us were busy. All of us were well-trained newspapermen.

We had as our interpreter Ray Stannard Baker, who saw President Wilson every day. Press conferences were held by Colonel House with those who filed daily cables. We all went to press conferences held by the British, two or three times a week. We met Lord Robert Cecil, Lloyd George, Philip Kerr, and others who were close to the British end of the story. We also had access to the French. They entertained us with their most adroit and obvious liars, and nobody believed anything he heard at a French press conference. Every American reporter who used the cable had access to some person on the American delegation who was fairly close to President Wilson. For instance, I often walked in the afternoon with Colonel House, along the Seine, when we would talk over the day's doings. I should have been informed. Ray Stannard Baker was my dear friend. We lived at the same hotel, ate breakfast together, and loafed and talked together. He was not reserved. Arthur Krock, of the *New York Times*, was then in Paris for the *New York World*. He had a better "leak" than I had, and should have been able to

report the story of the Treaty and the Covenant as it was formed.

Yet, while each of us reported the facts of the conference from day to day, we all missed the truth. Only one man in the American reportorial galaxy gave the world the truth, though I am sure we all honestly tried. But Frank Simonds had been through the war, at the front. He knew the French. He knew European politics. One day he wired his papers:—

"The Versailles treaty is wrecked. The League of Nations is doomed!"

I remember now that we all wrangled with him about it — we reporters who met around the Hotel Crillon. But he held his ground. He told us that when it was decided — as we knew that it was decided — to get along without a military arm of the League, that organization would fail by the domination of the British-French alliance; and when they decided to keep Russia and Germany out of the League, it was obvious that the Peace Treaty, quite apart from the Covenant of the League, was merely an attempt at balance-of-power politics. Looking back twenty-five years, it seems obvious. Yet none of us believed it then.

Not that we hailed the League of Nations as the political savior of Western civilization. Reportorial opinion was fairly well divided about it among the correspondents at Paris who were reporting the news that year to the United States. But we just did not know — none of us except Frank Simonds and possibly Oswald Garrison Villard and Lewis Gannett — what was going on in the larger sense. We could report the facts but we could not correlate the facts so that we could come at the truth and tell it.

But President Wilson did not know the truth, all of it. For he was a newcomer in European politics. He had to feel his way. He made certain compromises. Any man in the democratic process must make compromises. But the compromises Mr. Wilson made were not vital compromises. Nevertheless, when the American press told the people about these compromises, his enemies in the United States said:—

"Aha, the British are fooling him. The French are cheating him!"

Which was not true. President Wilson did his best — his honest, his very human best. And he made a good start down the path to world political unity. As a matter of fact, he made too much of political unity and did not provide for enough opportunity to establish economic unity.

So when we all came home from Paris, we news gatherers, with the government's economic, political, social, geographical experts and other four-eyed cattle, we found the country rising in wrath against the Treaty and the League. The funny part, looking back over those years, was that people were wrathful at Wilson and the League for the wrong things. One real weakness of the League was its lack of power to discipline recalcitrant members. Yet its enemies read into the League Covenant gnashing, flashing teeth which gleamed in fancy like those in the mouth of a tiger. As a matter of fact, America was fooled out of the League by a set of rubber teeth that didn't and couldn't chew anything.

Editorials on the League question in the United States were sadly uninformed. Newspaper editorial writers, who on the whole represent the best elements of the American popular mind, just didn't grasp the real truth. And newspaper leadership failed. It failed because, even though it had the facts, it could not disseminate the truth. The threatening specter of those rubber teeth was too horrendous for American newspapers.

3

Today it is different. No one can know or remotely guess what kind of treaties will follow the peace. No one can say what our attitude will be toward any treaty. Of course the isolationist group will demand that we pull out of Europe, skedaddle from Asia, ignore Africa, and hide behind a skyscraping tariff wall either at home or around this hemisphere. Others — international group — will want a "union now" with England, and still others will stand with Mr. Hoover, who, as I read his recent book, believes in a cooling-off period of two years after the surrender of the Nazis and the Japanese — a cooling-off period in which the victorious

Allies will make temporary boundaries and regional divisions of the world and police them while the conquered people set up such forms of democratic government as each region is capable of maintaining. After that, the Hoover plan — again as I read it in his book — is for the establishment of a place of conciliation and arbitration where economic wrongs, chiefly regional, may be set right — and after that, with God be the rest!

These and probably other plausible prospectuses for peace will be discussed at whatever peace table is established. The conclusion of the whole business will be submitted to the voters of the United States. Naturally, debate will follow — probably furious debate, acrimonious, maybe savage. For the United States cannot walk out into this world leadership without some sacrifice. It is a question whether or not the sacrifice will be greater if we try to lead the world than it will be if we attempt to isolate ourselves and ignore the world. There is the cud for our national ruminations. But the hopeful thing about the whole business is the broader intelligence the citizens of our Republic have about European affairs than they had in 1919. The American press with all its faults — such obvious shortcomings — is still a free press.

Of course, in the debate that will follow this armistice, American newspapers will take a leading part. They have lost none of their real power and dignity as leaders, however citizens may differ with the press at election time. An election is only one of the many weapons of democracy. An election is only one of a large number of ways in which public sentiment registers itself. The newspapers were not able to defeat Franklin Roosevelt for a third term. Yet in matters of domestic policy he has not always had his way with his countrymen. In the home field, newspaper opposition has curbed Mr. Roosevelt time and again. Newspaper leadership has rallied popular opinion in the recent sixteen months, influencing the Congress rather definitely away from the course in domestic affairs laid down by their elected leaders. Moreover, newspaper opinion has been on the whole with the President in the realm of his foreign policy.

4

I must not close this article leaving the reader with the impression that, because I believe that in this particular phase of American journalism the newspaper editorial writers have been fair and wise, I therefore believe American journalism is flawless. It has many weaknesses. Indeed I think it may fairly be said that the faults of journalism in the United States are the faults of the citizens thereof.

We the newspapers and we the people, the middle-class vocal section of our Republic, the leaders, are too keenly sensitive about the rights of an invested dollar. Perhaps that dollar has been invested with real social sensibility. Perhaps that dollar has been invested with cupidity and has been accumulated by questionable social practices even though those practices are legal. The American people and the American press are too likely to say "Board's a play!" and let it go at that. The public and journalism in this country follow too blindly what might be called country club and chamber of commerce leadership, which is good at times and in spots, but not sacrosanct because it is not infallible.

However, in the matter of foreign policy, the country club and chamber of commerce ownership of at least the metropolitan press allows the editorial writer, or the group that controls the editorial page, and to an extent the newsroom, considerable leeway in reporting and discussing foreign affairs. The average American owner and publisher is a property-minded man. But it reflects great credit upon him at the country club and in the chamber of commerce if his pals and acquaintances compliment him for the intelligence of his editorial policy. And because there is more agreement about our foreign policy just now than about any other question before the house, the publisher is likely to hear kindly things about the editorial attitude of his paper on foreign affairs either on the isolationist or the international side of the pending question. Naturally the publisher, who often knows little and cares less about matters outside of the business office of his newspaper, feels the

same warm glow around his heart when he hears his editors praised that he would feel if his horse won the regional Derby or Preakness prize, or if the old bull, the leader of his herd at his country place had come home with blue ribbons from the State Fair. So those in charge of the editorial page have much more freedom in discussing foreign policy — or have had — than they have in matters of domestic concern.

It is much easier for an editorial writer, for instance, to denounce Hitler or the Japanese than it is for the editorial writer to denounce either the policy of the CIO or the attitude of the National Manufacturers Association. At the country club and in the chamber of commerce, organized labor and organized capital are extremely hot potatoes. There, in the area of economic and industrial controversies, the men who play around with the publishers have views, definite views, even fighting prejudices. So the editorial writers on a considerable proportion, if not a majority, of the daily newspapers in the United States are often, though not always, channeled in their thinking and their writing. It is not, as the public presumes, that the advertisers control the press. Rather the men who own the stock and/or bonds of stores or industrial concerns which advertise, and their bankers and their elderly chairmen of the many industrial boards, form a pool of local public opinion in which the publisher moves, breathes, and disports himself with the other upper-middle-class porpoises. And despite even that atmosphere American newspaper readers one way or another, through their newspapers, do finally get the truth even about controversial industrial matters — strikes for instance, labor arbitration, and other affairs of current interest along the front of our national economic battle line.

My contention in this article is that, despite the handicap which our press has in printing and commenting freely upon controversial domestic matters, in the foreign field during the last ten years the people have had as much of the truth as much of the time as they could take. For, after all, truth is a medicine which must be administered in broken doses — homeopathic doses.

So I feel justified in venturing a guess that, when it comes to discussing the peace treaty, American newspapers will not be without influence. The precious thing is that this time they will not be without knowledge, without some sense of the fundamental verities in the world situation. The best proof that we are going straight as we follow the path of our international opportunity is that the American newspapers today, their editors-in-chief, the editorial writers, the managing editors, the Washington reporters, their foreign correspondents, the columnists, all big ones and little ones, as a whole under-

stand the world situation. They have had a quarter of a century of education.

As I read those editorials submitted for a national editorial prize, I was greatly heartened by what I read. Arthur Krock, sitting beside me as we had often sat side by side trying rather vainly to tell the truth at Paris in 1918, looked over those editorials of 1942 and remarked, as I had, the change, the enlightened change, that has come into the American press when it discusses world affairs. I doubt that the people of our country will ever be fooled again by a league with rubber teeth.



THE SHAPE OF THE NEWS

by T. H. THOMAS

1

ONE of the first casualties of the Hitler war has been the legend built up in previous years as to the overwhelming power of war-time propaganda. At no time during the Great War, in reality, did propaganda reach the intensity or the dominant position achieved by this process of "eye-opening" during the years of morbid post-mortems that followed. Never during the war did it attempt to create so false and unreal a set of historical fictions. The unquestioning convictions thus built up deserve, in fact, to stand as the outstanding achievement of propaganda. Among the post-war generation there resulted the paralyzing belief that the thing would necessarily repeat itself in a future war: on the firing of the first shot the human intelligence would automatically pass under the anesthetic of "wartime propaganda." As things turned out, the spell of

this belief was shattered suddenly even during the last few weeks of peace.

The Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939; the instant partitioning of Poland; the swallowing up of the Baltic states by Stalin with Hitler acquiescing; the Soviet attack on Finland — all this complex of swift surprises was not merely surprising in itself: it belonged to the general pre-war category of things which definitely could not happen.

The general structure of beliefs built up at home and abroad by the long propaganda effort of the totalitarian states collapsed under this first blow. Leaders in the fight against Nazi ideas were hardly less taken aback than the most ardent partisans of the Soviet: all the familiar patterns of facts and theories, of loyalties and hatreds, were suddenly tumbled into fragments. After so thumping a fall it was never possible to put Humpty Dumpty together again, and the post-mortem propaganda attempted in these countries has amounted to no more than a caricature of its former self.

A military historian, who served with distinction on the staff at G.H.Q. in the First World War, T. H. THOMAS is well qualified to appraise the fairness of the presentation of our war news.

Among the democracies, stunning military defeats rapidly withered away the *raison d'être* of whatever formal and systematic propaganda may have been preparing. (In this matter, these countries were caught no less unprepared than in the task of rearmament.) Extreme and imminent danger leaves little need for abstract justifications; and with German bombers hovering overhead, what men are fighting for becomes fairly obvious. There was no need of encouragement from official quarters, and since Dunkirk the main task in Britain has been to restrain rather than stimulate the temper of popular opinion.

The official propaganda agencies assembled in Washington during the summer of 1941 were based chiefly on the pre-war conceptions. By a curious anachronism, we plunged into building up, on an unprecedented scale, the type of thing that had become patently obsolete ever since the outbreak of the war. (It was as if General McNair had set up as a training model for the new army the trench warfare techniques in vogue in the year 1916.) The immense mushrooming of these new services, plus the personnel gathered by the government bureaus in recent years, has now built up a total manpower dedicated to publicity and propaganda estimated at about thirty thousand. This is a strength equal to the army Grant put into the field in one of the decisive battles of the Vicksburg campaign — Champion Hill.

Yet the effect of all this was to make the press sharply allergic to the vitamins offered by these official services. The press correspondents at Washington turned first to scorn, and then to open hostility. From the point of view of the general public, the press itself — for better or worse — became the main line of resistance to the propaganda offered by the official handouts. Whatever their character, these offerings seem to have been no more than a microscopic factor in shaping the news or influencing public opinion. Instead, the press and the public may be said to have coöperated in creating their own new types of propaganda.

From Dunkirk onward, the political credit of the Churchill Government has rested not

on its ability to create a propaganda picture of favorable prospects, but on its readiness to face the most unpleasant facts bluntly and candidly. This same tribute has not always been paid to our own public, but the President's position in the eyes of his countrymen has never been stronger than at the time of his radio address after Pearl Harbor — the message that began with the words: "The news is all bad. . . ."

Our press from the first has held out pious warnings against the mere thought of a Government seeking to regiment public opinion. After six months of war, we have learned what can happen when the press itself takes over the task of forming public opinion. It has remained a free and unregimented press: quite spontaneously it has volunteered its services in a public-spirited and patriotic impulse. Yet it has chosen — spontaneously — the mission of presenting the news in a rousing and heartening fashion; it has dealt with the news as an instrument for keeping up national morale.

2

In their broadcasts to France and other occupied countries, the British learned the lesson early in the day that the one thing to avoid above all others was to offer ready-made opinions or pleasing interpretations of the course of the war. Factual news of the war was eagerly listened to, but the French radio audience would no longer tune in for pep talks, predictions, or promises of what the Allies were going to do. The hunger for facts was such that even unpleasant facts had to be candidly stated — and the British broadcasters soon found that the credit they enjoyed in France was in direct proportion to the accuracy of their statements. The French, in short, wanted news and information of any sort — but they did not want to be told what to believe or think.

What if this regime were tried out for a time in the United States? Is there any reason to suppose that American readers would welcome it any less keenly than the public in France?

Following a very similar regime, Elmer Davis made himself the best and most

valued "teller" of war news throughout the country. For his discerning eye a five-minute period was more than enough, and very often it brought out essential points that were lost or buried in next morning's paper. Looking back over the memory of his 8.55 P.M. since the outbreak of our war, it is fairly clear that we have had nothing to complain of on the score of news being held back by the censorship. The readers of the press have suffered from a wholly different evil.

The editorial pages have ranged from one extreme to the other, in the matter of quality. In the average paper, the well-known columnist tends to dim out more and more the editorial writer. Yet in the South, even in smaller cities, the writers of editorials still have a way of doing their own thinking, and are able to offer things that deserve careful reading. In the North, the tendency is rather to join vigorously in the prevailing chorus; but on occasions discriminating comment comes forward. The general scope of the news in our best papers is broader than that offered by any paper in Britain; the amount of war news alone is far greater. The daily situation maps in the *New York Times* are in a class by themselves, and no European paper during the Great War offered anything to compare with them. Taking news and editorials together, the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald-Tribune* today offer more to their readers than any paper in England. Yet . . .

In the painful convalescence of the occupied countries after the close of the war, it was observed that the "good money" gradually brought into circulation thrust aside automatically the many types of worthless paper the Germans had issued. In our daily experience of the press and the radio, however, the process is reversed. A triumphant headline or a single article of rosy optimism will effectively smother the facts offered in other columns by carefully written foreign dispatches, or by any number of carefully weighed editorials.

The Russian winter campaign, in turn, was developed in such a way as to leave most readers with a thoroughly false idea of the net balance of the situation on the Russian front, and a quite fictitious estimate of the

prospects for 1942. The same thing has happened in England. All in all, the press in both countries has helped public opinion to refuse to face the facts of Allied military weakness and the actual military situation which is the consequence. It has helped to sustain the demands for "decisive action" and prompt success, when the actual balance of forces made clear that we should be lucky to maintain our ground on the defensive. It has flaunted obviously fanciful visions such as the annihilation of the paper cities of Japan. It has encouraged every tempting unreality.

In all this matter, it seems fair to say that the better papers have kept two sets of books. They have offered fact and fancy side by side and simultaneously — with the general policy of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. The popular press has been wholly on the buoyant side, and has centered its efforts upon headlines of the cheer-leader type. But most readers, also, do not read far enough to counteract the impression the headlines give; and the note of triumph sounded day after day by stirring captions remains the dominant note.

Months before the fall of Tobruk, the *Illustrated London News* made clear in detailed drawings that the German tanks in Libya were faster and far more heavily armed than the British. (This was due, no doubt, to various technical difficulties with mass production in British factories.) One of the soundest British military writers, Cyril Falls, pointed out in these same pages that the policy of the RAF to stress the building of giant bombers had left the troops in the field and the ships at sea without the protection of dive bombers. He noted also that this policy was no casual error: it represented a formal decision of the Government. Military and naval commanders in the field have to work with the tools given them: they become the victims of any wrong decision on major policies at Washington or London.

All this gave a clear warning of the risks ahead; and later on, the fact that Rommel sallied forth on the offensive offered at least a hint that he might have assembled superior forces. Yet the outcome was received (both

in Britain and America) with an air of complete surprise; and the press turned once again to the old clichés of bungling leadership and inferior British staff work.

When our turn comes, shall we indulge in the false emotion of pouring scorn upon commanding officers guilty of the sin of having to face a stronger and better-armed enemy?

3

As far as the press is concerned, these misleading pictures have been due not to any desire to mislead but rather to a mistaken form of good intentions. From the very first, the press and the radio have volunteered as active participants in the war. They have assigned themselves the mission of arousing the country's support — almost as if the press were carrying on the war and the country were standing aloof as a spectator. In thus shouldering the responsibility for national morale, the proper roles have become directly reversed. If it is a public duty to present things in glowing colors, anything short of this becomes almost a moral lapse, and any reminder of difficult realities is rejected as "pessimistic."

This conception of the task in hand reaches down to the correspondents at the front and in the home sectors. Visits to training camps or overseas bases, tours of inspection in dockyards or munition plants, and even firsthand accounts of actual fighting by land or sea — in the reports we get of all these, there is a minimum degree of description and facts and an unlimited outpouring of praise. This tendency was apparent even in 1918, but in the intervening years the techniques of publicity have swept over the country in an all-embracing flood. The Army, the Navy, the Air Force, production, the fighting fronts, the whole scope of our effort in the war, are presented with the methods (and rather in the spirit) of a publicity drive launching some new commercial product — a drive conceived on an unprecedented scale. These devices are all too familiar to a long-suffering public, and their net result is the attitude of resignation and skeptical distrust summed up in the phrase: "The press is trying to sell us the war."

It is a thoroughly unpromising attitude of mind. President Conant has warned against the danger of Utopian visions as to the post-war settlement. The nearer danger is our Utopian conception of the present situation in the war.

This conception — by one impulse and another — has been steadily pressed upon the country ever since Pearl Harbor. Rather prematurely, it reached the fantastic climax of optimism which the President tried to quash last May by an abrupt word of warning.

4

In the reaction of the press to the President's warning, the reply was made that under wartime conditions of censorship and control the Government was primarily responsible for the trend and color of the news in print. Anne O'Hare McCormick, in her column in the *New York Times*, argued that even the changing moods of opinion were the direct expression of this government control: "... if the country veers from overoptimism to overpessimism, it is on the basis of news and statements released by official sources." (Herr Goebbels would be gratified if his own drastic efforts were rewarded by so sweeping a tribute as this.) In arguing this same case, Arthur Krock pointed out that war news comes either from official sources or from independent press reports which have to be submitted for censorship. "The consequence is that, except for headlining and placement, the news of the war is a government product."

Headlines, however, are the most important factor in the equation, and the headlines are the things we have most to complain of. Some of us follow Mr. Krock's column with close attention, but nine out of ten readers gain no other impression of daily events than those displayed by "headlining and placement." The government product does not include this essential factor of display and selection, or the frequent omission of critical points, or the write-up which ordinarily gives the visible color to the items of news selected.

Nor does the censorship review the syndicated columns, the editorial pages, the inter-

pretations of innumerable military experts and technical specialists of various sorts — or the flood of views and comment poured forth day by day by Washington correspondents and feature writers throughout the country. Does the censor stand by, ready to clap his hand over the mouth of Raymond Gram Swing? Does his organization reach out through the country so as to pass on the utterances of hundreds of local radio commentators whose daily broadcasts strive above all to catch the last-minute flashes? Does the censor guide the course of *Time* and *Life* and the illustrated weeklies?

These workmen, by and large, draw their daily sustenance from the grapevine and gossip which never approaches the censor, or else from the process of dressing up the news which has already appeared in the morning paper. In these efforts at reinterpretation, they borrow liberally from each other: it is much like the small French town observed by Henry James, where the inhabitants subsist by taking in each other's washing.

These efforts, rather than the "news and statements released by official sources," have shaped our changing moods in regard to the war. Their guiding impulse asserted itself long before the censorship came into being. In the almost forgotten period of the phony war, the maps on the front page showed the Maginot Line extending north clear to the Channel, and military experts affirmed quite simply that the French Army amounted to perhaps 150 divisions. (In 1918, after four years' steady effort of expansion, it had reached no such figure.) Again, in the summer of 1941, our headlines presented day by day the amazing German advance across Western Russia as a steady series of murderous checks and reverses. Did this interpretation come from "news released by official sources"?

Since Pearl Harbor no less than before, the press and radio commentators have been free to discuss critically the news that *does* pass the censor, and to point out the real significance of what has occurred. About the middle of November, it was explained to the press (by the highest authority) that

with modern aircraft it was possible to defend the Philippines; and that the Army had sent out strong forces of new planes for this express purpose. Three weeks after Pearl Harbor (on December 28), a press dispatch from Manila explained that most of these planes and practically all the airfields in Luzon had been destroyed by the surprise attacks with which the Japanese bombers opened the war. This happened in broad daylight, some hours after the attack on Pearl Harbor, and after reports of that event had duly given warning.

The effect of this prompt destruction of our air power was to wreck at the start the whole plan of strategic defense in Eastern waters. The Japanese were able to land strong forces (including tanks) quite unopposed at most points, and to carry through the occupation of the islands in methodical fashion. With the airfields wrecked, it was no longer possible to continue sending out reinforcements of American bombers by air; nor (after the Japanese landings) could reinforcements be sent to the American garrison.

Had our planes kept control of the air around Manila, no Japanese transport could even have approached that region. New bombers from the United States would have appeared on the scene; and the Philippines would have served as a strong bastion of defense on the eastern flank of the East Indies. The Japanese fleet would never have ventured toward the Macassar Straits, and the Allied naval and air forces then on the scene could have kept up lively and effective defensive operations. The shattering of our air power meant not only the loss of the Philippines, but the wrecking of the whole part we could have played in the defense of the East Indies.

The press dispatch of December 28 was not quashed by the censor, but went straight through to a conspicuous place in the *New York Times*. Even to a layman it explained clearly what had happened in the Philippines up to that date; and it revealed in advance, so to speak, the bewildering contrast between the headlines and the actual course of events during the next two months. Roughly speaking, not a single paper took

note of it, or profited by it in the subsequent handling of current news from the Far East. No paper pointed out the obvious fact that the whole basis of our defense in the East had been wrecked by this initial bungle. No paper even alluded to the fact that the gallant defense of Bataan had thus been made a fruitless sacrifice.

Instead, the whole chorus of headlines and comment maintained for weeks on end the appealing fiction that the defenders on Bataan were carrying out the strategic mission previously assigned them. For long, it was even pretended that this resistance was diverting Japanese strength from Malaya; and when this fallacy collapsed, most of the press turned in resentment upon the War Department for leaving MacArthur in the lurch. "Where are the planes the troops are calling for at Bataan?" The answer had been obvious since December 28: the planes were lying, burned and bombed, on the wrecked Luzon airfields. Every correspondent in Washington knew the answer to the rhetorical questions the press was raising. All joined in the game of ignoring that answer, and of keeping from the public a secret already disclosed in print — but ignored and forgotten.

In this same spirit, the press and the radio joined in creating the illusion that strong American reinforcements were arriving on the scene day by day during the fighting in the Dutch East Indies. Comments between the lines made clear that the American ships and planes thus engaged were for the most part survivors from the general wreckage at Manila, and all Washington evidently shared this secret. A few correspondents, in a more responsible spirit, pointed out from time to time that the lack of convoys and shipping was the controlling factor in this problem. As late as six weeks after Pearl Harbor, a high official of the Administration explained that the re-establishing of our defenses in the Pacific had absorbed the reinforcements in bombers and anti-aircraft weapons — up

to then, apparently, none had been sent to Java. This authoritative statement passed without notice or comment: the critical facts it disclosed were ignored in the daily interpretations of events from that time forward.

It is out of the question to assume that this buoyant tone of the press was imposed on the country by the censorship or any other official control of the news. The military and naval communiqués have not struck any such note, and by and large an outside reader has little fault to find with what they have said, or omitted to say, ever since December 7. The Secretary of War more than once tried to tone down the more highly colored visions the press was indulging in, and his statements have always been in the direction of fact and common sense and moderation. Yet he made not the slightest headway.

Even after the final tragedy at Java, the press made little effort to discern, or to appraise fairly, the causes of the far-reaching defeat we had suffered. It turned, instead, to the absurd illusion of an immediate offensive from Australia. There was a brief period of ill-tempered (and misdirected) scolding of "the General Staff mentality" and the brass hats at Washington. Then, promptly, we were whisked off upon a new round of optimistic visions in regard to other theaters of the war. On Midsummer Day, with the capture of Tobruk, General Rommel brought us face to face with realities.

This long record of false perspectives and mistaken enthusiasms is the result of the press making itself the guide and support of public opinion, of taking over the responsibility for keeping up morale and providing always a hopeful and encouraging turn to the news that comes in.

"What kind of people do they think we are?" Churchill cried out in regard to the Japanese. To the press and the radio the American public may well address the same question.

DENMARK'S RESISTANCE

by SIGNE TOKSVIG

I

WHAT really happened in Denmark? Did it — as some people say so lightly — cave in?

To call one of the outspoken Swedish newspapers as a witness: "If the Danish struggle against the Germans is not as obviously dramatic as that of the Norwegians, it is no less intense; only a people of very old culture could stand so inseparably united against the enemy and fight him in so many subtle ways."

Subtlety, however, is easy to overlook. A distinguished Dane in this country said the other day: "Ours is not a glamorous position. We can't compete when it comes to being executed; perhaps not even in being looted."

He was right, of course. Yet Denmark is a test case of the human values involved in this war. From Denmark, Germany must prove that it has not interfered in the internal affairs of a non-resisting nation. From it Gandhi could perhaps infer something about non-violence and non-coöperation. Whether by choice or by compulsion, in Denmark at present brute force is being met and puzzled by moral force. What is to be seen there?

Denmark did resist — although Germany chose to disregard its resistance — and Denmark is still resisting. But for over two years now this most accessible country has been tightly closed because of its geographical position and its small, easily policed extent — it is about half the size of Maine and

has only three and three-quarter million inhabitants.

After invading it on April 9, 1940, the Germans at once shut off all means of communication with the outside world and instituted the death penalty for anyone attempting to escape without permission of their High Command.

On April 8, great numbers of German warships were passing through the Danish straits. Dr. Munch, then Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, went himself to see the German Minister, Renthe-Fink, and was assured that nothing was planned against Denmark. In May, 1939, Denmark, at Germany's request, had signed an anti-aggression pact in which both sides agreed not to use war or any other force against each other. Herr Renthe-Fink referred to this. The next morning, just before dawn, Dr. Munch was awakened by that same German diplomat, who presented him with an ultimatum with which the Danish Government was requested to comply within an hour — or else! Dr. Munch saw the German bombers darkening the sky. He was also informed that large German forces had landed on the islands and were crossing the border of South Jutland. Before he could reach all the members of the Cabinet on his one telephone, to summon them to the King's palace, and before he could himself arrive there from his rather distant villa, the hour was nearly up. German soldiers had landed under cover of darkness from supposed coal-boats in the harbor, fighting was going on around the palace, fighting was going on at the border, and Denmark could muster only six or seven thousand men effectively under

A Dane by birth, SIGNE TOKSVIG is the wife of Francis Hackett, the writer, and herself the biographer of Hans Christian Andersen. By air and underground she manages to keep in close touch with the silent people of Denmark.

arms. Ten times as many were against them, not to speak of matériel, and the hour was nearly up. King and Cabinet agreed to the terms of the ultimatum, but "under protest."

A neutral diplomat brought this account to friends in the United States; since then, only stray bits of information have come out of Denmark — bits which did make a picture, but there was nothing to check it against until early this summer when a book was published in Sweden by a Danish journalist, writing under the pseudonym of "Niels Ebbesen" — the name of a Danish patriot who slew a German count who tried to play Hitler in Denmark in the fourteenth century.

Putting our information together, the picture becomes clearer. He tells what it is really like for a country whose independence is millennial to be slugged and then have the assailants settle into the job of devouring liberty and goods, under the pretense of being "guests" and "protectors."

They were asleep at dawn, April 9, but the bombers woke them: —

We leaped from our beds to the windows, pulled curtains aside, saw the skies darkened by the roaring monsters. No one could doubt their nationality. . . . Poor Norway — that was our first thought. Nothing else occurred to us. But they didn't fly on, they circled over the city, they flew in close formation and the hellish noise grew worse. . . . We remembered how Austria had been attacked, how mutilated Czechoslovakia had been taken with the threat that Prague would be blasted to bits. And the fate of Poland without any declaration of war. But there had been trouble between Poland and Germany, a long hot strife over Danzig. And we had a non-aggression pact with Germany. . . . It wasn't possible that we could be attacked this way, and in the middle of the night too!

His telephone rang. A friend shouted that the Germans had thrown down leaflets proclaiming Denmark to be under German protection and that resistance was useless. Mix-up on the line; old sad voices saying "Poor, poor Denmark!"; young voices saying "The despicable villains!"; but no one knowing what to do. He ran to his radio; it was silent. He dressed in cursing haste and

rushed out to collect wild rumors in a town of wild confusion. Embarrassed police shook their heads and showed little slips which warned the people to be calm and avoid clashes with the occupying forces.

2

"Protection." The contempt in that word burned into the Danes. Wounded in their national self-respect, which they had taken so for granted they didn't know they had to worry about it, they writhed in the bitterest despair they had ever known, deep and unanimous. Clenching their fists, men wept in the streets.

What had happened? Who was to blame?

We were unprepared, we were small and weak, and we yielded under pressure. But under protest — let that never be forgotten. Ought we to have let them raze Copenhagen to the ground? Ought we to have given the Nazis another chance to prove their brutality? Who can judge?

Then, being human, Niels Ebbesen proceeds to judge. Had there been traitors in Denmark?

Anyone who knows how intimate a community Denmark is, and how each goes his own way but yet feels his honor bound up with that of other members of the national family, will hear with what a tremulous voice this question is asked.

No attention is paid to the fractional percentage of a Nazi party, here as in Norway correctly described as riffraff, "soreheads," and psychopaths; but two other men are specifically mentioned. One is the chief of the navy, Vice-Admiral Rechnitzer, not called a traitor but accused of gross dereliction of duty. He gave all the men of the coast batteries the day off on April 8. And the ships which brought coal from Germany as a top-dressing for German soldiers were owned by a Danish businessman, Albert Jensen, unfavorably known from shady transactions in the last war. He died suddenly, soon after, in Germany.

But there was no traitor in the Government, no secret selling out. This is corroborated by a former member of the Government who recently escaped to England and

who was himself against the capitulation. We know there was partial mobilization on the Jutland border, where the Danish soldiers fought like wildcats till they were ordered to stop after a couple of hours. The men who stood by the few Danish fighting aircraft were ready to join issue, and two of them were killed before the Germans destroyed all the planes. No one knows exactly how many were killed at the border.

But Danish capitulation was a foregone military conclusion. At a press conference in 1939, Winston Churchill warned the Danes that their geographical position made it impossible for England to come to their aid. A year earlier in Copenhagen, at a private dinner, Commander Stephen King-Hall, M.P., had said the same, but he added, "While nobody expects you to resist physically, we expect you to give the best example of passive resistance the world has seen."

3

This resistance is the story of Denmark today. It rests on the legal fact that the Danes did not capitulate unconditionally. The technical basis for it, the slender leverage of which King and Cabinet have often made good use, is the result of the negotiations between the Danes and the Germans that morning of April 9. The Nazis demanded that the Danish Government should issue a proclamation to the army and the people, ordering them to cease resistance to German troops. They demanded all military facilities; control of all communications by land or sea — the post, radio, and telegraph; and blackout.

At noon the Government issued this proclamation, the King adding a personal message in which he urged a levelheaded and dignified behavior. For the people, the two saving words in the document were that the step was being taken "under protest."

Nor can it be too often underscored that the Germans on their side expressly promised not to interfere in the country's internal affairs, and to respect Danish integrity and independence. And then: —

With hate, with contempt, people turned their backs on the assailants from the very first day,

and the coldness has continued. Keep your distance, you have attacked and oppressed us, we will have nothing to do with you — this is the tacit watchword which has been and is being followed.

Many stories attest this. There is, for instance, an idyllic little park in a suburb of Copenhagen where ducks swim among water lilies. A Dane observes a German soldier sitting on a bench close to the ducks, apparently addressing a monologue to them. An hour later the German is still at it. The Dane's curiosity breaks bounds, he asks the soldier why he talks to the ducks. "Nobody else will listen to me."

Some German officers gate-crash at a country dance; no one looks at them. They bow to several girls, asking for dances. Each girl says to her escort, "I am tired, please take me home." She has not acknowledged the presence of the German by even saying "No" to him.

The "cold shoulder" seemed enough directly after the occupation, because the Danes still felt certain of Allied victory. Let the storm blow over — it won't be long. That was the prevalent feeling. But when Holland, Belgium, France fell, so we learn from another Danish journalist who escaped to England recently, when it looked as if Germany might really win, then resistance, both spontaneous and organized, grew from the deep roots of the Danish nation into a thicket impenetrable to the Nazis. Weak it might be as a military nation, and overrun, but it intended to remain Danish.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Germans violated their promise of April 9. No sooner was the mailed fist laid on the country than thousands of Gestapo agents, German civilian "experts," Nazi propagandists of every sort, wriggled into every crevice of official and industrial Denmark. They sit heavily in every post office, telephone and telegraph office, radio station, industrial concern, and in every department of the Government, where they dictate whatever telegrams are sent abroad. They dictate what is to be bought and sold and at what price. Not to German disadvantage. One old Danish firm which had always sold most of its output to Finland was suddenly denied

export permits to Finland. There was no other place to which it could export its wares? Yes, dear me, yes, to Germany. It could get an export permit to a firm in Hamburg, which of course bought the product cheap and then sold it at a high price to the Danish firm's former customer in Finland.

This is Nazi control on a small scale. On the larger scale Germany "borrows" from the Danish National Bank the money with which to pay for its endless requirements of food, consumers' goods, Danish slave labor, and so on. The amount is now over two thousand million kroner, four times the amount of the normal annual state budget.

4

In a world where there are Poland and Greece, one hesitates to mention Danish hardships. Yet those who have been prosperous, healthy, and free suffer more intensely from poverty, sickness, and captivity than those more habituated to misfortune. Denmark provided food for twelve million besides its own population, and that in abundance. It had done away with poverty, and had practically done away with tuberculosis and venereal disease.

Last winter people were known to have frozen to death in Denmark — a thing unheard of. They were weakened through not having enough food, clothes, and fuel. The Swedish visitor to Copenhagen at once notices the acrid smell of peat smoke. Peat is a pleasant decorative fire in a mild country, but Denmark is northern and had the hardest winter of a hundred years. Families huddled in the one room in each home which they were allowed to heat a little, in the semi-darkness of the blackout, hearing the iron-heeled tramp of German troops in the streets. "That sound will be a nightmare till my death," one man said. Gas and electricity are weak wraiths of former selves. Fuel had to be supplemented by briquettes made from sawdust and fallen leaves.

The rationing is more severe than in England, and the people can't get the rations. Forced deliveries to Germany have resulted in high prices. A couple who before the war spent 150 kroner a month now must spend

500 kroner — if they can get them. For lack of hot water, skin diseases are a scourge. Children suffer abnormally from infectious diseases and colds. Tuberculosis has returned. With the troops of the New Order, about sixty thousand of them, venereal diseases also came. Nazi soldiers from the Russian front bring lice with them into the country, threatening typhus. Danish hospitals, like the Norwegian, are used for Nazi wounded.

Counting on a short war, the Germans did not worry about the deterioration of Danish agriculture because of lack of fodder and Nazi requirements. The pigs have been reduced by two-thirds. The hens by four-fifths. The cows by one-seventh, but they yield little milk and can hardly stand upright. In some sections they are seen eating sand and dirt, they are so hungry. Many horses look like skeletons. And in no other country in the world did the farmer so love the plump sleekness of his livestock.

The fishing trawlers used to go far away; now they must keep close to the coasts, and, under German surveillance, the fish they bring in are counted to assure "deliveries." The cost of oil and tackle has risen by several hundred per cent. But the Danish farmers are slyly managing production strikes, and the fishers find numerous pretexts for strikes or for not going out. Danish industry, so many-sided and progressive, faces a standstill for lack of raw materials. The unemployment gives the Nazis a chance to force starvation on those who won't take employment in Germany or Norway. About thirty-five thousand have been sent away. They were cheated into going to Norway by being told they'd only have to work on reconstruction of towns. Instead they were put on fortification building, where they are half-starved, in rags, bullied by armed guards. Those who attempt to escape are put in concentration camps — German ones. In Germany, Danish workers are put in the danger zones and have to work over eighty hours a week, besides being bombarded with Nazi propaganda. But such tactics do not succeed. And in Denmark Nazi attempts to set the classes against each other have also failed. There are only Danes now.

5

What is self-respect? There are Danes in all the Allied armies, and in the flying corps. There are four or five thousand Danes daily risking their lives sailing for England and America. One of these sailors, Nazi-bombed forty times from the air as well as torpedoed, said he'd rather the country had fought, even if it had been hollowed out like an empty honeycomb.

All Danes have moments of feeling like that sailor, but their Government was not like the Yugoslavian; here the whole people was really represented by its representatives. Sudden dissociation was not possible, and the Government could not escape abroad as others could. There were no traitors in the Cabinet on April 9 — only bewildered men with too heavy a responsibility. It was the King who called off the unequal fight; no one doubted his patriotism.

Yet the Danes wonder. Over and over again, like the wife who keeps telling her neighbors that John really is too nearsighted for the army, they ponder this question of self-respect!

Did they choose the easy way? Is it easy to be shut up unarmed in your house with a well-fanged, well-clawed tiger of highly uncertain temper? Impatient with the Danish Government's Hamlet tactics, the Gestapo are making arrests on their own now. One woman said, "Whenever I see a Gestapo man coming down our street my heart stands still and I wonder if they're coming for my husband now." A boy who picked his nose as some German troops marched by was put in jail for two weeks for "demonstrating," but another who shouted an impolite word was bayoneted to death on the spot by a sensitive Nazi. We must admit that these occurrences are not the usual thing in Denmark, where the occupying Germans have observed strict discipline so far, but they can and do happen. They do not make for an easy atmosphere.

There are as yet no Quislings in the sinister Norwegian sense, if one excepts the imbecile, inter-warring factions of the minuscule Nazi party, despised even by the Germans. But on July 8, 1940, the Germans foisted two men

on the Government, about whom the kindest thing that could be said would be that they believe Denmark must pull with its big neighbor for geographic reasons. Erik Scavenius became Minister of Foreign Affairs. A soured intellectual, a man contemptuous of the "people," he feels angry and hurt because 98 per cent of the people since that date have returned his contempt with 100 per cent interest. The other German favorite is Gunnar Larsen, a rich cement manufacturer. He is said to be a potential Quisling. "Unappreciated" by their countrymen, these two have often played into German hands by lending themselves to the Nazi tactic of "or else!"

There have been four concessions, each time plotted by Scavenius in Berlin, behind the backs of King and Cabinet. First a statement of his that Denmark ought to coöperate with Germany. Then the formation of the so-called Danish Free Corps to fight the Russians (a ridiculous failure); the handing over of the torpedo boats, and the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact. Except for the two opportunists, all the Cabinet were united against these proposals; they were not brought to surrender until the choice had been put up to them: Sign — or else accept a Terboven or a Seyss-Inquart for ruler of the country, with the usual consequences.

A Danish proverb warns that those who say "A" also have to say "B." But if the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact was the first serious "B" following on the capitulation of April 9, the people now protested that they wanted no more alphabet soup, especially as the Nazis had begun to talk of a "C" of anti-Jewish measures. Communism is as far from the individualistic Danes as is Nazism, but when the news of the pact leaked out, about twenty thousand stormed to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, shouting "Down with the traitor Scavenius!" They pelted Germans who didn't keep out of their way with whatever was handy, beat up Danish Nazis, cried that they preferred the fate of Norway to further concessions, and over and over again they sang the Norwegian national song. For a week the demonstrations continued.

6

The cast of the Danish drama is now clear: the German army and Gestapo of occupation; the Danish people, 98 per cent of them against any collaboration with the enemy, whom, after all, they have withstood longer than any other nation in Europe; the less than two per cent of Danish Nazis, a fraction of opportunists; a Coalition Cabinet of good Danes, except two, and the King.

In the Cabinet, except for Nazis and Communists, the five Danish political parties are represented, the dominant being the Social-Democrat, rather like the English Labor party. Its old leader, the Prime Minister Stauning, died recently, a heartbroken man. He is reported to have said when the invasion took place: "But things like that *can't* happen," tearing at his long beard. His successor, Vilhelm Buhl, is a staunch Social-Democrat, appointed in defiance of the Nazis.

But in none of the five parties was there a man who, under the circumstances, could have commanded the allegiance of the whole people; and the piece of luck with which socialistic Denmark found itself endowed turned out to be that it had a King.

King Christian X, on the throne since 1912, had gradually lived down the old suspicion that the Crown shed its beams on Conservatives only. Fishwives could, and did, walk into his palace and explode about their grievances. His influence was great and is now infinitely greater.

But he hasn't become a Socialist. You couldn't imagine him as a President. He is a King. He is of a line of Kings; generations have bred in him a dignity, a power of simple royal gesture, an ability to say and do the right thing at the right time.

"There is no doubt about it," a man remarked who knows him well, "he can say things that make even the Nazis blush for themselves." "Why?" "Well, he is old, he's tall and straight, he speaks perfect German, he has a kind of bearing they don't know, and they're snobs. He may threaten to abdicate, but he must never do it; then the lock would be off the door."

An example. The Germans come to the

King to demand that something really must be done about the "Jewish problem" in Denmark. (The country has a few thousand Jews, many of them among the best of its citizens.) "Sirs," the King is reported to have said, "as we have never considered ourselves inferior to the Jews, we have no such problem here." Even the Germans laugh, shamefacedly, and leave.

The King, because of his symbolic value and because of what he is as a man, has given the people a way to focus its national consciousness. He never leaves the capital now; the flag is day and night over the palace. Old as he is — over seventy — and severe as the weather may be, only serious illness makes him miss the unattended early ride on his horse through the town, followed by the cyclists going to work, "who never ride ahead of him now, but come in long reverential lines after him."

But it is, after all, they, the people themselves, who have to show whether they deserve nationhood.

From Sweden, whose friendship has sustained the Danes immeasurably, comes a judgment on that. One of its papers has said: "Denmark is the one country in which the Germans so far have used comparatively 'soft' methods; one might think then that the Danes would yield to the ideas whose mighty instruments have scored such triumphs on all of the European continent, but the Danes stand more opposed to Nazi ideology than ever, long as their history of opposition to Prussianism is."

7

The Swedes are right. Yet there is a positive side. Being occupied by Germany, even "softly" — with only military and material ruin and loss of liberty — is not a passive affair. The whole demonic propaganda machinery of the Nazis is set going full blast; money, power, glory are offered for conversions; other points of view tend to be suppressed; newspapers and radio must conform — "or else!"

Denmark had many fearless, enlightened journalists; they soon found a way of writing between the lines (even radio announcers

learned to speak between the lines), but their way has been hard. The German press attaché in Copenhagen was set to rule over them; in fact he was made *Landesführer* for the whole country by von Ribbentrop. A speech which he made to the corralled journalists is quoted in Niels Ebbesen's book. A fragment gives the tone: —

After the American assault on Greenland, I had expected that this Danish national feeling, which the press is always stressing, would make you gentlemen express it in your editorials, but I am perfectly aware of the reaction which this event has caused in the people. It is only too clear how Western influence [English] prevents all sensible and logical thinking. Your comments at that time were, to put it mildly, thin soup. . . . I have carefully studied the whole press . . . it is carrying through a quiet but effective sabotage against Dano-German collaboration. If you gentlemen think that I will rest content with this state of affairs, you are mistaken. . . .

Danish editors, politicians, and many others have been forced from their positions by the Nazis, yet the "state of affairs" not only goes on but is intensified. Determined and brilliant leaders have arisen; the omnipresent Danish youth-coöperation movement includes young men and women of all parties, working steadily against Nazi influence. In every school, from the lowest to the highest, nothing but antidotes to Nazism are being created. The folk high schools, for farmers and workers, have once more become fortresses filled with defenders of humane values, and a Nazi-supported paper wails that "in the churches the parsons preach about Nero, and the congregations never misunderstand them!"

All Danes outside Denmark look to Henrik de Kauffmann, still Danish Minister to Washington, as their leader, because of the brave, wholehearted stand he has taken ever since the invasion. And inside Denmark he is said to be the most popular man next to the King.

The Danes are concentrating on spiritual resistance, but they also practice a very effective lot of "V" sabotage. Yet it would not help general strategy if the Nazis were given an excuse to crush the country entirely. It is better that the Danes should keep some strength, some control of their affairs, for a day that may come.

The unshakable stand taken by the Danes is: You may hurt us materially, and even physically: you shall not make us sell our souls. By making concessions, the Government hopes to pilot the country through until the expected change, but the people are aware that from some concessions there can be no recovery. Rather, for instance, than countenance persecution of fellow citizens because of race or religion, they ask openly, through leaders like Professors Vilhelm la Cour and Hal Koch, for the fate of Norway. Enormous pressure is being brought on the Danes to pass the Nuremberg Laws — not that the small number of Jews matters to the Nazis; but if they could only drag the Danes to their level in this, much would have been gained. They can't. They may decide that the milch cow is dry, so the Danes needn't be treated "softly" any longer. They may enforce the Nuremberg Laws themselves. But then, as King Christian is made to say in a Swedish cartoon, and as he may well have said, "If they do that we will all wear the yellow star."

There is a unique drama going on in Denmark. In keeping with their kind of culture, the Danish people are as one man against the Nazis; their strength not in violence, but in the quiet, deep-rooted will to choose death rather than spiritual degradation. It is not easy to strike the Terrible Meek, but the Nazis may at any time do it. Then, though the turn of the Danes may come to be tortured and murdered in large numbers, the Germans will surely lose that battle, and the Danes will win it.

» In the *Atlantic* for June, Stephen Leacock spoke with laughable incredulity about his friends, the scientists.

A TOOL, NOT A CREED

An Answer to Stephen Leacock

by A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

IT IS good to stand aside sometimes and laugh at our own solemnity; but having laughed at the many brilliant witticisms in Stephen Leacock's "Common Sense and the Universe" and chuckled at the hard knocks given the cosmologists and physicists, we pause to ponder how very few men of letters, men nurtured in the non-scientific branches of learning, have any real appreciation of the intrinsic beauty of modern physics and astrophysics. They catch nothing of the thrill of the chase as observation and theory, like a pair of hounds, leap forward, first one leading, then the other, up hill, down dale, now into a cul-de-sac, then retracing and off again with a fresh scent.

A great man and teacher, Sir Joseph Thomson, pre-eminent as a physicist in his day, was wont to say to his classes in the Cavendish Laboratory, "A theory is a tool, not a creed." A tool, not a creed! Burn this into your minds, ye men of letters, who picture science as if it were a random game of ninepins. You portray the man of science as sadly lacking in ordinary common sense. You see him setting up a theory like a ninepin. After it has stood for some time, long or short, some ball knocks it down. Then from the non-scientific public on the side lines come cheers of derision, kindly perhaps or gently mocking. You see one pin knocked over and another pin set up, and the less you comprehend its significance the more eagerly you hail its eventual downfall as fit

occasion to poke fun at the bowlers and make merry over the futility of the game.

A theory is a tool, not a creed. The purpose of a tool is to fashion something, and any craftsman will tell you that a tool has justified its existence if it has helped to fashion a better implement than itself. This is the attitude of mind to be adopted in gauging the value of any scientific theory. Has it been useful in pointing the direction in which new knowledge has been found; has it been fruitful of new ideas; has it been the basis from which, by deduction, crucial tests of its own validity or adequacy have been formulated? If so, and even if the crucial tests lead to its own overthrow, its existence has been justified; its very downfall may be its own triumph.

Thus the reaction of a scientist when a theory requires drastic modification or is discarded in favor of another is not one of humiliation and chagrin. While his non-scientific friends are laughing at him and his theories, he laughs to himself, happy because progress is being made, happy because a new challenge is laid before his eyes, and amused probably because, in watching the amusement of the crowd of onlookers, he sees that they have really missed the point!

Let us take this matter of the speculations of the cosmologists which led the humorous critic of science to say, "We begin to doubt whether science can quite keep on believing in and respecting itself." I think he has missed the point on more counts than one. Hubble's latest researches have not restored some Elysian status quo, nor has the cosmologist any reason to do otherwise than

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hold his head high, for his speculations and investigations during these past twenty-five years provide one of the most thrilling records of scientific method and imaginative daring in the history of modern science.

The Michelson-Morley experiment provided a challenge to the comfortable cosmology of the last century. Einstein had the courage and daring to venture out into a non-Euclidean deep. De Sitter deduced the observational tests of Einstein's theory and drew special attention to the apparent recession of the distant galaxies as measured by the red shift of their spectrum lines. Lemaître, to explain this, propounded his theory of the expanding universe — but let it be said very clearly that this was not a creed: it was a tool. Hubble took this tool and with its aid carved out an observational program designed to test the temper of the steel of which the tool was made. The test throws heavy doubt upon the expansion theory and, in so doing, it resurrects an old problem with a new urgency: What principle of nature, as yet unrecognized, is responsible for the red shifts of the spectrum lines if these may no longer be interpreted as indicating velocity of recession? This becomes a ringing challenge to both physicist and astronomer.

But the last word has not yet been said on the hypothesis of expanding space. Already the hounds are off on a new scent. What an international record this chase provides! There have been contributions from America, Germany, Holland, England, Belgium, and now the intensely interesting work just reported by the Indian scientist, Chandrasekhar. He has been inquiring

under what conditions of nature the basic units of matter — electrons, protons, neutrons, positrons — could be expected to come together to form, in their various proportions, the atoms which make up the elements familiar to the chemist. As these elements compose all stellar bodies as well as all things terrestrial, their synthesis is a cosmic problem. He finds that such tremendous extremes of high temperature and high density would be required that it is necessary to suppose that all the matter of the known universe was once confined to a volume of radius only about twenty times that of the solar system. Such a sphere drawn around our sun as center does not now contain a single other star. Yet into such a volume there may once have been packed not only all the thousand million stars of our own galaxy, but all the millions of other galaxies. This is indeed a picture reminiscent of the "giant molecule" of Lemaître.

Since stars and galaxies are not now thus packed, expansion must have taken place some time very long ago. If, as Hubble's conclusions imply, expansion is not still in progress, we are faced with yet another problem: that of how cosmic expansion was checked. One can always claim that some advance has been made when it is possible to formulate new questions.

This chase has led into strange territory. The trail has sometimes doubled back upon itself, but always the hunt presses on, the hounds are in full cry. Happy are they who can feel something of the excitement and thrill of these great and daring adventures of the mind.



» "The main reserve of labor is from among married women with no young children. And we shall have to draw tremendous numbers of these married women into the labor market in 1942 and in 1943."

WASTING OF MANPOWER

by JOHN J. CORSON

1

IN TIME of war, idle men and women anywhere are an anomaly. Yet today — eight months after this country's entrance into this war — at least one out of every seven men and women who can be considered potential workers is without a paid job. Simultaneously, twenty-five of the country's principal industrial centers report a shortage of *male* labor for the production of aircraft, ships, machine tools, and munitions. The widespread "pirating" of scarce skilled workers by one employer from another confirms these reports.

Coal mine operators insist that a fuel shortage is imminent if the miners taken by the armed forces and other employers are not replaced. In Oregon a scarcity of labor, it is reported, will drastically curtail lumber output. Farmers claim that their production is threatened by shortages of farm hands in the potato fields and truck areas of Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey. There is a shortage of sheepherders in Nevada, of dairy hands in Minnesota and Massachusetts, and of cotton field workers in Texas and Arizona. Moreover, since gasoline rationing and tire shortages will further reduce the usual supply of migratory farm labor, workers from Mexico will be imported to replace them. Newspaper reports that men are to be

"frozen" in their jobs cause thousands hurriedly to seek other jobs at higher wages or nearer home. Thus, evidences of a scarcity of labor are numerous, while idle workers look for jobs.

There are plenty of men and women to man this country's expanded plants, shops, and farms for this year at least. Probably there will be enough in 1943 as well. Certainly there can be no real labor shortage in this country so long as there are two million or more unemployed men and women, so long as some workers remain idle because wages are low and others because their skin is colored. Nevertheless even now we are confronted with shortages of labor in centers and industries vitally important to the war effort. Crippling shortages, moreover, develop as further contracts are let for planes, tanks, guns, ships, and gas masks.

Employers in war industries forecast that the greatest expansion of employment since the start of the war program will take place this summer and early this fall. It may become necessary to tell men and women where they must work, just as we tell our young men where they must serve in the armed forces. Moreover, it may prove necessary to tell employers how they shall hire workers, and which workers they shall or shall not hire — unless we find ways of eliminating the present widespread *waste* of manpower.

There is nothing novel, nothing unique, in the ways by which we waste manpower. Excessive labor turnover is a well-known source of waste. The railroad industry, for example, provides a total of over 1.2 million jobs. During the next six months there will

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be an increase in employment of about 135,000 jobs and a replacement of some 167,000 workers in the course of normal turnover. The hiring, rehiring, training, and retraining which these figures represent account for the loss of tens of thousands of man-days of employment.

2

The accelerated economic tempo of war itself increases labor turnover. Reckless competitive bidding for labor, differential working conditions, and the Selective Service drafts are all contributing factors. For instance, according to the indexes of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, net separation rates in manufacturing industries have increased from about 3.5 per 100 employees in November, 1941, to about 5.4 per 100 employees in March, 1942. At the turnover rate prevailing in March, and if it is assumed that each separation lasts only one day, the loss during 1942 will be about 24 million man-days. Since it requires about 80,000 man-days to build a 6800-ton cargo ship, a loss of 24 million man-days is equivalent to the loss of some 300 vitally needed cargo ships!

An even greater, and less justifiable, loss of manpower can be attributed to industrial accidents. For disabling injuries alone, the loss to production during 1940 was 42 million man-days, or the manpower required to produce another 525 needed cargo ships. In contrast, the loss of from 6 to 15 million man-days during 1942 as a result of strikes seems minor.

Another effective way of wasting manpower is by utilizing rigid or discriminatory specifications which preclude the employment of women, Negroes, aliens, Jews, and aged workers. In Baltimore, for instance, the supply of white manpower is virtually exhausted while thousands of Negro workers remain unemployed. In-migration of white workers is encouraged even though there is a shortage of housing and transportation facilities. Similar situations exist in Seattle, in Philadelphia, in Mobile, and in other cities. Some employers also refuse to hire aliens because they either think it is prohibited or are unwilling to take the trouble to obtain permission to employ them. Moreover, such

discrimination does not distinguish between aliens and foreign-born citizens, or between aliens from the United Nations and those from Axis countries.

As a nation, we have done little to dovetail seasonal jobs. In the Southwest, this year, a thousand acres planted in sugar beets, enough to supply sugar for 1.5 million people for one month, were plowed under because of the lack of "stoop" labor for blocking and thinning beets. Workers are required a few weeks later in the cotton fields and on the railroads for "track labor." In former years, it was possible to meet these three labor demands from separate groups of workers. This year the available aggregate supply of workers in the area has been depleted by Selective Service drafts and by the recruitment of aircraft and shipbuilding industries on the West Coast and in Texas. Hence, the only way these labor demands can be met is by dovetailing seasonal jobs.

In two major eastern ports, the workers in approximately twenty separate ship repair yards are working half time or less. The total number of workers required to man these yards is roughly twice as great as the number that would be required were all ship repair work concentrated in yards where men were employed full time. But manpower has been too readily available to force the development of means of eliminating waste.

In expediting production for war needs, Army and Navy contracting authorities have let contracts to producers with plants and equipment wherever such plants were located or would locate. After a year and a half of awarding contracts, it became apparent early in 1942 that there had been a gross maldistribution of contracts as related to the available supplies of labor in different sections of the country. In New York City there are more than 400,000 unemployed workers. Though more than half the state's population and labor force is located in this city, only one-sixth of the contracts for war production have been let to New York City. The allocation of additional contracts to employers in that city bids fair to prevent the wastage of perhaps a quarter of a million man-years during 1942.

3

The only real shortage of labor which has affected war production to date is the shortage of *skilled* workers, particularly in the metal trades, aircraft, shipbuilding, and ordnance. For every skilled tool designer available, 15 are needed. For toolmakers, the ratio of demand to supply is 31 to 1; for assembler, ship and boat building, 93 to 1; for plate hangers, shipbuilding, 61 to 1; for skin men, aircraft, 48 to 1. This scarcity of skilled workers accounts for an even more serious wastage of manpower than does surplus labor because, when skilled workers are so hard to get, employers try stealing or "pirating" them from other employers.

Meanwhile employers who have skilled workers in their employ "hoard" them, knowing how hard it would be to replace them. In New England, skilled toolmakers were found playing bridge while the shop in which they were employed awaited hoped-for new orders. An automobile plant in Detroit, lacking tool and die work, put its tool and die workers on the job of painting the plant. Still other skilled workers are doing assembly-line work which any worker could learn in two or three weeks.

In months past there has been enough surplus manpower so that war production has not been seriously handicapped by such wastage of manpower. But the surplus is diminishing rapidly, while the labor requirements of war production are expanding inexorably. Enactment of the Sixth Supplemental National Defense Appropriation Act brings the total appropriations for war production to more than 160 billion dollars. Few of us can think in terms of billions of dollars. The figures become more intelligible when the President translates them into things to be produced:—

In 1942 —	8,000,000 tons of shipping
	60,000 planes
	45,000 tanks
In 1943 —	11,000,000 tons of shipping
	125,000 planes
	75,000 tanks

But before the appropriations and the contracts can yield planes, ships, tanks, and

other weapons of war, these figures must be translated into people working on war orders. At the close of 1941, about 7 million people were working on war orders and about 2 million men were in the armed forces. Twelve months later, when the armed forces will have been increased by another 3 to 5 million men, about 18 million people will be in war production jobs. A year later, in December, 1943, if the war continues, there will be 9 million men in the armed forces and 20 million people in war industries.

In the two years 1942 and 1943, from 5 to 7 million men will be added to the armed forces. The number of men drawn into the armed forces this summer will very likely be greater than the number drawn during the previous six months. During the same two-year period — 1942 and 1943 — upwards of 13 million people will also be drawn into war production. In short, one of every six or seven persons in this country will switch from no work or dispensable work to service in the armed forces or to essential war work.

No one likes to be uprooted, but it is evident that many of us will be. Of the 10.5 million men and women required for expanding war production during the current year, more than 7 million will be workers whose plants have been converted from peacetime activities to war production, or whose jobs were wiped out entirely.

The reservoir of manpower upon which we must depend consists principally of housewives and students under 18 years of age. In 1940, there were 7 million students 14 to 17 years of age, and 2 million students over the age of 18. This group, however, is not likely to yield many regular workers. There are approximately 19 million women between the ages of 18 and 44, and about 10 million between 45 and 64, who are not in the labor force. But the employment of women in the 45 to 64 age group may be restricted by the unwillingness of many employers to hire older women, and housewives with young children cannot be expected to provide many full-time workers for industry. Single women who are not employed in industry may have household and other responsibilities which will prevent them from

accepting employment. The main reserve of labor, then, is from among married women with no young children. And we shall have to draw tremendous numbers of these married women into the labor market in 1942 and 1943.

4

What will these girls and women do? Everything but heavy manual labor. Already women are employed in aircraft plants as welders, turret-lathe and punch-press operators, industrial engineers and chemists. They are proving particularly adaptable to electrical assembly work, which requires a high degree of finger dexterity, and to repetitive jobs which require constant alertness, such as winding coils and armatures, soldering, taping, painting, and visual inspection. Today, over 40 per cent of the workers in small-arms manufacture and in bag-loading plants are women. To determine the varied jobs suitable for women, the United States Employment Service has just completed an analysis of war-industry jobs. Of the more than 600 essential occupations studied, women were employed in fewer than 30, though analysis of the duties performed showed that they could be used in about 250.

However, most of the women who must be drawn into the labor market will not be put to work on new or novel jobs. For the most part they will take over the humdrum jobs which men leave when they enter the armed forces or war production. Perhaps 150,000 women will themselves enter the armed forces in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. But most women who work will be needed in stores, offices, schools, hospitals, and the like, as nurses, social workers, dietitians, secretaries, telephone operators, stenographers, and clerks. Unless women — and, for that matter, everyone else — understand that essential war work includes all jobs necessary to civilian maintenance as well as "glamour" jobs in munitions factories, we shall be unsuccessful in utilizing our manpower to its full extent.

If, as these figures would indicate, there is an essential job for every man and woman, two conclusions follow. First, we cannot afford the waste of manpower to which we

are accustomed. Second, we must find effective ways of getting workers to the places where they are needed.

Two major steps have already been taken to cut down the waste of manpower and to facilitate getting workers to essential jobs. The first step was taken on January 1, 1942, when, upon the request of the President to each governor, all of the former state employment services were transferred to the Federal Government and integrated into a single national employment service. This national system offers employers quick access to the workers they need. It tells workers where jobs are.

But an employment service cannot produce workers. It can only recruit and refer those men and women who are known to the employment office. To facilitate access to the country's existing manpower, and particularly to the relatively small number of skilled workers whose services are now urgently needed, a national occupational inventory of men is under way. Each of the 40 million registrants under the Selective Service Act — each male between the ages of 18 and 65 — has been asked to report by questionnaire what skills and experience he possesses. A copy of each questionnaire will be housed in the local employment office, which thereby will have access to the community's resources in skilled and unskilled manpower.

The demand that each man and woman must serve where he or she can contribute most to winning the war conflicts with the right of each worker to work where he will, and of each employer to hire and fire as he deems best. This conflict arises only when the total demand for workers outruns the number of available men and women of requisite skills. Meanwhile labor is not scarce in the United States so far as the total number of potential workers is concerned. What is scarce is effective use of our manpower and effective management of the labor market. The sooner these lacks are supplied, the longer shall we be able to meet the rapidly expanding labor requirements of war production without substituting compulsion for the volition of worker and employer in bringing men and jobs together.

— THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL —

THE
Year of
DECISION

— 1846 —

BY BERNARD DeVOTO



— CHAPTERS XII-XVIII —

DESTINY IN THE MAKING

The Early Events

In 1846 the United States was moving to occupy the West. A feeling which found for itself the name Manifest Destiny was awakening across America. Americans knew little about the West, but it was a dream deep in their traditions and deep in their blood, and now the logic of geography had somehow become imperative. There was a quickening, an expectation, and as part of it some twenty-five hundred Americans were preparing to make, in the summer of 1846, the emigration across the great unknown that took our national frontier to the Pacific Ocean in one gigantic stride.

In the White House was President James K. Polk. He entered office facing a crisis in foreign relations which involved the possibility of two wars. Texas, whose independence Mexico had never recognized, had just been annexed to the United States. Polk's platform required him to settle the Oregon Question — and to settle it by rejecting British claims to any part of Oregon. Polk believed — and rightly — that his election signified the desire of his countrymen to acquire all the remaining territory west of Texas and the Louisiana Purchase, the vast spaces known as California and New Mexico, which belonged to Mexico.

Though he was willing to fight both Mexico and Great Britain if necessary, Polk believed that he could avoid both wars. He terminated the joint occupation of Oregon and began a negotiation which finally allayed the war passions of both nations and compromised the dispute by establishing the present boundary. He had taken a firm stand toward Great Britain and he took a firmer one toward Mexico, hoping by a show of force to

settle the Texas question and the long-unpaid American claims in the happiest way — the American acquisition, by purchase, of California and New Mexico. He ordered an army under Zachary Taylor to the Rio Grande (in territory claimed by both Texas and Mexico). He sent secret instructions to Commodore Sloat of the Pacific Squadron, to occupy the California ports if war should break out. He sent John Slidell to Mexico, to present the American proposals. And he intrigued secretly with Santa Anna, who might become President of Mexico again and who assured Polk that he favored the American demands.

Great events were preparing in California. Captain John Charles Frémont was there on his third exploring expedition, boiling with ambition and eager to take part in any war or revolution that might break out. Meanwhile another American in California, also aware that the province was ripe for the plucking, was preparing to travel east, meet this year's emigrants, and turn as many as possible of them to California — to assist annexation, revolution, or perhaps merely speculation in real estate. This was Lansford Hastings, a petty adventurer who had written a highly undependable guide for emigrants. With Hastings traveled James Clyman, a master mountain man, one of the honorable company who had explored this vast and almost unknown area, who knew its ways and its dangers — as the movers did not.

The emigrants hold our attention. For they, with the events mentioned here, made the year 1846 a decisive turning point in our history. They fixed the mold of the future.

THE YEAR OF DECISION

1846

by BERNARD DeVOTO

12

THOUGH it was to be a drouth summer throughout the West, the prairies had one of their wettest springs. The citizenry of Independence had built six miles of macadam road to the Missouri in order to keep their commerce, but had omitted grading their own streets. It was still raining in early May, wagons bogged to the hubs, and one waded to Colonel Noland's tavern or Robert Weston's blacksmith shop through a knee-deep solution of red Missouri clay. Either was worth the miring, however; Weston's was the most celebrated of the frontier's smithies, though only one of a dozen or more in Independence, all overburdened with this spring's preparations; Smallwood Noland's inn was even more famous, the westernmost hotel in all America, the last one this side of the Sandwich Islands, with accommodations for up to four hundred guests if they didn't mind sleeping two or more in a bed.

Independence was the traditional jumping-off place. Quite properly, a son of Daniel Boone was the first white man to visit it. He named it Eden and was later confirmed by inspiration. "The land of Missouri," God revealed to the prophet Joseph Smith in 1831, "is the land which I have appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints. Wherefore this is the land of promise and the place for the city of Zion. . . . Behold,

BERNARD DeVOTO grew up in Ogden, Utah, at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, surrounded, as he says, "by Mormon pioneers and other veterans of the West, miners, bullwhackers, cowboys, desert runners, prospectors, Indian fighters." The story of the frontier, he took in through his pores. He camped and fished in the mountains, worked on a ranch through which ran ruts of the California Trail, and wrote his first piece about the Diggers while he was still in high school. He began his systematic study of the Southwest after the Armistice, and from that time to this the Oregon Trail, the Mormon migration, the annexation of Texas, the Donner party, and the deeds of the mountain men were the exploits which his mind worked on year after year. Here is what Manifest Destiny meant to us.

the place which is now called Independence is the center place [of the earth and of the starry universe as well] and a spot for the temple is lying westward upon a lot which is not far from the court house." Round that courthouse and that still vacant temple lot the Saints were to gather when the Latter Days should become the Last Days, and they are still to gather there when prophecy shall be fulfilled. But though Joseph acquired his most industrious murderer at Independence, Porter Rockwell, Israel's enemies prevailed and the Saints were driven from their gathering place to the less sanctified lands of Clay County.

But in '46 all conditions of mankind poured through Independence in all costumes: Shawnee and Kansa from the Territory, and wanderers of other tribes, blanketed, painted, wearing their Presidential medals; Mexicans in bells, slashed pantaloons, and primary colors, speaking a strange tongue and smoking shuck-rolled cigarettes; mountain men in buckskins, preparing for the summer trade or offering their services to the emigrant trains; the casehardened bullwhackers of the Santa Fe Trail in boots and bowie knives, coming in after wintering at the other end or preparing to go out; rivermen and roustabouts, Negro stevedores, soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, a miscellany of transients whose only motive was to see the elephant wherever the elephant might be. Freight poured in from the steamboat landings, the great wagons careened through the streets, day by day the freshet of movers came in from the East, the lowing of herds pullulated over the town, the smithies and wagon shops rang with iron, whooping riders galloped their ponies through the mud, the groggeries were one long aria, and out from town the little clusters of tents grew and grew.

The most powerful tension of pioneering began here at the jumping-off. Here was a confusion of

tongues, a multitude of strange businesses, a horde of strangers — and beyond was the unknown hazard. For all their exuberance and expectation, doubt of that unknown fermented in the movers and they were already bewildered. They moved, gaping, from wheelwright's to blacksmith's, from tavern to outfitter's, harassed by drovers and merchants trying to sell them equipment, derided by the freighters, oppressed by rumors of Indians and hostile Mormons, oppressed by homesickness, drinking too much forty-rod, forming combinations and breaking them up, fighting a good deal, raging at the rain and spongy earth, most of them depressed, some of them giving up and going ingloriously home.

They in turn were passing strange to Francis Parkman. He thought the Mexicans' tongue outlandish and he heard with an intense distaste the high Tennessee whine, the Illinois nasals, the cottonmouth Missouri drawl, the slurred syllables, the bad grammar, the idioms and slang of uncouth dialects. The movers were loud, rowdy, carelessly dressed, and unmistakably without breeding. They waited for no introduction before accosting a grandson of a China merchant and his cousin whose triply perfumed name was Quincy Adams Shaw — slapping them on the back, prying into their lives and intentions. "How are ye, boys? Are ye for Oregon or California?" None of their damned business: would not have been on Beacon Hill and certainly was not since they were coarse, sallow, unkempt, and dressed in homespun which all too obviously had been tailored for them by their wives. "New England sends but a small proportion but they are better furnished than the rest," he wrote in his notebook — and in his book set down that the movers were "totally devoid of any sense of delicacy or propriety." They would not do. He was perplexed by "this strange migration" and wondered whether mere restlessness went into it, or "a desire of shaking off restraints of law and society," or "an insane hope of a better condition of life."

He could not suffer the Pukes or the Suckers. So he joined three Englishmen whom he had met at St. Louis, preparing for a summer on the plains, and who also wanted no truck with the "Kentucky fellows." They were three of God's innocents, and one of them had high ranking among God's bores. Captain Chandler had retired from Her Majesty's Army on a competence; he had his brother with him and a Mr. Romaine. This last was a faintly literary gentleman who bossed everything, knew nothing, was

inept in all things, expressed his type at the very beginning by leading them off the trail for a full week. Yet he had to be accorded a certain authority since he had been on — and survived — a mountain expedition in 1841. Parkman had hired a mountain man, Henry Chatillon, and a humble Canadian pork-eater named Delorier; the Britishers had three *engagés*. Ten strong altogether, with twenty-three horses and mules, they fled the movers into the prairies, where there would be no worse affliction than the Pawnee. They intended to travel a long way — the Englishmen to the Pacific and Parkman as far as need be to find the noble savage in his unspoiled state. One supposes that Henry Chatillon assumed they must soon join a wagon train; otherwise, to take so small a party West was folly.

The Britishers dressed in the fearful costumes of their kind and were equipped with expensive sporting arms. Parkman and Shaw wore the prairie uniforms supplied by correct outfitters and had the conventional weapons. They packed their miniature train and were off. At Fort Leavenworth, Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny of the First Dragoons (he was clearly a gentleman) had no hint of what the summer was preparing for him, talked of steeplechases and buffalo hunting, and pledged them with a bottle of Madeira. And so westward — if, as a result of British confidence, at first not on the trail.

Alone of the year's travelers who described their journeying, Parkman called this lush country the Great American Desert. He observed at once, however, that "the clouds in this region are afflicted with incontinence of water." The phrase was a trifle high, and what survived in his book was a remark that the climate made New England's seem "mild and equable." He was right. It buffeted him, the Mormons, the Santa Fe traders, and the emigrants with a violent succession of deluges, thunderstorms, northers, freezes, and heat waves. Oxen might die of heat beside streams made impassable by yesterday's rain while their owners sniffled with the colds produced by day before yesterday's norther. Sudden gales blowing out of nowhere flattened the tents, barrages of thunder that lasted for many hours might stampede the stock, and Parkman remarked that his bed was soft, for he sank into it. Nevertheless the life was enchanting at once: this was a camping trip many times enlarged. He equally accepted the rains, the continual miring and occasional breakdown of the cart, the deadly mosquitoes, the dor bugs, and the ineptitudes of the British. It was wild, free, and rewarding, an intensification of the

tramps and canoe trips through upper New England that had laid the ground plans of the books he would write. He quickly learned the knacks of prairie travel, could pitch camp, hitch a pack, find wood or water, track a strayed horse, extricate the mired cart.

The rains ended, though there was a vicious sleet storm in June. Vegetation grew sparse, the land sloped and broke up. Traveling grew monotonous but had a pleasant languor. Parkman had some symptoms of illness but did not realize how ominous they were. His notebook says occasionally that he was "hipped," meaning the fits of depression that were to grow stronger and darker in his middle years.

Then they met the buffalo, and the fantasy of all American boys was fulfilled. Parkman's horse, which he had duly named Pontiac, was not broken to buffalo running, but his rider made a frenzied and ecstatic chase. Drenched with sweat, his heart pounding, armed only with a saddle pistol, he missed his first one and nearly got lost in the prairie sea to boot, but before long he was a veteran. By June 10 he and Shaw had had all they could stand of British fumbling and bumbling. "The folly of Romaine — the old womanism of the Capt. combine to disgust us" is one notebook entry. They decided to go it alone. There would be only four of them, — and they were now at the Lower California Crossing of the Platte, — but that would be all right. Pretty soon they would find some Indians.

And pretty soon they did. Something was coming down a butte on the horizon and Parkman took it to be a file of buffalo. But Henry Chatillon shouted that it was Old Smoke's village of Sioux. Shortly a young buck in robe and moccasins, with bow and quiver, an eagle-bone whistle thrust in his topknot, gorgeously rode up and Parkman had a foretaste of his desire. The visitor rode on with them. The village was camped at Horse Creek, and here was Old Smoke in person, and Old Smoke's youngest squaw was a beauty in fringed and beaded white deerskin, her cheeks vermilioned. Here were other chiefs in a tableau of savage dignity, formally posed, their robes thrown over their shoulders like Roman knights. Squaws and children boiled about, hundreds of dogs were howling, and the old women, "ugly as Macbeth's witches," worked feverishly and added a high screaming to the mingled noises that made Parkman's heart run over. He had reached the threshold of adventure. He had found what he had come to find.

He noted an emigrant train, "dragging their

slow, heavy procession" across Horse Creek at that moment. The thought struck him that these people and their descendants would finish the Western Indians in the course of a century.

He gave a noon feast for some chiefs and camped on the Platte that night, within sight of the Sioux. The next day, June 15, he hurried on to Fort Laramie and began to make arrangements. Leave him there for a while.

13

The emigration moved beside Parkman, ahead of him, and behind him. We will follow it in the experiences of an enormous wagon train which formed in early May at Indian Creek, a few miles out from Independence. This particular train was nearer the eastern than the western end of the long line of wagons that stretched in its entirety for several hundreds of miles, making from the Missouri to the Pacific in this summer of '46. It was not to be a unit for very long, and the units that formed of its components were themselves to shift, interchange, break up, and reunite. Ahead of it moved at least twenty trains that had left Independence, Westport, and St. Joseph as units, and these too underwent similar fractures and transformations. Behind it were an undetermined but smaller number of similar trains.

There was Mr. Edwin Bryant, born a Yankee but lately a newspaper editor at Louisville, traveling with two Kentucky friends. There was Lillburn W. Boggs, formerly governor of Missouri and hated by the Mormons (and once shot by one of them) for his official persecutions, a frontier merchant and trader to Santa Fe, once brother-in-law of the Bents, who were the masters of the Southwestern Indian trade, now married to a grand-daughter of Daniel Boone — and three of her brothers traveled West with him. There was Mr. Jessy Quinn Thornton of Quincy, Illinois, and his wife Nancy. Thornton was thirty-five, a traveled and educated man, a correspondent of Horace Greeley's, a friend of Stephen Douglas. The Thorntons were a perfect flowering of the bourgeoisie that had risen on the Middle Border. Set off against them a mint specimen of the Kentucky Colonel, William Henry Russell, tall, affable, a hell-roaring frontier orator certain to be chosen captain of this wagon train. Some called him Owl Russell. The story ran that once he heard owls who-whooping from the woods and, mistaking the lament for an inquiry, stood up and roared into the dark, "Colonel William H. Russell of Kentucky, a bosom friend of Henry Clay."

They will do as samples: a Kentucky Colonel, a monument of Illinois respectability, a Yankee editor, and a grandson-in-law of Daniel Boone. But certain others must be introduced, since the West was preparing a special destiny for them.

There was James Frazier Reed, forty-six years old, lately of Sangamon County, Illinois. Noble Polish blood mingled in his veins with that of log-cabin pioneers; he was well-to-do, he had three wagons and a luxurious outfit, and bore credentials of character and position signed by the governor of Illinois. His wife Margaret went with him, and their three children, and Margaret's mother, and her thirteen-year-old daughter by an earlier marriage. Mrs. Sarah Keyes, Margaret Reed's mother, was feeble and failing but resolved to live till she might meet her son Caddan, who had gone to Oregon the year before and was supposed to be coming back along the trail this year. Reed also had five employees — four young men and the sister of one of them.

Traveling with Reed from the Sangamon country were portions of the patriarchal tribes of two brothers: George Donner who was sixty-two and Jacob Donner who was sixty-five. Tamsen was George Donner's third wife. None of the children of his first marriage, who were now mature and settled for themselves, went with him. Two daughters of his second marriage, however, accompanied him, and his three daughters by Tamsen. With Jacob Donner were his wife Elizabeth, a daughter and four sons, and two sons of Elizabeth's by an earlier marriage. Each Donner brother had three wagons and much extra stock, and four teamsters traveled with them — one an English gunsmith named John Denton, who had come all the way from Sheffield.

The Donners were going to California to live out their days in a winterless country. The younger children would grow up in a softer, more abundant life — and their gentility should not be impaired. Tamsen took with her "apparatus for preserving botanical specimens, water colors and oil paints, books and school supplies . . . for use in the young ladies' seminary which she hoped to establish in California." Touch of the invincible New England aspiration: Tamsen, a Yankee, was a schoolteacher and something of a writer for the ladies' press, and made notes as she traveled. (She also sewed ten thousand dollars in bank notes in a quilt, and that was by no means all the reserve cash that went with the Donners.) Their wagons, and Reed's, were packed not only with the necessities but with a rich and dangerous bulk of comforts, luxuries, and indulgences.

We must mention another family who joined the Donners at Independence, after they had met Jessy Quinn Thornton and accepted his advice to hurry on and join the train that was forming under Owl Russell. This was the family of Patrick Breen, from Ireland by way of Keokuk, and his wife Peggy. They had six sons, ranging from fourteen to four years old, and a year-old daughter. Breen, like Weed and the Donners, started from Independence with three wagons, plus a sizable herd of horses and milch cattle besides his oxen.

Parkman's judgment on these people, that of a Tory and a Brahmin, has been quoted. Thornton, who was a Virginian by origin, something of a cosmopolite, and as genteel as possible, did not agree. "The majority were plain, honest, substantial, intelligent, enterprising, and virtuous," he says. "They were indeed much superior to those who usually settle in a new country." Both halves of his judgment are unquestionably correct. A frontier that could be reached only by eighteen hundred miles of hard travel was not an easy recourse for brush-dwellers, squatters, and butcher-knife boys. This migration was drawn from the stable elements of society, if only because the stable alone could afford it. A customary family outfit had a value of from seven to fifteen hundred dollars. The only way in which a really poor man could make the passage was to hire out as driver or helper. A good many had the Big Bear of Arkansas exuberance that distressed Parkman, but even they were likely to be farmers who had sold their farms at a profit. Farmers predominated, but it was a heterogeneous mass. The train we are following included lawyers, journalists, students, teachers, day laborers, two ministers of the gospel, a carriage maker, a cabinetmaker, a stonemason, a jeweler, a gunsmith, and several blacksmiths. It had Germans, Hollanders, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, but was native American in the overwhelming majority.

The stock had exhausted the near-by grass and Owl Russell got his unwieldy train in motion — somehow, by sections mostly — and the start was made. It was too big, and it had a fundamental inner conflict in that some of the Osna-burg wagon-covers had "California" painted on them and others "Oregon," "The Whole or None," or "54° 40'." They waddled through the mire, the oxen unused to the routine and stubborn and stupid, the horses alert to slip away and turn back to the settlements. No order of camp life was yet established, and the movers were rebellious, vociferous, and bewildered by the strangeness of the country.

As they started, rumor raised up sizable dangers. The Kansa were supposed to be mobilized beside the trail, waiting to slaughter the emigration — a degenerate tribe fluent at theft but no longer hardy enough to make trouble. Bryant heard that a party of five Englishmen was moving down the trail on Her Majesty's business, to incite all Indians between here and the Pacific "to attack [the] trains, rob, murder, and annihilate them." This was the passage of Francis Parkman among the half-barbarous. More immediate was the threat of the Mormons, who were now loose beyond the frontier, five or ten or twenty thousand of them, with "ten brass field pieces" and every man "armed with a rifle, a bowie knife, and a brace of large revolving pistols." Their homes having been burned behind them, it seemed likely that they intended slaughter, and neither mob nor police would head them off. Here were many Illini and more Misourians. And here, specifically, was Lillburn Boggs, who had ordered his militia to exterminate them, who was responsible for the massacre of their relatives, who had sought the death of their prophet, and who had his share in producing that martyrdom by keeping alive the prosecution of Porter Rockwell, the Destroying Angel who had filled him with buckshot in his own home. The worst seemed exceedingly likely. The emigrants kept their rifles primed and their suspicions at halfcock — and sent an express to Colonel Kearny at Fort Leavenworth, asking his advice and protection. Kearny answered that they need fear no trouble if they behaved themselves. But the emigrants were not reassured till the border was far behind them, and whenever Parkman approached a train hard characters with their rifles cocked were apt to ride out on the chance that this descendant of John Cotton and son of the pastor of the New North Church might be a Mormon. Parkman suffered no greater indignity anywhere in the West.

As soon as Colonel Russell got his train moving, the Reverend Mr. Dunleavy was dissatisfied, and turned back to await more congenial companions. Five days later, Mr. Gordon decided that the going was too slow for him and persuaded a total of thirteen wagons to strike out ahead. Four days after that, Governor Boggs, Reed, George Donner, Bryant, and Thornton (probably the best minds in the train) convened beside the swollen Big Blue to take counsel on disorder and delay. So the next morning (perhaps further exasperated by the tumultuous storm of the same night) one hearty democrat who had aspired to office and been defeated assailed Russell and his lieutenant with violent language. All other ac-

tivity stopped while the protestant demanded that the whole corps of officers be tried for misfeasance and malfeasance. The officers submitted their resignations. Voted to accept. Debate followed, and second thoughts. Voted to reinstate the officers.

Already there had been absorbing incidents. On May 19, several wagons stayed behind, so it was delicately explained, to "hunt cattle." Dr. Rupert of Independence, who had ridden out for a last few days with a consumptive brother traveling to California for his health, stayed with them and presently delivered Mrs. Hall of twin boys.

And on May 16 they got the last news from the States that they would hear until they reached the Pacific. A horseman hurrying to catch up with a train ahead of them brought a copy of the *St. Louis Republican* containing word of hostilities in Mexico. On the Rio Grande a Captain Thornton of the Dragoons had been attacked and his command had been captured after a great loss of life, and the situation of Zachary Taylor was said to be extremely perilous. Excitement stirred among those who were bound to California, — and the success of Lansford Hastings was now assured, — but Bryant noted that no one thought of giving up the emigration.

14

These people were greenhorns: what the West came to call tenderfeet. Most of them were schooled in the culture that had served American pioneering up to now. The unfitness for the West of that experience shows at the beginning of the journey. The Oregon and California emigrants had a much harder time of it than they would have had if they had understood the conditions. They did not have to face the cholera that made the gold rush and certain later passages hazardous, or the Indian troubles that began in the fifties and lasted as long as there were Indians along the trail. But they experienced hardships, disease, great strain, and aimless suffering of which the greater part was quite unnecessary. The mountain men avoided it almost altogether.

A caravan of mountain men passing this way was an efficient organization. The duties of every member were stated — and attended to in an awareness that both safety and comfort depended on their being done right. The fur caravan was a coöperative unit, the emigrant train an uncohesive assemblage of individualists. The mountain men had mastered the craft of living off the country, finding grass and water, managing the

stock, making camp, reading buffalo sign and Indian sign. All such matters were hidden from the emigrants, who besides were tired men at the end of any day and prone to let someone else do the needful tasks. So their wagons were not kept up, horses and oxen strayed, and many hours, counting up to many days, were squandered. This added to the delay and we have already seen them moving much too slowly even at the beginning of the trip. The passage must be made with the greatest possible speed consonant with the good condition of the animals — but the movers dallied, strolling afiel to fish or see the country, stopping to stage a debate or a fist fight, or just wandering like vacationists. It was necessary to press forward, not only because the hardest going of the whole journey was toward the western end and would be far worse if they did not pass the mountains before the earliest snowfall, but also because every day diminished the food in the wagons, wore down the oxen by so much more, and laid a further increment of strain on man and beast. They lingered. And also, expert as they might be at living healthfully in the oak openings, they did not know how to take care of themselves here.

The train is moving along the Oregon Trail. But the movement must not be thought of as the orderly, almost military procession of spaced wagons in spaced platoons that Hollywood shows us, and the trail must not be thought of as a fixed avenue through the wilds. The better discipline of the freight caravans on the Santa Fe Trail imposed a military order of march. On that trail, wagons moved in something like order: in single file when the route was narrow, in columns of twos or fours when there was room for such a formation and it was needed for quick formation of the corral in case of Indian attack. Every night they were parked in a square or circle, the stock was driven inside after feeding, guard duty was enforced on everyone in his turn. Wagons which had led a file on one day (and so escaped the dust) dropped back to the end on the next day and worked their way up again. Regular messes were appointed, with specified duties for everyone. Wood, water, herding, hunting, cooking, and all the routine of travel and camp were systematized and the system was enforced. But that was the profit motive; men with an eye on business returns managed it. And they had no problems of family travel and few of cliques.

Every emigrant train that ever left the settlements expected to conduct itself according to this tested system. None except the Mormons ever did. It remained the precious right of a free

American who could always quit his job if he didn't like the boss, to camp somewhere else at his whim or pleasure — and to establish his priority with his fists if some other freeborn American happened to like the cottonwood where he had parked his wagon. Moreover, why should anyone take his appointed dust when he could turn off the trail? Why should he stand guard on the herd of loose cattle, if he had no cattle in it? . . . They combined readily but with little cohesiveness, and subdued themselves to the necessities of travel only after disasters had schooled them. They strung out along the trail aimlessly, at senseless intervals and over as wide a space as the country permitted. So they traveled fewer miles in any day than they might have, traveled them with greater difficulty than they needed to, and wore themselves and the stock down more than was wise. Ready enough to help one another through any emergency or difficulty, they were unwilling to discipline themselves to an orderly and sensible routine.

The trail, in long stretches, was more a region than an avenue, especially in those earlier portions. Where the prairie was open and the streams easily fordable, it might be many miles wide and a train would fan out at the individual's judgment or whim. Farther west, it narrowed at the dictation of hills, rivers, and grass, though there were alternative crossings, fords, and passages through badlands. The valley of the Platte varies from five to fifteen miles in width and there are many places where choice was free. Wherever there were steep hills or mountains, the trail contracted still more, and these are the places where it was worn in a few parallel pairs of ruts, or a single pair, so deeply that it can still be followed today.

In general, the route from Independence lay along the Santa Fe Trail some forty miles, to the present site of Gardner, Kansas, where the famous sign pointed its finger northwest with the legend, "Road to Oregon." It crossed to the Wakarusa and then to the Kansas, which it forded near the present Topeka and followed some miles farther before striking overland to the Little Vermillion and then the Vermillion. On to the Big Blue, the Little Blue, and so to the Platte, which was usually reached at Grand Island. Here was the great conduit to the West, and for many days the wagons groaned up the long slope which became increasingly arid. Where the river forked, the trail struck up the South Platte, then crossed to the North Platte by several alternative routes. The Lower California Crossing was near the modern town of Brule, Nebraska,

and trains which crossed there usually reached the North Platte at the famous Ash Hollow. The Upper California Crossing was thirty-five miles farther up the South Platte. Once it reached the North Platte, the trail followed it to well beyond Fort Laramie, then left it for good and struck out for the Sweetwater. Before this happens, however, geography will become important to our narrative and will be treated in detail.

The menace of Indians remains to be mentioned. The earliest stretches of the trail ran through the country of the missionized Shawnee and the decayed Kansa (Kaw); potential thieves and persistent beggars, they made trouble for no one who kept an eye on his property. It then passed into the country of the Pawnee — and they were different. They had been a formidable tribe till recently, and later the government would recruit some of its best scouts, or scabs, from among them; now they were expert thieves, cattle raiders, and banditti who tried to levy blackmail on all passers-by. They got a steady harvest of strayed and stampeded cattle from the emigrant trains, they demanded tribute and usually got it, and they robbed and sometimes murdered stragglers. It was of the first importance not to wander alone in the Pawnee country.

It was exceedingly intelligent not to straggle from the train at any place on the trail, though the danger lessened beyond South Pass, but the train itself, in spite of the movers' anxiety, was always safe. No train was attacked during the period we are dealing with. On the Santa Fe Trail the Comanche would take on anybody when the mood was on them: during the first half of this summer they were raiding Texas and Northern Mexico and solemnly meeting with United States commissioners to assert their purity, but they got back in time to plunder the Quartermaster Corps. But the emigrants faced no actual danger once they were beyond the Pawnee.

Fear of Indians was chronic with every train that went West this summer, and with most of them it sometimes grew acute — a frantic corraling of wagons when dust swirled up on the horizon, or a frantic assembly of the men by night when a guard fired at a bush or the echo of his own footstep. All of them blended with their anxiety a compound of rumors, legendry, and the desperate loneliness of the wilds. But the alarms were not justified. True, not even the Crows, who had a long record of friendship with the whites, were trustworthy when someone strayed. True, the Sioux were feeling very great indeed this summer. But the Sioux were merely making a play for greater blackmail and in fact were

genial, inquisitive, and hungry for gifts. They still looked on the movers as a kind of circus parade, rich with goods but fundamentally comic.

15

At first the country was lush and fragrant, almost overpoweringly beautiful as the rains ended and spring came on. Edwin Bryant traveled it in amazement. He thought the soil the richest in the world, and the scenery — on a scale not imaginable in the settlements — the most magnificent he had ever seen. His fantasy reared great cities here, and farms richer than any others in the world, and a race living gorgeously in this electric air. The Thorntons oozed a single, uninterrupted exclamation. The high grass was frequently crowded down by wild flowers. Nancy's journal filled with a noticeably amorous prose and she botanized furiously. So did Tamsen Donner, that staunch New England school-ma'am who was writing a book, and a good many other ladies of the train, wandering through the grass at nooning or after camp was made, to get these gorgeous blooms and press them for their albums. Flowers, birds, sky, clouds, rivers, willows, cottonwoods, zephyrs — the Thorntons were enraptured.

It was one of the great American experiences, this first stage of the trail in the prairie May. It formed the symbols we have inherited. The ladies knitted or sewed patchwork quilts. They extemporized bake ovens for bread, made spiced pickles of the "prairie peas" and experimented with probably edible roots, gathered wild strawberries to serve with fresh cream. They shook down into little cliques, with a chatter of sewing circles, missionary talk, and no charity for any nubile wench who might catch a son's eye. Tamsen Donner wrote home — there was a pause for letter writing whenever someone moving eastward was encountered — that linsey proved the best wear for children. They put a strain on clothes — this was a fairy tale for children, the absorbing train, the more absorbing country, bluffs to scale, coyote pups to catch and tame, the fabulous prairie dogs, the rich, exciting strangeness of a new life with school dismissed. The sight of the twisting file of white-tops from any hill realized all the dreams of last winter along the Sangamon, and the night camp was a deeper gratification still. The wagons formed their clumsy circle, within reach of wood and water. Children whooped out to the creek or the nearest hill. The squealing oxen were watered in an oath-filled chaos, then herded out to graze. Tents went up outside the wagons, and fires

blazed beside them — the campfire that has ritual significance to Americans. The children crowded back to stand in the perfume of broiling meat. The most Methody of them were singing hymns — Parkman walked into a search party who were settling the question of regeneration while they hunted their oxen. Glee clubs sang profaner songs, sometimes organized by the most meticulous choirmasters. . . . This is what the grandfathers remembered when they told us stories.

Nevertheless, already something too subtle to be understood was working a ferment. We have seen Mr. Dunleavy's and Mr. Gordon's groups slip off. The train had both grown and lessened since then (at one time it had numbered almost three hundred wagons), and now a dissension that had simmered from the first boiled over. The train split in halves. The Oregon wagons formed their own train — Thornton belonged to it — and the others, including Bryant, Boggs, the Boone grandsons, and the Donner party, were for California.

Cumulative shock. The strains of travel were bad enough. Drenched blankets, cold breakfasts after rainy nights, long hours without water, exhaustion from the labor of double-teaming through a swamp or across quicksands or up a slope, from ferrying a swollen river till midnight, from being roused to chase a strayed ox across the prairie two hours before dawn, from constant shifting of the load to make the going better. Add the ordinary hazards of the day's march: a sick ox, a balky mule, the snapping of a wagon tongue, capsizing at a ford or overturning on a slope, the endless necessity of helping others who had fallen into the pits which your intelligence or good luck had enabled you to avoid. Add the endless apprehension about your stock, the ox which might die, every day's threat that the animals on which your travel depended might be killed by disease or accident or Indians, leaving you stranded in the waste. Such things worked a constant attrition on the nerves.

Beyond this, which could be understood, was the unseen, steady seepage of the life you had been bred to. This was not your known pasture land. The very width and openness of the country was an anxiety. It had no bound; the long heave of the continent never found a limit, and in that waste, that empty and untenanted and lonely waste, the strongest personality diminished. There was no place to hide in, and always there was the sun to hide from, further shrinking the cowering soul. Consciousness dwindled to a point: the little line of wagons was pygmy motion

in immensity, the mind became a speck. A speck always quivering with an unidentified dread which few could face and which the weaker ones could not control. Some survived it unchanged or strengthened in their identity; some suffered from it, inflicting it on their families, for the rest of their lives.

Moreover, the trail had begun to collect its toll. The unfit oxen sold to greenhorns at Independence were dying of heat. But not only the oxen. Parkman passed a plank set up in the prairie and crudely lettered: "Mary Ellis. Died May 7th, 1845. Aged two months." Surprisingly, it was legible after a year. One night Bryant noted the death of Judge Bowlin's child in a train ahead. Thornton passed the graves of two other children. And Mrs. Sarah Keyes, the mother-in-law of James Frazier Reed, endured just over two weeks of travel, dying on May 29, when they reached the Big Blue. They dug a grave under an oak some sixty yards off the trail. The Reverend Mr. Cornwall prayed over it in prairie sunlight and in the Western silence, and John Denton, the young Englishman who was traveling with the Donners, cut the stone that Clyman read. Denton also was to die before journey's end.

Many of them were sick. Northerners and the rains gave many colds, bronchitis, even pneumonia. Others found the ague that lingered in their blood unseasonably awakened. Their diet was bad and some of them got scurvy. Epidemics of diarrhea raged repeatedly. The sun was an additional strain both constitutional and nervous. And as they got to thinner air they encountered a new malady, a prostrating seizure of nausea and violent headaches, frequently complicated by still another kind of dysentery. It was really "mountain fever," a process of adjustment to diminished oxygen which most people repeat today when they go to high altitudes.

Bryant had studied medicine before taking up journalism. Anxious men frequently rode in for miles to implore him to attend someone who had been stricken. Thus, on June 14, moving up the South Platte, he met three men who had come from a train some twenty-five miles ahead to ask him to amputate the leg of a nine-year-old boy who had fallen under a wagon nine days before. Thornton's train had camped near theirs to spend the Sabbath resting, and on their way they made the same request of Thornton, presumably because he used good English. Forgoing his pleasure in hearing Mr. Cornwall preach a sermon, Thornton rode over to the train and saw that the boy was dying. The wound was

a compound fracture and gangrene had set in. A Canadian drover who had been a hospital servant was whetting butcher knives for the operation; they were giving the boy laudanum without effect and had bound him to a packing case. Thornton directed them to wait for Bryant. Getting there, Bryant saw that an operation would be wasted agony and refused to perform one, telling the frantic mother that her child should be permitted as painless a death as possible. She rejected his advice and the drover began to operate. Someone held camphor to the boy's nostrils, and an incision below the knee freed a gush of pus. The drover started again, above the knee this time, and hacked through the bone with a common hand-saw. After an hour and three-quarters of bloody effort, he was starting to close the wound with a flap when the child died.

Bryant stepped past the bereaved mother to diagnose her husband, who had lain for four weeks in the jolting wagon, prostrated by rheumatic fever. Bryant left him some attenuated solutions and enjoined him to take them as they were, for "the propensity of those afflicted with disease on this journey is, frequently, to devour medicines as they would food, under the delusion that large quantities will more speedily and effectually produce a cure." He visited and prescribed for "some four or five other persons" who were less seriously ill, and then accepted Thornton's invitation to visit his former companions at their camp.

Reunion on the trail. They were glad to see him, and Nancy ("a lady of education and polished manners," he remarked) spread her white linen tablecloth on the grass. Old friends gathered to tell stories, and toward nine o'clock the Sabbath had a fitting climax, after rest and general wash-day. The emigrants gathered at the tent of Mr. Lard, where the Reverend Mr. Cornwall married Mr. Lard's daughter Mary to young Mr. Riley Septimus Mootrey. The women had got out their finery, had found candles and made a wedding cake. Thornton could not much approve this marrying on the trail. "It looks so much like making a hop, skip and jump into matrimony" — and like a licensing of human desire. But after all it was an occasion of sentiment and he found the bride fair, said some of the younger women were "dressed with a tolerable degree of taste and even elegance," and could praise the males for having shaved and changed to clean pantaloons. Village mores under desert stars.

The guests formed a procession behind a fiddler and conducted Mr. and Mrs. Mootrey to the

nuptial tent. A mile away they saw faint sparks moving by twos in another procession, torches lighting the dead boy's body to its desert grave. A mile or so in the opposite direction still a third train was camped, and there at that same moment a dozen desert-worn women were ministering to one of their sisterhood who writhed and screamed under a dusty wagon-cover. They did for her what centuries of old wives' wisdom prescribed for those in travail, and in due time her child was born.

16

The never-ending wind of the plains blew up dust from the wheels in twisting columns that merged and overspread the whole column in a fog and canopy that moved with it. It "filled the lungs, mouth, nose, ears, and hair, and so covered the face that it was sometimes difficult to recognize each other," and "we suffered from this almost insupportable flying sand or dust for weeks if not for months together." Thornton had neglected to supply himself with goggles, which "can be purchased in the United States for thirty-seven and a half cents"; near Independence Rock he would have given fifty dollars for a pair. Right. The tortured eyes tortured the brain. The immense sun, the endless wind, and the gritty, smothering, inescapable dust reddened and swelled the eyes, granulated the lids, inflamed the sockets. The excited nerves make shadows horrible — such shadows as there are — and produce illusions of color and shape. The illusions are not less disturbing in that the heat mirage distorts size and pattern so that a healthy eye may see a jack rabbit as a buffalo at a hundred yards, or a clump of sage at half a mile as mounted Indians charging down.

The grade was steep now, and once they were in the badlands the trail narrowed and was frequently precipitous. Crazy gullies and canyons cut every which way, and whoever gave up in anger and tried to find better going elsewhere only found worse troubles. The ropes came out and wagons had to be lowered by manpower down a steep pitch or hauled up over the vertical side of a gully or between immense boulders — while those not working sat and swore in level dust and intolerable sun, far from water. When they moved, the dry axles added a torturing shriek to the split-reed soprano of the wheels and the scrape of tires on stone or rubble. Dry air had shrunk the wheels, too, and without warning tires rolled off or spokes pulled out and the wagon stalled. The same brittleness might make a wagon tongue break, which was disastrous unless a spare pole had been slung beneath the bed, and

the violent stresses sometimes snapped the metal hounds, the side bars which connected tongue and forecarriage to reach and hindcarriage. Sometimes the ropes broke at a cliff or pulled off the snubbing post, and a wagon crashed. Or crazed oxen capsized one, or defective workmanship or cheap material could stand no more and the thing went to pieces like the one-hoss shay. Sometimes half a wrecked wagon could be converted by desert blacksmithing into a cart; sometimes a sound wagon had to be so converted because some of the oxen had died. In any event, here was where the "ancient claw-footed tables, well waxed and rubbed" which Parkman saw began to litter the trail, along with "massive bureaux of carved oak." Parkman speculated on these "relics of ancestral prosperity in the colonial time." Allocate the abandoned household goods as another stress of desert travel, for something of personality and spiritual heritage died when they had to go. Their owners were in the grip of necessity.

In sun and dust they went on, the daily distance shortening and no end to the country ahead. They were not yet to South Pass, not yet halfway to the Pacific! Horses and oxen bloated from foul water; many of them died. Their hooves swelled and festered. Even the soundest grew gaunt as the grass diminished: sparse along the upper Platte at any time, it had failed quickly in the drouth summer and many trains had cropped it before our travelers. Men got as gaunt as their stock, in this country, and alkali water was just as bad for them. They saw suddenly that food was limited, and there was an anxious computation of the days ahead, with Hastings's or Frémont's or Parker's mile-by-mile itineraries reckoned over and over. Add to the increasing strain the altitude making the nerves tauter. Though the violent sun was hot and the dust pall breathless, there were sudden viciously cold days too, and all nights were cold. Water froze in the pails — and they remembered how early snow fell in the mountains that were still so far ahead. . . .

Bryant's mind strained toward California and chafed as the train fell steadily farther behind the schedules printed in the books. He talked it over with some friends; they decided that, on reaching Fort Laramie, they would trade their wagons for a mule pack-outfit and press on by this more rapid means. Nine of them rode out ahead. At about two in the afternoon of the second day, they sighted the first building they had seen since they left the border. It was the half-finished trading post maintained by the Richard brothers, in a loose association with

Pratte, Cabanne & Company, as a local opposition to the American Fur Company's Fort Laramie, which was some six or eight miles away. It stood on the flat ground where Laramie Creek empties into the Platte, where various other short-lived forts had been located, and was called Fort Bernard. Traders from Taos were there, having recently arrived with mules and goods and Taos Lightning for the summer trade, and Bryant had a letter to Richard, the *bourgeois*, who invited the party to spend the night. But they hurried on to Fort Laramie. He made it 642 miles out from Independence.

Coming out of the trees that lined Laramie Creek, for their first sudden glimpse of the famous trading post, they saw that the plain beneath the bluffs and in the V between the rivers was crawling with Indians. At least six hundred lodges were pitched there. A war dance was ending when Bryant reached the Fort, and the whole Sioux nation, bucks and squaws, were working up an ecstasy. They rode whooping everywhere, they shouted their personal histories of coups, they beat skin rattles and invoked their deities for scalps. For, Bryant found, they were preparing to take to the warpath, maybe against those routine villains, the Crows, certainly against the Snakes, one of whose hunting parties had encountered a band of Sioux, last year, and cleaned it up.

Bryant was dazzled. Hundreds of yelling Indians tricked out for war and now met suddenly in the desert stunned him, and he gaped. Wild and savage as the bucks were, he found them not merely impressive but genuinely handsome too. Distaste of the squaws, who were drunk with dancing and fell into attitudes bordering on the indecent, yielded to admiration. They were graceful, their complexions were surprisingly fair — except when they were, as Bryant put it, rouged. Their limbs were seductively rounded, their feet small, their robes clean, and their beadwork beautiful. . . . He marveled, but their horses had cleaned the grass round the Fort, so he went six miles farther and camped for the night.

He came back to Fort Laramie, the next morning, among still more panoplied bucks and beautiful maidens with delicate hands riding prancing steeds — or so the yellowback novels would be saying in another year or two. There were more villages at the Fort and others were coming in. He retraced his path to Fort Bernard. It too was now crawling with Sioux on their way to the rendezvous. One party camped just outside the stockade, displaying twenty-five Pawnee scalps

which they had taken on a recent foray. Two emigrant trains crawled up and formed their corrals. The Sioux settled on them like locusts, demanding a feast, which Captain Casper provided. The next day the plain filled with entertainment, both Indians and movers displaying their skills, and there was a shooting match, firearms against bows. Some of the movers had Mr. Colt's revolvers, for which the Indians had already learned a profound respect. Meanwhile Bryant and his companions bargained with the Taos Trappers for mules. It was a realistic trade. Seven hundred miles from the border, coffee, sugar, and tobacco were a dollar a pound, whiskey a dollar a pint, flour fifty cents a pound — and those prices would worsen fast during the next few days. After prolonged talk, Bryant and his partner Jacob exchanged their wagon and oxen (still behind them with the train) for seven mules and packsaddles. Their companions made similar terms. So they settled down at Fort Bernard, in a village fair of Indians and emigrants, to wait for the wagons to come up.

17

All this time the party of Lansford Hastings, with which Jim Clyman was traveling, had been coming east. Over the Sierra on May 1, down to Truckee Lake, down the Truckee River to Humboldt Sink, up the Humboldt River to its great bend. And here, where the established trail turned northeastward to Fort Hall, avoiding the Great Salt Desert, they kept going straight east, into and across that desert. It is the ghastliest country in the United States, it had been crossed by white men only twice before them, they were following Frémont's trail of the preceding summer — and Mr. Hastings was now seeing it for the first time. His book for the guidance of emigrants recommended this route — which no emigrants had ever taken — and he was moving eastward to recommend it to this year's movers.

They reached Great Salt Lake on June 1, traveled down it to the southern end, and then crossed the Wasatch Mountains by dim, old trails of the mountain men. Mr. Hastings's suckers must bring their wagons along this stretch, which no wagons had ever traveled and which Mr. Hastings was now seeing for the first time. On June 5 they reached the Bear River, and two days later they got to Fort Bridger. Here the party split in two. Hastings and his partner Hudspeth struck northeastward, to reach the Oregon Trail sufficiently near South Pass to be east of any "cut-offs" that might persuade emigrants toward Oregon. There they

set up their service of information (false) and alarm (meretricious and pumped up). They were going to get recruits for the California revolution, if fate should provide such a revolution, and in any event they were going to get prospects for the California real-estate business.

Jim Clyman led the rest of the small party eastward along the trail. On June 18 they reached South Pass — for Jim, the completion of a great circle. Twenty-two years ago, he and his companions under Jedediah Smith had discovered this great corridor through the mountains, the true road of empire, the one route to the West that wagons could take. Now he met the westerning trains. America had come out to meet him.

Next day, June 25, he went on down the Platte and, company by company, it was "all most one continual stream of Emigrants winding their long and Tedious march to oregon and californnia." From any bluff, that length of punctuated dust would come out of one horizon and twist its slow, sun-beaten course to the other while the wheels shrieked and the mirage wavered above the greasewood. And Jim had an obligation to these movers. At the night camps, and when they paused by day to exchange the wisdom of the trail, he warned them of the dangers of Lansford Hastings's new route.

So on June 27 he came eastward along the bluffs that border the Platte and saw, far off, the whitewashed adobe walls of Fort Laramie. Between the post itself and the ridge of barren hills about two miles to the northwest, the entire plain was populous with Sioux lodges, many hundreds of them, innumerable Indian herds, a vast movement and shift of herders and riders.

On June 27 Francis Parkman also rode back to Fort Laramie, from his camp to the westward, and on to Fort Bernard.

We left him riding toward Fort Laramie from the east on June 15. He reached it — the American Fur Company's post near the junction of Laramie Creek and the Platte, the most celebrated post in this region — and stayed there for six days. Old Smoke's village of Oglala Sioux came in, smoking hot to take the warpath against the Shoshoni, who had killed some of their kin the preceding summer. Here was Parkman's great opportunity: he would accompany them to war. He moved his little party westward toward the appointed rendezvous and went into camp on Laramie Creek, at the mouth of the Chugwater. The days passed and no Indians showed up. He had already suffered from dysentery, and now it prostrated him. He had taken six grains of opium without arresting it, and was

so feeble that he could hardly sit his saddle. Day after day he lay on his buffalo robe, trying to recruit his strength, listening to the tales of some mountain men who camped with him, watching the activity of their Indian wives. He chafed and fretted. Was he, on the brink of satisfaction, to lose his chance? A messenger arrived with word that the Sioux would need another week and that, in their village, Chatillon's squaw was dying. Parkman's companion, Shaw, rode out with Chatillon to find his squaw, and Parkman, to prevent *cafard*, rode back to Fort Laramie. It was June 27.

At Fort Laramie he picked up the halfbreed Paul Dorion and rode on eastward, looking for Indians. There proved to be only a few Sioux as yet at Fort Bernard — Oglala like Old Smoke; but two large villages of their Minneconjou cousins were expected during the day. The emigrants were camped a little in front of the Fort. "Some fine-looking Kentucky men," he wrote in his journal, "some of them D. Boone's grandchildren — Ewing, Jacobs [whom he had met in St. Louis] and others with them — altogether more educated than any I have seen." And in his book he said that the Boones had "clearly inherited the adventurous character of that prince of pioneers [their grandfather] but I saw no signs of the quiet and tranquil spirit that so remarkably distinguished him." At Fort Bernard, no. For the camp was drunk and getting drunker. This California party — he learned it had been captained by Russell, but was now led by Boggs — was lightening its load. It would sell what goods it could to the traders and would drink the rest. The Indians were drunk already, so were the Fort's garrison, so were the traders and the hangers-on — "maudlin squaws . . . squalid Mexicans . . . long-haired Canadians and trappers, and American backwoodsmen in brown homespun, the well-beloved pistol and bowie-knife displayed openly at their sides." The chinked-log, unfinished fort resounded with a clamor offensive to wellborn ears, and he had never looked on such a miscellany of casehardened men. Men filthy with dust, their buckskins in tatters from the trail, some singing Injun, some shouting the frontier balladry, all making what sound they could. . . . They had come a long, hard way, some of their companions had died and more were broken, they had found the country in nothing like the quiet pastures back home, and now for a day or two beside water and within the sound of leaves they could take their ease. So they roared a little, having reached the West.

And here was "a tall, lank man with a dingy broadcloth coat," extremely drunk — drunk as a pigeon, the notebook says — and making an oration. Richard, the *bourgeois*, formally presented to this personage making a big drunk the scion of John Cotton and Elias Parkman, grandson of Samuel Parkman the China merchant, son of the Reverend Francis Parkman of the New North Church, Francis Parkman II, A.B. Harvard '44, LL.B. Harvard '46. The personage in liquor recognized another personage, seized the fringe of Parkman's buckskin shirt, and made another speech, with pauses, fist doubled and swung, affecting pathos, and hiccoughs. He had been captain of this train, sir, but a mutiny of envious small men had turned him out. Nevertheless, sir, his was the superior intelligence, instinctively recognized by all men, as all men knew Hector when he passed, sir, and he still commanded, sir, in all but name he was still chief. . . . Some threads had come together at Fort Bernard, and Francis Parkman had met Colonel William H. Russell of Kentucky, a bosom friend of Henry Clay.

The splendor was more than he could bear and, calling Dorion, he rode back to Fort Laramie. But on the way, "met a party going to the settlements, to whom *Montalón* had not given my letters. Sent them by that good fellow Tucker. People at the fort a set of mean swindlers, as witness my purchase of the bacon, and their treatment of the emigrants." A slight swindle thus linked him for a moment with the coarse and ungainly, and this brief entry in his notebook ends so. But he had stopped to talk with a party going eastward to the settlements, between Fort Laramie and Fort Bernard, past midafternoon of June 27, and the entry should have had a few lines more. For Francis Parkman had met a genius of the mountains, perhaps had talked with him, had seen a greatness he was not able to recognize. . . . That was Jim Clyman's party.

18

Fort Bernard, on the North Platte, below the mouth of Laramie Creek. Saturday, June 27, 1846.

On June 24 Edwin Bryant, his partner Mr. Jacob, and those who had decided to join their sprint by pack-train had arranged to trade their wagons to the Taos men for mules, and had determined to stay at Fort Bernard till the train should come up. It came up on June 26, under Governor Boggs — with the Donners, James Frazier Reed, and the rest. (Small fragments of the original train were several days ahead; some

nearer, at Fort Laramie, where Parkman had seen them.) It was the established custom of the emigrants to pause at or near Fort Laramie to recruit their stock, repair the wagons, and lighten loads and reorganize after the desert just passed and before the desert just ahead. Word that the Sioux had used up the grass at Fort Laramie was what halted the California train here, where the bottom land along the Platte had not been grazed.

Boggs and the California-bound reached Fort Bernard on June 26. At about noon on June 27, the Oregon train with which Thornton was traveling pulled in and camped near by. So they were neighbors again, the two largest fragments of the big train which Owl Russell had led west from Indian Creek. At midafternoon or a little later, Parkman, resentful of drunks, emigrants, and Kentucky Colonels, turned his back on Fort Bernard, riding back to Fort Laramie. A few minutes later the Minneconjou began to come in, from the northeast. A little later still a party from the West arrived, nine or ten men, two women, two children, and appropriate horses and packs — Jim Clyman keeping an appointment with destiny. . . .

We must look at the trail again — at three large detours. Make a capital cursive letter S with the curves long but shallow, and turn it on its back. This represents the trail from Fort Laramie to South Pass, with the middle curve of the S reaching its highest (northernmost) point at the present city of Casper, Wyoming. The route obeyed the inexorable conditions of geography.

Although the last stretch before Fort Laramie had been hard going, all emigrants knew that this next stretch, to South Pass, would be worse. So anxiety sharpened, especially the worry of falling behind schedule, the chance of getting caught in winter snows. The realization that time was getting short especially galled those who were going to California, because of the roundabout loops which the California Trail made west of South Pass.

The trail came out of the Pass and made due west to Little Sandy Creek (for convenience, the present town of Farson, Wyoming). All the rest of Wyoming was desert; the only possible routes, not many and not much different from one another, were determined by small streams and small patches of grass. The next objective was the famous oasis of Soda Springs, in Idaho. To reach Soda Springs you had to travel *southwest* from the Little Sandy at least as far as the present town of Granger. After Old Gabe built

his trading post you usually went even farther to the southwest, to Fort Bridger. Here the trail made the great bend that so galled the California-bound. It struck northwest to Soda Springs and went on to Fort Hall (for convenience, the present city of Pocatello, Idaho). . . . There was plenty of water on this stretch; the grass was usually abundant; and though there were mountains to cross, they were comparatively gentle and the canyons were open. . . . Beyond Fort Hall, the trail to Oregon took a long westerly course along the Snake River — and here was where, traditionally, the California trains left it for good. They turned southwestward, beyond Fort Hall; and by a route sufficiently difficult with lava, alkali, sagebrush, and dry drives, but nevertheless a safe route, they reached the Humboldt River almost exactly where a line traced due west from Fort Bridger would have reached it.

That was precisely the trouble — that possible due-west line from Fort Bridger. The established trail moved from Fort Bridger to the Humboldt along two sides, northwest and southwest, of a right-angle triangle whose due-west hypotenuse stretched straight past the southern end of Great Salt Lake. . . . Late June at Fort Laramie, the South Pass journey still to come, and beyond it that long, laborious, and apparently senseless detour, several hundred miles long, to Fort Hall. Anyone who studied a map at Fort Laramie, intending to go to California, would look with loathing on that detour. On June 27, 1846, no map ever drawn had filled in the country between Fort Bridger and Great Salt Lake — no map showed what the Wasatch Mountains were like. And no map filled in the country between Great Salt Lake and the north bend of the Humboldt River — most of which was the Salt Desert. . . .

June 27. As night came on, lines of campfires dotted the wagon trains, their flames gilding the cottonwoods and shining in the Platte. And at one fire, Jim Clyman says, "several of us continued the conversation until a late hour." Jim had met a messmate of the Black Hawk War, James Frazier Reed, who had sat by him at other campfires, with A. Lincoln. He met some of Mr. Reed's friends and companions; Edwin Bryant and Jessy Thornton and Governor Boggs for certain were at that fire, Owl Russell probably, and by inference George and Jacob Donner — the responsible minds of the two trains. He and his companions met a good many other emigrants, and told them all the same story.

For Jim and the others felt a heavy responsibility. Some of them tried to modify the

emigrants' vision of the golden shore, speaking of sparse rain and ruined crops, speaking of the low quality of Americans resident there. Bryant grunted in disgust. He was for California, and it was clear to him that these trail-stained travelers, Clyman in particular, were lying, for some reason not on the surface. He was not credulous enough to believe plain liars, but he perceived that many of his associates were. Thornton, who was for Oregon anyway, was detached and believed them.

The wagon train grew quiet, but this one fire was kept blazing—a carmine splash against the blue-velvet night, the desert stars near above it, the white bow of a wagon top behind, and, farther away, the singing of drunken Missourians at the Fort and the screaming of drunken Sioux. Clyman talked on. He knew Hastings's plans, he knew what Hastings would tell these innocents near South Pass. And he had just crossed, with Hastings, from the bend of the Humboldt to Fort Bridger by way of the Salt Desert, Great Salt Lake, and the Wasatch Mountains. A Sioux yipped, the barking of coyotes ringed the sleeping caravan, and Jim told his listeners. Take the familiar trail, the regular, established trail by way of Soda Springs and Fort Hall. Do not try a cut-off, do not try anything but the known, proved way. "It is barely possible to get through [before the snows] if you follow it"—and it may be impossible if you don't. Shock and alarm struck the travelers and made them angry, who were still far short of South Pass, whose minds could map that weary angle from Fort Bridger to Fort Hall and back again to the Humboldt. Tense and bellicose, Reed spoke up (Jim records his words), "There is a higher route, and it is no use to take so much of a roundabout course." Reference to Lansford Hastings's book, Jacob Donner's copy bought at Springfield, back in the States, now scanned by firelight at Fort Bernard, a well-thumbed passage marked with lines. *The Emigrants' Guide to Oregon and California*, page 137: "The most direct route, for the California emigrants, would be to leave the Oregon route, about two hundred miles east from Fort Hall; thence bearing west southwest to the Salt Lake; and then continuing down to the bay of San Francisco . . ." Proved. And someone would spit into the fire.

(When Lansford Hastings wrote that passage he had never seen the Humboldt, or Great Salt Lake, or the Wasatch Mountains, or the Salt Desert; he had barely heard of Fort Bridger;

neither he nor anyone else had ever taken the trail here blithely imagined by a real-estate man who wanted to be President or mortgagee of California.)

Yes. But Jim has just traveled that route in company with the advertising man himself, and if they would save their skins, they will not take it, they will go by way of Fort Hall. "I . . . told him about the great desert and the roughness of the Sierras, and that a straight route might turn out to be impracticable." Told him about the glare of the salt plain under sun and without water. Told him about the Diggers lurking outside the camps to kill the stock. Told him about the chaos of the Wasatch canyons which Jim Clyman and Lansford Hastings, who were on horseback and had no wagons and so no need of a road, had barely got through.

Clyman talked on, repeating his warnings and threats—the mountain man, the man who knew, the master of this wilderness, pleading with the tenderfeet. Till there was no more to say, the fire was only embers shimmering in the dark, and they separated, to lie awake while the coyotes mourned and the Sioux screamed—and think it over. In the desert, where Laramie Creek empties into the Platte: a moment of decision.

Next morning they had made up their minds. Bryant was not deterred. He would take the way he had decided on, and rightly so, for he would travel by pack-train and could travel fast. The unappreciated orator Owl Russell would go with him, and the eight original volunteers were steadfast. Governor Boggs and Judge Morin, however, had been convinced. They sought out Clyman, before he moved on, and told him they would follow his advice—would go to California by way of Fort Hall. Not Reed and the Donners. Their impatience had not been scotched. They would go on their determined way, and if any cared to join them, they would be welcome.

So be it. Jim repeated his warnings, but he had his own trail to follow and late in the morning he led his party eastward.

Another chapter in Jim's personal outline of American history, which now had only a few more to go before the peace and satisfaction of his last years. Eastward, in the direction of Scott's Bluff, with Chimney Rock to come, and Ash Hollow, and the crossing to the South Platte. But American history in the person of Jim Clyman had told the Donner party not to take the Hastings cut-off from the California trail.

(To be continued)

THE DREAM CAMERA

by RICHARD L. SIMON

I

DURING the past eight years I have taken, developed, and enlarged thousands of pictures. I have seen scores of photographic exhibits and have read hundreds of books and magazines on my favorite subject. In all, I must have seen and "studied" * more than twenty thousand photographs. A few of the pictures I have made, and hundreds that I have seen, have been pleasing. Some have been exciting, some beautiful. But, by and large, I doubt whether many of the photographs I have ever seen have been as thrilling as the cameras that took them.

I wonder whether the non-photographer can grasp the peculiar quality of the pleasure of being an amateur photographer. It is unlike that of the bridge player who, after he has effected a Vienna coup, spends the next few days telling all his friends exactly how the cards were distributed. Nor is it like that of the golfer who makes an impossible approach and an impossible putt on the eighteenth hole to win the match. Rather is it like that of the receiver of an extraordinarily lavish gift, wrapped with loving care by a particularly dear friend. Perhaps this gift is a jade vase; or an electric razor; or a set of Bobby Jones irons; or a Spanish mantilla; or a Swiss watch that comes equipped with stop-watch mechanism, compass, and a set of gongs. The anticipation of opening the package, the reading of directions (including the manufacturer's guarantee), the fondling of the gift itself — all are emotionally akin to the pleasures of photography. But closest of all is the Swiss watch. Not only is it beautiful, but it is precision-made. And it is functional.

DICK SIMON, as he is known affectionately to every bookseller in America, is a partner in that famous publishing team, Simon & Schuster, Inc. Books, music, contract bridge — all appeal to him. Music is his first love, the camera is his second. Unofficially he ranks as one of the ablest photographers on the Atlantic seaboard.

Imagine, then, you unhappy non-photographers, a glorious piece of mechanism like this that has within itself the ability to capture for posterity a baby's smile, a setter at point, the kindly wrinkles of a grandfather. With a telephoto lens (ah, that supply store window!) it can reach out for a close-up of the sloop in the bay. It can magnify a hundredfold the pollen on the rose petal. It can re-create the glistening of the snow and of the trees on a frosty February morning. No, it cannot tell you the time, but it can immortalize the scenes, the moods, even the overtones ** of daily life.

These moods and overtones of daily life will rarely appear in the snapshots that come back to the photographer in a double envelope, the prints in one flap, the negatives in the other. Good pictures come out of the photographer's own dark-room. It is there that he learns the secrets of correct exposure, development, the laws of photographic optics, and the all-important factor of light and shadow. After his tenth or fiftieth film he will realize the supremely fascinating fact that photography is a craft of involving whites, blacks, and the many grays between. It is only when the concept of what photographers call "gradation" becomes clear that he can make good pictures. It is during this educational

*Only an amateur photographer will understand the quotation marks. To those unfortunate, joyless creatures to whom a photographic supply store window is anything but a completely irresistible magnet, I must explain that phrases like "Harvey 777," "F:6.3," "Defender Velour Black," "Plaubel Makina," "Super-Omega B," "Plus X," are like "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

**Many photographers will bear me out that, sometimes weeks or years after we have made portraits of friends, we see an expression or mood on the actual face of our subjects that we had not known before; we recognize it as the same quirk of personality that we had captured in a photograph a long time ago. Were we artists instead of craftsmen, we probably would have seen that overtone the first time.

period that the pleasures of photography become apparent. His pictures become more beautiful. But what is equally joyous, his camera becomes more miraculous than any Swiss watch ever made. Well, not necessarily *his* camera, but *the* camera, the ideal, the ultimate, the Dream Camera. With all the gadgets.

Does this darkroom Freshman have a box or folding camera? If he does, you can bet your second-last dollar that a friend of his will whisper in his ear that the Leica or the Speed Graphic or the Rolleiflex or the Medalist will do things undreamed of by that old crate of his. And you can then bet your last dollar that he will begin to look into his bank book or budget and devise means to buy that Dream Camera. Sooner or later he owns it. Or should I say *her*. The love affair begins.

This new Dream Camera is a mistress who demands time and money. She is the mother of his pictures. She craves adornments, though photographers will persist in calling them gadgets. These are the jewels you see in the supply store window, and read about in the photographic journals: filters (they come in beautiful hues — blue, yellow, red, orange, and green, and rare is the photographer who is satisfied with one Yellow K-2); lens hoods (to protect the lady's eye); view-finders, supplementary lenses (with romantic names like Proxars and Distars); exposure meters; and lens "rings" (a peculiarly apt word) to make close-ups.***

2

But our darkroom Freshman is still lost. Of course, he has bought his trays and darkroom lamp and a few chemicals. His belt needs further tightening. And, somehow, nothing he has ever bought before seems more worth the price of: . . . *a developing tank, a darkroom thermometer, an enlarger, a constant supply of paper in all grades and sizes, clips for hanging up negatives, filing cabinets, an enlarger, new film (all the books and magazines tell him to stick to one kind, but his moral fiber is shot and he wants to feed variety to his Dream Camera), larger trays, pairs of tongs, a darkroom clock, new kinds of developers (the ads*

*** Marcel Sternberger, whose Leica portrait of the King of Belgium appears on Belgian postage stamps, and who has photographed President Roosevelt, Anthony Eden, George Bernard Shaw, Sigmund Freud, and hosts of other celebrated people, once saw a Leica lens ring at my home. I was delighted when he asked if he might borrow it — it was called a "Nooky," a name so embarrassing that I avoided using the gadget lest my friends ask what it was. But I soon missed it, and Sternberger must have liked it, for I had the devil's own time getting it back from him.

say they do the most astonishing things!), a pair of chemical scales, a print trimmer, an electric dryer, a siphon washing apparatus, larger trays for larger enlargements, sepia toners, lens tissue, a supply of bottles, a funnel, a graduate, desensitizing solution, mounts and mounting tissue, glassine folders for storing negatives, ferrotype tins and the solutions to keep them shiny, and a constantly renewing supply of hypo, metol, sulphite of soda, hydroquinone, carbonate of soda, potassium bromide, acetic acid, and the other magical chemicals that alone can do justice to the Dream Camera.

Does this italicized list sound exaggerated? Ask your friend who owns a darkroom. He will probably supplement the list with some possessions of his own — and do so with great pride; or he may make a mental note that he needs one or two of those items himself.

The equipment and series of gadgets enumerated in this paper are those of the average advanced photographic amateur. I know many men and women who would feel pauperized by being reduced to so beggarly an assortment. There is a world-renowned psychoanalyst with a hideout in Connecticut. Not a hideout for attending to his more obstreperous patients, but actually a laboratory finished in stainless steel, with thermostatic controls of the temperature of both air and water. This doctor is interested not so much in the final photograph as in the light and chemical processes of photography. The directions say "develop at 70 degrees Fahrenheit," and, by golly, those films are going to be developed at 70 right on the button, and they are going to be rinsed at 70, hypo-ed at 70, washed and dried at 70. Don't smile. Every photographer who knows about this equipment (including the writer) is really in his heart green with envy. His actual photographs may not be as good as those made by us proletarians, but boy, what we wouldn't be able to do with such a layout!

Then there is my friend, George Waldo of Bridgeport. The evening I first met him he took me to his kitchen to help make the cocktails. I admired especially his ice-chopping machine and his Fred Waring mixer. Facetiously I asked him which one of the two was equipped with an F:2 lens. "Oh, you're interested in photography too," he said; "you've got to see my cameras." After dinner I was treated to the sight of the most magnificent battery of cameras and lenses this side of New York's 32nd Street, to say nothing of his darkroom, which I can only describe by saying that it has three of everything. It never occurred to either of us to mention photographs. When I finally asked if I might see some he replied, "Oh,

those. I almost forgot." Whereupon he showed me thousands of photographs as beautiful as any I had ever seen. I asked him whether he ever sent them to exhibits. The inevitable answer was No, he just did them for the fun of it, and they really weren't much good. Actually, if George Waldo were not one of the distinguished newspaper publishers of the country, he would be one of the leading photographers.

3

Two or three years ago I read a short news story in the *New York Evening Post*. It fascinated me at the time, but if the follow-up was ever published I never saw it. It concerned a youngster of seventeen who was going to get the camera he wanted, and no nonsense. He had written a threatening letter to the owner of a camera store, demanding on penalty of death that a certain Contax camera be left under a specified tree along the Bronx River Parkway at a specified time the following night. Or else. The police left the camera there, waited, and arrested the boy.

I wonder what happened to him. I can picture him, one of dozens of boys his age who walk along 32nd Street Saturday afternoons, dressed in shabby trousers and a weather-stained wind-breaker. Some of the youngsters have a camera in a leather strap slung over the shoulder. I have often watched them. Occasionally one will go into Willoughby's or The Photo Shop or The Penn Camera Co., and come out with a pound of hypo or a bottle of developer. But for the most part they simply look at the displays in the windows, compare notes with one another about lenses and flash guns or other gadgets. Secretly they must wonder whether they will ever earn enough to own that Dream Camera. The sights and the shoptalk along 32nd Street must have proved too much for our particular rogue. He was going to have his Dream Camera. Or else.

In reality there is no such thing as the Dream Camera. No camera is universal, none can do everything. It is up to each photographer to acquaint himself with the theoretical possibilities of the various instruments, and then to decide for himself what *kind* of photography he likes best. For most purposes one camera (with an amazing lack of gadgets!) will suffice. In fact, for most amateurs a set of accessories consisting of a lens hood, a tripod, and one filter is all that is necessary. The trouble is we amateurs insist on reading technical data, note that Something Special has been used in a picture we especially admire, and then arrive at the erroneous conclusion that the camera or the special gadget was

alone responsible for the beauty, brilliance, and general success of the photograph we admired.

The editor of the *Atlantic* wishes me to come down to earth. He asks me to supply a few rules that will help his readers become, not Steichens or Bourke-Whites, but simply fairly good photographers with a reasonable percentage of good results from every film. Well, here goes: —

1. Concentrate on either outdoor or indoor photography. In other words, learn to use either sunlight or artificial light. Master them one at a time. My own suggestion would be sunlight.

2. Remember that the photographic film exaggerates contrasts. Your eye can see details simultaneously in both brilliant sunlight and in shadow. The film cannot. If, therefore, you take portraits out of doors, see to it that light is reflected into the shadows of the face. Do this by means of some white reflecting surface: a near-by wall, a piece of newspaper, a towel. (Don't buy a gadget!)

3. Photography being mostly a study and rendition of lights and shadows, take your pictures before ten o'clock in the morning and after four o'clock in the afternoon.

4. Have your subject near the camera and try to eliminate or neutralize backgrounds. A patch of sky or a regular pattern is infinitely preferable to a clump of trees or the fountain in Rockefeller Plaza.

5. You will get your best results at beaches, in the snow, or in the neighborhood of white buildings. Reason: plenty of light for reflecting into the shadows.

6. Avoid trees and grass in general. Most photographic film (including Kodachrome) doesn't do justice to greens. If you must photograph verdure, for best results get up early in the morning and use orthochromatic instead of the usual panchromatic film.

7. Stick to one kind of everything: film, developer, paper. Do this for six months, and you will be amazed at your technical improvement. Don't let anything you read or hear tempt you to deviate from this extremely unattractive regime.

These are simple suggestions and easy to follow. There is only one trouble with them. They are dull. They are for the man who Wants Results. They are not for the nine out of ten amateurs (myself included) who are in quest of the beautiful, the adventurous, the optically and chemically impossible. Yes, we will stick to our own films, developers, and papers for a while, and look the other way when we see advertisements for flash guns. But sooner or later we'll weaken. We shall try the impossible, we shall succeed occasionally. But most of the time we shall fail. It is then that we shall begin again our rounds of the photographic stores in search of the newest developer, the latest in lighting equipment, and the solution of all our photographic problems, the Dream Camera.



A LAWYER WHO BELIEVES IN PEOPLE

The Human Story of a Successful New York Lawyer

CITY LAWYER. By Arthur Garfield Hays. Simon & Schuster. \$3.00

"I AM happy to say . . ." this book begins, and Arthur Hays has good reason. He has had a good time practicing law in the City. We share it in this "autobiography of a law practice" — almost all of it, except the good fees he earned from the good time he had. The cause of both is plain to read. Arthur Hays likes people. He is shrewd and witty. He is persistent. He puts on no side. He has few prejudices, but they also make this a good book.

A successful New York lawyer does not lead the contemplative life. Nor has Mr. Hays. Never has. Never will. Too many friends to talk to. Too many clients to listen to. Too much to be done. In the first chapter he comes into his office one typical morning — and finally does make the 1.30 to New Haven, because it is his only chance to see Thurman Arnold and try to get him not to indict ASCAP. In the second chapter, he has time to get born and brought up in Rochester, move to New York, go through Columbia, and start being a City Lawyer.

In 1914 Hays had his first big opportunity — he went to England for a client who wanted to break the British blockade. But after the United States entered the war Hays's partners, who had been acting for Dr. Albert of the German Embassy, were convicted of trading with the enemy and disbarred. It was an hysterical period; and when it passed, Hays's partners were pardoned on the recommendation of Harlan Stone, and reinstated on the recommendation of the Bar Association. No wonder that today, in this new war, Hays is one of the most intelligent, zealous, and outspoken champions of freedom of conscience.

Fire, murder, and divorce

His law practice found itself diverging further and further from the contemplative life, — so does his autobiography. Part Two is called "Somewhat Biographical." The only person I can find in the book whom Hays didn't like is Richard Whitney, but even Whitney — "I liked him better as a convict." Starting S.P.A. with Billy Rose was fun. There was a certain walk down Broadway one evening with Bill

Fallon — fortunately for Fallon, for the jury disagreed when Hays testified to what Fallon had told him. A medley of clients and cases and trials and appeals. It was all very happy.

Then there is a chapter on Marriage and Divorce, which is the best writing on the subject I know. Prospective divorcees, please read. The Wendell will contest. That was settled, for how much Hays does not, cannot say, but he has a house in Long Island to show for it. A bit of the great Sacco-Vanzetti case. Hays was not in it. A page or two on the Countess Cathcart. Perhaps you have forgotten her. But not the Scopes trial. Hays was associated with Clarence Darrow in that, and "He was the greatest man I ever met."

To me the most interesting chapter is the one on the Reichstag Fire trial, and the picture of Dimitrov, the Communist, who was his own lawyer. Never was the old adage more inappropriate. No fool he, when he talked back to the German judges and gave Göring more than he could take. He was acquitted, to become head of the Third International. I wonder where he is now. "A magnificent exhibition of moral courage," says Hays. "The story should be in the schoolbooks of every democracy." And so it should, as you will see when you read it.

Arthur Hays likes people, not as a lover of mankind. There's no Abou Ben Adhem about Hays. The people he loves are individuals. He finds something in each one to believe in. And he believes in little else — except his own complete competence to deal with each one of them and to enjoy doing so.

That is the stock in this soup, and it is nourishing stuff; but the best part of this book is its consequence. Love of the individual made Arthur Hays a genuine lover of liberty. Again, not the sentimental lover. There is no more Walt Whitman about Hays than Ben Adhem. Hays has been counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, and he gave his talents, his zest, his ingenuity, his skill to the little people who needed them. Not altruistically in the stuffy noble sense, but because Arthur Hays loves the little people, and also because he likes to give cant and rant and stupidity a swift kick in the pants whenever and however he gets the chance.

CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

Bookshelf

HALF A POET AND WHOLLY WOMAN

The Simplicity and Warm Strength of Dorothy Wordsworth

JOURNALS OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.
Edited by E. de Selincourt. Macmillan. 2 vols. \$10.00

IT HAS long been recognized that Dorothy Wordsworth, who never wrote a line for publication in her life, had a gift for expression which in its smaller and more limited way was as fine as the more pretentious talent of her famous brother. Though she was, to use her own phrase, only "half a poet," she had a sharp and sensitive eye for the details of external nature and for human character; and, as everyone knows, the notes in her Journals frequently supply the source for her brother's poems. Both for her own sake and for the sake of the brother she so much loved, it is good to have her Journals in the complete and well-edited form in which Mr. de Selincourt presents them.

Her writings, to be sure, vary in interest. The early Alfoxden Journal of 1798 and the Grasmere Journals of 1802 have a freshness and a revealing spontaneity which is missing in the more deliberately written accounts of the Scottish and Continental tours. In those earlier years William's genius was at its height, he had no family distractions, the wonderful friendship with Coleridge showed as yet no signs of being tarnished with misunderstanding, Dorothy was absorbed in the country and in her brother. A typical entry in the Grasmere Journal gives us a characteristic picture of their life together during those years: "I went and sate with W. and walked backwards and forwards in the orchard till dinner time. He read me his poem, I broiled beef-steaks. After dinner we made a pillow of my shoulder — I read to him and my beloved slept. I afterwards got him the pillows, and he was lying with his head on the table when Miss Simpson came in. She stayed tea. I went with her to Rydale — no letters! A sweet evening as it had been a sweet day, a grey evening, and I walked quietly along the side of Rydale Lake with quiet thoughts — the hills and the lake were still — the Owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing."

Throughout the Journal she gives us a vivid and touching picture of her devotion to William, of her anxious affection for Coleridge, of her curiosity about

what went on around her. And her account of the tour she made in Scotland in 1803, with William and Coleridge (Coleridge went only part of the way), is an excellent piece of travel literature, though it lacks the day by day interest of the more informal Journal. She describes landscape with accuracy and enthusiasm, and her pictures of the Scotch way of living — the huts, the farmers, the inns — are lively and clear. Even the later journeys — to Scotland a second time, and, in 1820, to the Continent — are recorded with freshness and zest.

Sister and friend

But it is the role she played as a sister and friend that interests a modern reader most, and to have a complete picture of that, one must go beyond the Journals to her letters or to Mr. de Selincourt's admirable biography of her (1933). The Journals give only a partial portrait; they need to be put in their setting, and most readers of Mr. de Selincourt's otherwise admirable edition will feel a need for a chronological table which would describe the main events in the lives of Coleridge and of William which were her primary interest. She was an entirely unselfish person, and she would have thought it only just to have had her life seen in relation to others.

Yet she deserves to take her place, which is well established by this time, as an author in her own right. The simplicity and warm strength of her life as she reveals it to us can be a solace in times of difficulty. That was the impressions he made on Coleridge. "W. and his exquisite sister are with me," he wrote in 1797. "She is a woman indeed! in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such, that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; but if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion, her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw would say,

Guilt was a thing impossible in her."

The reader of the published Journals comes away with the same impression; Dorothy Wordsworth's devotion gives her still a living radiance.

THEODORE SPENCER

What America Should Be Reading



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Home truths about the false illusions with which we fight this war, by a young American who does not mince words.

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Gods and heroes with their delightful blend of divinity and humanity presented with a spirit which carries us into the past.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

by EDWARD WEEKS

THERE are two ways of reading W. Somerset Maugham's new novel, *The Hour Before the Dawn* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). You can take it as pure narration, the story of an English family who have had their roots deep in Sussex for two hundred years and who must now submit to the disintegration which has affected so many county families since Dunkirk. If you take it for its story alone you have well-bred fiction which piques the curiosity and gives you a cousinly feeling for England in her plight.

The second way to take this book is as a living pattern of England in wartime. I believe Mr. Maugham intended his people to typify those elements in England's top layer who have thrown themselves and their heritage into the national effort, gambling all on the consequence. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson stand for the squirearchy, who cared for their tenants and sent their sons into the Services. Roger, their eldest and a graduate of Sandhurst, stands for the new, tough-minded army. Jane, with her harlequin make-up and her coarse, witty tongue, is a hang-over from the irresponsible twenties, just as young Jim, the conscientious objector, fresh from Oxford, stands for the revulsion against all that.

But do these people stand as types or do they develop into individuals? I find difficulty in attaching myself to them: I am curious about them while the story is in motion, but my intentions toward them, as Oscar Wilde once said about the Squire's daughter, are honorable but remote. In short, it seems to me that the characterization in this book lacks force, partly because Mr. Maugham's dialogue is more perfunctory than it ought to be (hear the flat notes on pages 20, 26, 41, and 84) and partly because the experiences through which the Hendersons are living are overfamiliar — they do not seize fresh hold upon the imagination.

Old Soldiers Never Die (Lippincott, \$2.50), by James Ronald, is, as the title implies, another novel about England with her back to the wall. The book is not to be taken as seriously as a new work by Mr. Maugham: its story is one which invites the lighter side of human nature. Here is an old general such as Bateman used to caricature in the last war, choleric, white-haired, and valiant, who tries to get

back in service but is simply brushed off by the War Office. While he is still fuming in his old Elizabethan manor, his good man Bates (half Crichton, half Jeeves) surreptitiously invites thirteen young evacuees to fill up the empty rooms. How this little ragged army invades Farthing Knoll, what they do to the general and what the general does to them, is the story. Rather gay, convalescent reading for tired minds.

The most endearing quality in James Gould Cozzens's new novel, *The Just and the Unjust* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), is the almost effortless way in which he makes you identify yourself with a small Connecticut village. The village could be any little town, anywhere along the North Atlantic coast. Cozzens gives you the feel of it perfectly — the elms, the frame houses, the state highway, and the courthouse of 1880 Romanesque which everyone knows is the symbol of law and order. When court is in order, and townsfolk are in the gallery, there is a kind of town-meeting geniality about the proceedings, but the spirit sharpens to hostility when four racketeers, city rats, are brought to trial for the murder they forced upon Childerstown.

The story unfolds in the courtroom. You come to know the Judges; Marty Bunting, the District Attorney, and Abner Coates, his likable assistant; Joe Jackman, the patient clerk; and Harry Wurts, the clever, sarcastic counsel for the defense — you see each man as he reacts to this ugly case of the foreigners in their midst. The story follows them to their homes; it shows you the indiscretion of Judge Vredenburg's daughter; it shows you the care Abner takes of his stricken father, the old Judge, and his casual, teasing courtship of Bonnie; it shows you what a night's drinking will do to Harry Wurts's argument. The legalities are sometimes musty, sometimes elephantine. But don't be discouraged; lawyers have an interior humanity. What gives this book its vitality is the interplay of law and life. Mr. Cozzens has woven together the technicalities of a murder trial and the homely pattern of a village community. In tangy, humorous writing he has dramatized the legal process in scenes so human and so clear that at the end you realize you have been watching democracy at the core — and almost at its best.

THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

PRELUDE TO VICTORY

By James B. Reston

\$2.00

KNOPF

"THIS is not a book so much as it is an outburst of bad temper against careless thinking; bureaucratic officials; selfish 'special groups,' . . . people who think wars don't really settle anything; people who want to 'get back to normal'; people who think time and money are on our side; and people who are afraid to win because of post-war problems. In short, it is an outburst of temper against anything and anybody who is concentrating on anything but winning this war."

One can only add that it is a strikingly honest and rational outburst of good temper. The book offers one man's feelings and impressions — and yet it stands out in singular contrast to the common "Alone in Cuba" type of journalistic surveys of the present crisis. The author is absorbed in things wholly outside himself; no book has less taint of the ego, or the merely personal perspective. Even when the opinions or assumptions are mistaken, they are honestly wrong; and it is a fair risk to assert that no commentary on the general problem of the Hitler War is so free from the commonly accepted catchwords and clichés. The major impulse in writing the book was evidently to break down the catchwords the author found around him: they are above all the catchwords current in Washington, D. C. The most intimate impression conveyed by the book is the conflict between the real beliefs of a Washington correspondent and the headlines offered to the readers of the American press. Mr. Reston happens to be on the staff of the *New York Times*, but his book is a defiant challenge to every paper that maintains a bureau in Washington. He assails the "fundamental illusions which are minimizing our effort" — but any attentive reader of the *Times* (or other papers) will recognize in these "illusions" the daily ration offered by his early morning reading. Elmer Davis cannot be asked to sweep away this paradox: one of the most real needs of the immediate future is the change of heart which will move the press to state what it knows, and what it really thinks. The effort to "guide opinion" has been a total failure.

"The Arsenal of Democracy from 1940 to the middle of 1942 was Britain, not the United States." "We cannot bring our armored divisions to bear on the enemy by sending them into the deserts of the Southwest United States." When Mr. Reston is able to get his own paper to express these views, his book will have achieved its purpose.

T. H. T.

THE BOY FROM MAINE

By Katharine Brush

\$2.50

FARRAR & RINEHART

HOBY HADLEY, the Boy from Maine whom life moves in a mysterious way to transform from a yokel to a

master of ceremonies in a night club, is now thirty years old. And all his life he has loved Rosalie Hastings, of Boston and Marblehead, a beautiful girl of wealth, sophisticated, spoiled, and selfish, but irresistibly charming. She, however, marries others, and he marries a brat of genius named Bonnie Roberts, from his home town. Her genius runs to stage impersonation. All three marriages — Rosalie's two and his one — are loveless; but the unloved are conveniently removed by suicide or divorce and Hoby and Rosalie are united in the end. This is the outline of a novel, written from the surface of a clever mind, well calculated to catch readers who find night life in the big city romantic. The cleverness shows best in the portraits of a fat, jovial entertainer named Ruby Mallory, who has a big heart and knows how to talk the language of gobs, and of Bonnie, a more original creation, who is so improbable as to seem convincing. Anyway, the hometown boy makes good — or does he?

R. M. G.

TIME AND THE TOWN

By Mary Heaton Vorse

\$3.00

DIAL PRESS

A HAPHAZARD, chatty, anecdotal account of the history and topography and personalities of Provincetown, on Cape Cod; pleasantly intimate and at the same time comprehensive. Mrs. Vorse has been in the midst of things down there for thirty-five years, has known everybody, seen and noted everything. She also likes everything, even the excursionists and the artiness. Such enthusiasm and tolerance almost persuade one to become a P-towner, as they say on the Cape. But she has the advantage of most of us in owning an old and lovable house, which is one of her many delights. Her friends include every artist, author, fisherman, and local character, and she possesses the kind of mind that enjoys oddity, controversy, and simplicity. Since in the course of a summer cars from every state in the Union have visited the Cape, her book should find a large audience. For the tourist from the West and South it will offer the pleasures of discovery; for the New Englander, those of recognition. It proves, what those who have known it have long realized, that Provincetown is a unique phenomenon.

R. M. G.

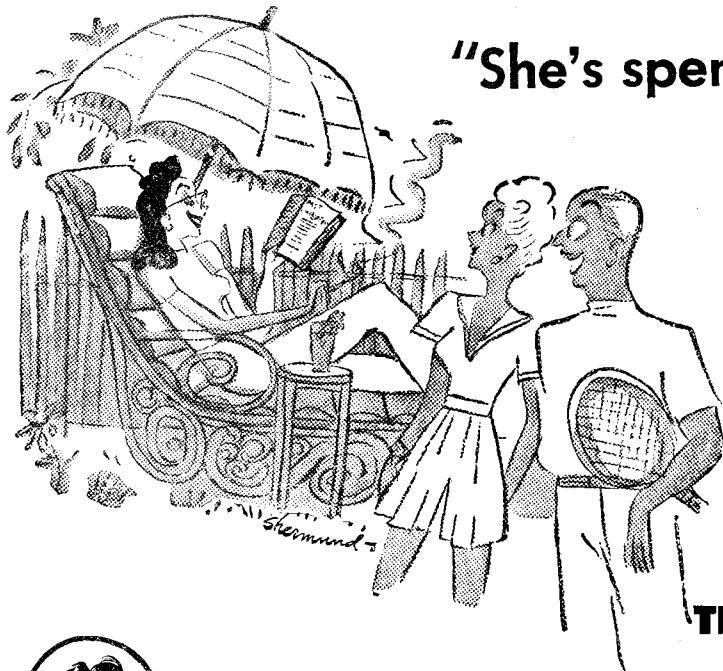
RUINS AND VISIONS

By Stephen Spender

\$2.50

RANDOM HOUSE

THE outstanding quality of Spender's poetry is complete sincerity. He never wavers in fidelity to the truth of his own experience and he has a faculty of precise, ultrasensitive psychic notation which gives a keen reality to his vision. But that experience and vision, in this volume, are desolate enough. His earlier poetry, written within the framework of his communist faith, and seen at its best in "I think continually upon those that are truly great," presented convictions which gave its delicacy fiber and strength; but these poems, written out of the loneli-



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PAST IMPERFECT *by Ilka Chase*

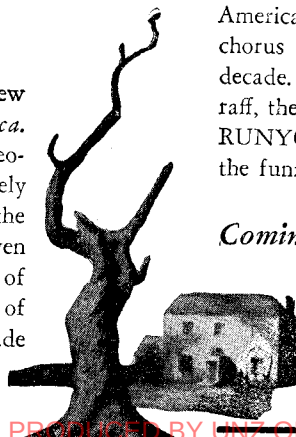
Meet the big-shots of stage, screen and radio in this hilarious best-seller that's more intimate than a Broadway production and much, much funnier than anything you've read in years! People all over the country are chuckling at Ilka's memoir escapades, as chronicled in this sparkling record of the indiscretions of a lady of wit and opinion. *The Philadelphia Record* calls it: "A juicily candid confession that will be a joy to most, if a jolt to some, a gay potpourri of personal experience, observation and gossip." . . . while the *Boston Post* says: "Bright, witty, original, this is excellent entertainment from cover to cover!" 8th large printing. \$2.00

ROOTS: A Novel of Java *by Baroness Van Boecop*

The lush and exciting islands of the Dutch East Indies and their feverish preparation against Japanese aggression form the background for this vigorous, romantic novel. Baroness Van Boecop lived in the Indies for many years, and her descriptions of the mysterious natives and the vast plantations make *ROOTS* not only an exciting, but a vividly colorful novel. \$2.50

THE UNINVITED *by Dorothy Macardle*

First readers are calling this extraordinary new English novel the most unusual since *Rebecca*. It's a beautiful, breathless story of ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances . . . of a lovely derelict of a house on the Devon Downs and the strange, compelling destinies that were woven around the lives of its owners and visitors; of eerie happenings in the midnight hours; and of the exciting way in which *The Uninvited* made their presence known. Be among the first to enjoy this new novel that's likely to become one of the most widely read books of the



THE KILLER AND THE SLAIN *by Hugh Walpole*

In the great tradition of *The Sea Tower* and *Portrait of a Man With Red Hair*, this brilliant novel is a masterful blending of horror, deep-etched character, and almost hypnotic suspense. A spine-chilling Jekyll-and-Hyde tale of a sensitive novelist and a bawdy portrait painter—two men who were in reality one—*THE KILLER AND THE SLAIN* is as curious and powerful as any novel Walpole ever wrote. \$2.50

MR. PAN *by Emily Hahn*

The author of *THE SOONG SISTERS* writes an illuminating, gay and witty book about a gentleman of modern China—Pan Heh-ven, who is already well-known and well-loved by readers of *The New Yorker*. New material has been added to these famous sketches about a Chinese "Mr. Britling" to make *MR. PAN* virtually a novel with a delightful literary flavor all its own. Miss Hahn's shrewd observations, uproarious anecdotes and understanding humor make it one of the most charming books of the year. \$2.50



LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE *by H. Allen Smith*

If you haven't read this riotous best-seller that "does for the American screwball what Ziegfeld did for the American chorus girl," you're missing one of the laugh-treats of the decade. Here are promoters and celebrities—the riff and the raff, the pot and the pourri of incredible humanity. *DAMON RUNYON* calls it "required reading." You'll call it one of the funniest books you've ever laid eyes on. \$2.00

Coming August 7th: A magnificent novel of the struggle for the Freedom of Man—*THE DRUMS OF MORNING* by Philip Van Doren Stern, a vast, passionate, vivid canvas of the anti-slavery movement. Reserve your First Edition copy today. \$3.00



THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

ness of lost love, are oppressive in their monotony of doom and gloom. He is haunted by "the inconsolable cry of lost humanity," "the senseless drone of the dull machines," "the groaning of wasted lives," and his own "territories of fear"; while he looks, with a mixture of attraction and repulsion, at those who find life simpler and easier, "who climb the dawn with such flexible knees," who knock and enter. Pity for the plight of humanity is his strongest emotion, and his best poems are those like "An Elementary School Class Room in a Slum" or "Ultima Ratio Regum," with its description of the boy killed in the Spanish war, and its moving conclusion:—

Consider. One bullet in ten thousand kills a man.
Ask. Was so much expenditure justified
On the death of one so young and so silly
Lying under the olive trees, O world, O death?

But his verse lacks vigor. The absence of rhyme seems symbolic of his failure to reach conclusions, to see his experience in any framework of a larger reality, and the faint rhythms and careful phrasing become monotonous.

E. D.

CONDITIONS OF PEACE

\$2.50

By Edward Hallett Carr

MACMILLAN

THIS is a challenging book. In depth and range of thought, in capacity for taking the long view, in attractive vigor and richness of style it suggests comparison with J. M. Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace." But Keynes could only write a pessimistic epilogue on a peace settlement that settled nothing; his compatriot, Professor Carr, has composed a reasonably optimistic prologue to the world order that will follow the present war.

Not content to analyze the diseases of modern society, he proposes concrete and realistic remedies. Public opinion in the United Nations recognizes much more clearly what we are fighting against than what we are fighting for. Most attempts to remedy this discrepancy have been conspicuously unsuccessful. Professor Carr, a British diplomat turned professor who is the author of some brilliant works on the early Russian revolutionaries, Herzen and Bakunin, has gone as far as any publicist on either side of the Atlantic in filling this large ideological gap. He furnishes blueprints for the kind of new world which Vice-President Wallace and others have been depicting in much vaguer and more evangelical phrases.

The author is not afraid to follow his boldest ideas to their logical conclusions. He is emphatically convinced that we are in the midst of a contemporary revolution "against the three predominant ideas of the nineteenth century: liberal democracy, national self-determination and *laissez-faire* economics." Hit-

lerism is a wrong and perverted expression of this revolution.

But the need of our time, according to Professor Carr, lies in the lethargy of democracy. In its lack of a fighting faith he sees the root of the tragedy of the epoch between the two wars. He would now re-interpret liberal democracy in terms of the social service state. Instead of trying to create either strategic or meticulously just frontiers, he would set up a type of world economy in which frontiers would be of minor consequence. Instead of *laissez faire* economics, based on the idea that the general good is best satisfied if everyone tries to become rich, he would give economics a moral aim in raising national well-being internally and internationally.

Professor Carr puts substance into his frequently reiterated idea that we should seek positive, rather than negative goals, when he says:—

To prevent war we must create a new order; to reduce armaments we must build a common pool of armaments for a common purpose; to remove trade barriers we must plan international trade; to cure unemployment we must organize men for the fulfilment of urgent and necessary tasks.

In a work packed full of novel ideas, forcefully expressed, the reader naturally puts down a few questioning notes. Professor Carr is perhaps too confident of the ability of a wartime economy to serve the much more complicated needs of peace. He may underestimate the depth and permanence of the wounds which the totalitarian revolutions have left in the body of European culture and civilization. He overrates the tragedies of unemployment and rather singularly underrates the tragedies of war and violent revolution. And the world after the war may be far too irrational to listen to his reasonable suggestions for peace and world order.

All his comments on European international relations and on the aims and limitations of British policy are based on thorough information and penetrating judgment. Writing with typically British cool objectivity, in the heat of the struggle, he defends Germany against accusations which seem to him exaggerated or unhistorical. He wants an army of relief sent into Germany with the army of occupation. He rejects as unwise and impractical all plans for dismembering Germany or holding it in a state of subjugation. He looks forward to ultimate British-German coöperation, especially economic, for the good of both countries, and of Europe.

W. H. C.

HOW TO READ A PAGE

\$2.50

By I. A. Richards

NORTON

THIS book, frankly "a retort to Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book* and to Scott Buchanan's Hundred Books Program," is by the co-author (with C. K. Ogden) of *The Meaning of Meaning*, which is a (if not *the*) basic text of the science of psycho-verbal analysis known as semantics—the science popularized (or, as Mr. Richards might write it, 'popu-

The New Novel by **JAMES GOULD COZZENS**

"Mr. Cozzens, the author of several remarkable stories of contemporary American life, has here produced his finest and most mature novel . . .

"A dramatic account, going into the last expert detail, of a murder trial that holds the interest of a town for one exciting week, and ends with an unexpected twist.



"In the course of the trial, pretty much everyone you were likely to hear about in Childerstown, from the judges on the bench and the tipstiffs in the court, to bakers, brawlers, politicians, school teachers, saints, sinners, and neurotics, gets directly or indirectly involved in the reactions from the trial."

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THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

larized!) by such books as Hugh Walpole's *Semantics* and Stuart Chase's *Tyranny of Words*.

How to Read a Page is a sort of graduate course in semantics. Dedicated to the proposition that "every careful reader is willy-nilly a Dialectician in some measure," it presents us with an apparatus for progressive self-training in detection of the tricks that words can play on the unwary mind. From differences that the simplest can grasp — for example, that between "There are 261 words [separated clumps of letters] on this page" and "There are only 110 words [distinct forms of such clumps] on this [the same] page" — the analysis works up to distinctions that all but a handful of the elect will find gaseous. A large part of the space is given to the 103 indispensable, omnipresent, inveterately ambiguous words of a list that begins with *amount*, *argument*, *art*, *be* (eight meanings) and ends with *thought* (eight meanings), *true*, *use*, *way*, *wise*, *word*, *work*. Underlying the whole discussion is the indubitable principle that words get their meanings from contexts. Behind it all is the favorite obsession of semanticists: to wit, that the disorders of human life, the defects of human institutions, and the perversities of human nature are pre-vaillingly if not entirely the consequences of failure to make sufficiently accurate determinations of the meanings of crucial words in crucial contexts. W.F.

WILL GERMANY CRACK?

\$2.75

By Paul Hagen

HARPERS

THE question which is the title of this book cannot be answered with any certainty while the military issue of the war hangs in an uncertain balance. Mr. Hagen, an Austrian political exile, avoids rash predictions. He puts together some interesting material, derived partially from German underground reports, partially from German, Swiss, and other continental newspapers. He concludes that resigned apathy characterizes the attitude of the average German toward the war, that there is friction between privileged Nazi formations, like the SS Guards, and the Army rank-and-file, and that the five and a half million foreign conscript workers in German factories and farms represent a potential weakness. He believes that opposition to the Nazi regime is strongest among the industrial workers. As political weapons to hasten Hitler's downfall, he recommends that the United Nations endorse a European federation, and show a clear intention to discriminate between the Nazis and the German people.

W.H.C.

GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY

\$4.00

By Jawaharlal Nehru

JOHN DAY

No LIVING man possesses sufficient knowledge to write an authoritative history of the world. Yet this

long work by India's nationalist leader is of distinct interest and value. It is in the informal style of some two hundred letters on subjects as far removed as ancient Indian civilization and the Bolshevik Revolution, written to his young daughter from various prisons (for Nehru "finally adopted the popular and widely practiced profession of jail-going in India"). It presents reflections on the vast pageant of world history by a man who combines exceptionally the cultures of the East and of the West, who can quote with equal facility and feeling from the Bhagavad-Gita and from the poetry of Browning. And sometimes Nehru tells us something that escaped the headlines, as when he refers to "a great peasant revolt" in Burma in 1930 and 1931. He is eloquent in commending to his daughter the part which she may play in our turbulent age. One feels that in Nehru the East has given to the world a rich and many-sided personality.

W.H.C.

THE DISARMAMENT ILLUSION

\$3.50

By Merze Tate

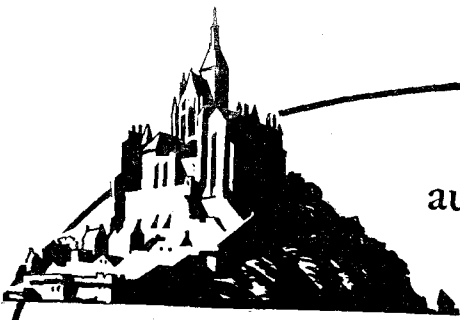
MACMILLAN

THIS is not a tract, but an honest historical study. "Disarmament is not a moral . . . but a political problem." In a workmanlike fashion the author has approached the matter from this realistic point of view, and her book becomes timely (in the most practical sense) from the return of a mood which contemplates disarmament as a desirable aspiration. It can offer very useful lessons from past experience. The lesson is all the more useful in that the author does not unduly make scapegoats of the "Militarists" — and pays her readers the compliment of not dragging in the munitions industries as the father of all evil.

After a survey of nineteenth century attitudes toward the matter, the author centers her attention on the Tsar's disarmament proposal of 1898, and the tentative approaches made later on in the Hague Conference. These efforts were undertaken without any preparatory consultations between the governments concerned; without any effort to define clearly the specific aims in view; and, to tell the truth, without any preliminary examination of the practical elements of the matter in hand. "Disarmament," *ipso facto*, was a phrase without meaning: the practical aspiration now a limitation, or a planned restriction, of the existing basis of armaments.

These essential beginnings were not even tried. The author faces very frankly the fact that public opinion in the countries concerned was not widely favorable, and often thoroughly suspicious. She avoids the common device of contrasting "governments" and "peoples."

For our present purpose, the lesson is that the issues and rivalries making for increased armaments were not even touched on. It was simple enough for Sweden and Norway to agree on a *modus vivendi* — but it was a different matter for Germany and Russia to find a common ground in respect to the future of



Helen MacInnes
author of *Above Suspicion*
has done it again!

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Helen MacInnes, master of suspense, has written a novel of espionage, adventure and romance—as tense, as exciting, as compelling as “Above Suspicion”. Rich in character, it is the story of a British Intelligence officer in Occupied France, engaged in a dangerous impersonation—which was not supposed to include his falling in love with a lovely French girl, the fiancée of the man whose role he was playing.

\$2.50



Helen MacInnes

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By Janet Whitney

“Mrs. Whitney has given us a striking picture of a spiritual man and his times, and has enriched our understanding of an important phase of our Colonial history.”—*Philadelphia Inquirer*. Illustrated. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$3.75

From the Heart of New China

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By Han Suyin

In London they fell in love... in Hankow they were married just as the Japanese invasion swept through... in Chungking they are living today, carrying on the fight for China—and for life. “I think China is lucky to have this book published. A powerful document.”—*Lin Yutang*. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$3.00

THE NEW BELIEF IN THE COMMON MAN

By Carl J. Friedrich
Professor of Government,
Harvard University

For the world now in birth, Dr. Friedrich has created a new faith founded upon a realistic view of the common man's capacity for self-government. A masterly vindication of the democratic idea. \$3.00

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Men Without Country

A NOVEL

“A spirited, exciting story... virile and tough-fibered... one cannot read this poignant tale without reflecting on the debt the civilized world owes to the brave men fighting for free France.”—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Publishers, Boston

THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

the Ottoman Empire. Also, the practical and technical elements which entered into the general balance of military strength were not even considered.

So far, we are guilty of the same lapses in our easy-going assurances as to the disarmament in the post-war world of the Second World War. T. H. T.

BELLS AND GRASS

By *Walter de la Mare*

\$2.50

VIKING

IN THE introduction to this volume of poems for children, Walter de la Mare tells us that he discovered many of them in an old commonplace book which had been forgotten for thirty-five years. The re-reading of what his self of that time had written aroused that same self in him to write again in the same vein — for our past selves, he says, are not dead but sleeping, and the young vision can be relit in the hearts and senses of the old.

Certainly the voice that we hear in the poems is that of the sweetest singer of this century. The lyrics in this book, do not, of course, have the haunting overtones and subtle sound effects of his more elaborate work, but they sing themselves with an effortless grace and delicious lightness, whether they tell of the goldfinch,

A sip of water,
A twig to sing on,
A prong for nest,
The air to wing on,

A mate to love,
Some thistledown seed
Are all his joy, life,
Beauty, need.

or of

Old Ben Bailey
He's been and done
For a small brown bunny
With his long gun.

One would like to quote dozens of them: songs of sunshine and singing birds, of moonlight and magic, of fishes and mice; tales of Somewhere and Shadowland, of the Witch of the Woods and the House of Dreams and the land that nobody knows: all full of that mixture of fantasy and precise realism and the unexpected in rhyme and rhythm which young hearts and ears of all ages from seven to seventy delight in. E. D.

WHAT'S IN A NOVEL

By *Helen E. Haynes*

\$2.75

COLUMBIA UNIV. PRESS

THIS book has been written in the conviction that contemporary fiction, as a great pervasive medium of public education and enlightenment, deserves fuller recognition and more constructive utilization than it usually receives. The author is not concerned with artistic values but with factual indication of substance, purpose, and effect. Her material is

drawn mainly from the novels of the last ten years. She discusses the novel of individual character and family life; the fictional biography; the treatment of economic, social, industrial and international problems; regional and historical fiction; the imaginative romance; and the novel of mystery and "thrill." In every case the author's aim is to indicate the practical values of informational background and social significance, and to note "the reading relationships which link modern fiction to the materials of knowledge in every field." She illustrates, for instance, how Thomas Mann's "Joseph" series, in addition to its creative vigor, can bring to the reader specific historical knowledge, a taste of philosophic discussion, and "a reading relationship that ranges from primitive religion and Egyptian archaeology to Biblical history and modern psychology."

The book will not interest those who look first in a novel for literary distinction, but it is full of informative and intelligent discussion of the world we live in as revealed in its novels. E. D.

THE HISTORY OF QUAKERISM

\$3.00

By *Elbert Russell*

MACMILLAN

THE Friends, or Quakers, have exerted an influence in religious thought, and in American life generally, that is out of proportion to their numbers. As Professor Russell points out in his history, which presents all the essential facts in the history of Quakerism from George Fox to the present time, there are a little over 160,000 Friends in the world, with 116,000 in the United States and 22,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. Perhaps it is just because of their limited numbers that the Friends have remained a distinctive leaven in the Christian body. What the Friends have stood for pretty consistently would include the following principles: a deeply personal, informal, and simple method of worship; simplicity in living; opposition to slavery and to all forms of oppression; rejection of war and of organized violence.

As Professor Russell shows, with a good deal of illustrative detail, the Friends have not been content to turn away from a world of war and violent revolution. One would feel happier about the prospect for world reconstruction after the war if one could believe that it would be carried out, with all the resources of governments, in the spirit that has animated the Society of Friends in its own limited sphere. W. H. C.

NATALIE MAISIE AND PAVILASTUKAY

\$2.50

By *John Masefield*

MACMILLAN

IF THIS volume had been written by anyone other than the Poet Laureate of England, would it have found a publisher, I wonder? It consists of two tales in verse. The first, founded upon a Russian legend, is the romantic story of a beautiful young girl, who, on the eve of her sailor lover's departure, is seen and desired by Czar Peter, the husband of Catherine

the Great. Fleeing from his lust, she lives for a year in a hut in the forest. As ballet or folk tale the story might have great charm, but transformed into facile but undistinguished modern English verse, dropping into bathos such as,

The couples danced, and suddenly the Czar
Was at her elbow, saying "Here we are."

it is merely silly.

I had hopes at the outset of the next story — that of an Englishman embittered by the modern world — that it was to be a satire in the Byronic manner, but it turned into an unconvincing parable of Reconstruction. The hero leaves England in disgust for a world cruise, and in the Indian jungle lights upon the ruins of a forgotten city, Pavilastukay. Here a series of paintings show him that the past had experienced everything which debases the present, and had conquered it.

The hero thereupon returns home, with new hope and determination that "England shall live like Pavilastukay."

F. D.

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS

\$2.50

By Mary McCarthy

SIMON & SCHUSTER

A NOVEL, in six apparently unrelated episodes, about lost personality. Margaret Sargent is the product or victim of a forlorn childhood under a Catholic mother, Protestant father, and tyrannical aunt, upon which is superposed a girlhood of too much freedom in an intellectual climate of fashionable ideas and ideals. Whatever is special in her history, however, does not prevent its being representative. Like many another ardent and intelligent youth of the time just past, she has lost all anchorage. Without religion, confused in politics, uncertain in morals, she becomes an experimentalist in all. At last she tries psychoanalysis and finds it the worst solution of all because it seeks to destroy personality in the guise of finding it. Perhaps (one ventures to suggest) the one cure for her misery would have been the old one of solitude amid rural surroundings; but there is not a single reference to animals or flowers or the country, except as background. It is an intelligent book, giving promise of fine things to come. The method and structure give the impression that the chapters were written without reference to one another and then were somewhat highhandedly brought together by means of the tenuous theme of lost personality. The result is discontinuity and lack of cumulative effect. Two episodes — those of Mr. Sheer, the naïvely knavish dealer in antiques, and of Mr. Pflaumen, "the Genial Host," a vulgarian who milks the brains of his guests — are especially taking, quite able to stand alone for their humor and truth.

R. M. G.

W. H. C. WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
E. D. ELIZABETH DREW
W. F. WILSON FOLLETT
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

I congratulate you on the July issue of the *Atlantic*. With the change, you have put the magazine "On the Map" — an outsider, topping all others in the English language.

I was born in 1863. My father was a regular reader of the print — as was my grandfather. I have not missed reading it since my mother taught me the letters of the alphabet from its pages. Long may it continue. — *Enoch W. Pearson, Epping, N. H.*

I must tell you how much I enjoyed the July *Atlantic*. That first article by Archie MacLeish was a "honey." I hope that story will have wide currency, because most of us need that new perspective as we think of the future. I was also interested in the other articles, and the "batting average" of the magazine is high. Congratulations and more power to you! — *John Tomajan, Worcester, Mass.*

Congratulations on your new format. I like it.

It was interesting — now it *looks* interesting. — *Whitney Darrow, New York City*

I think the "new" *Atlantic* is a swell job. The current events in the front seems to me awfully well put up, and the treatment of the Atlantic Bookshelf is just what I've been yearning for. — *Lovell Thompson, Boston, Mass.*

The new *Atlantic* is magnificent! I am most enthusiastic about the ample page layout and the other innovations, especially the biographical notes on the same page with the beginning of each important article. I've long advocated some such break for the reader's convenience. — *M. Lincoln Schuster, New York City*

I think you have brought it off. The format is still the *Atlantic*, and recognizable at a glance, while the inside isn't changed enough to frighten any of your old subscribers, and, of course, in content it is very much up to snuff. The "Report" is an ingenious idea. — *Lucien Price, Marblehead, Mass.*

To my very great pleasure the July *Atlantic* arrived in the first mail July 4, which was a wonderful day for your new issue to appear.

My family and I are delighted with the new setup. We are especially interested in the manner in which you have changed the general setup, particularly the type and the size of the magazine. — *Eugene A. Schmitt, New York City*

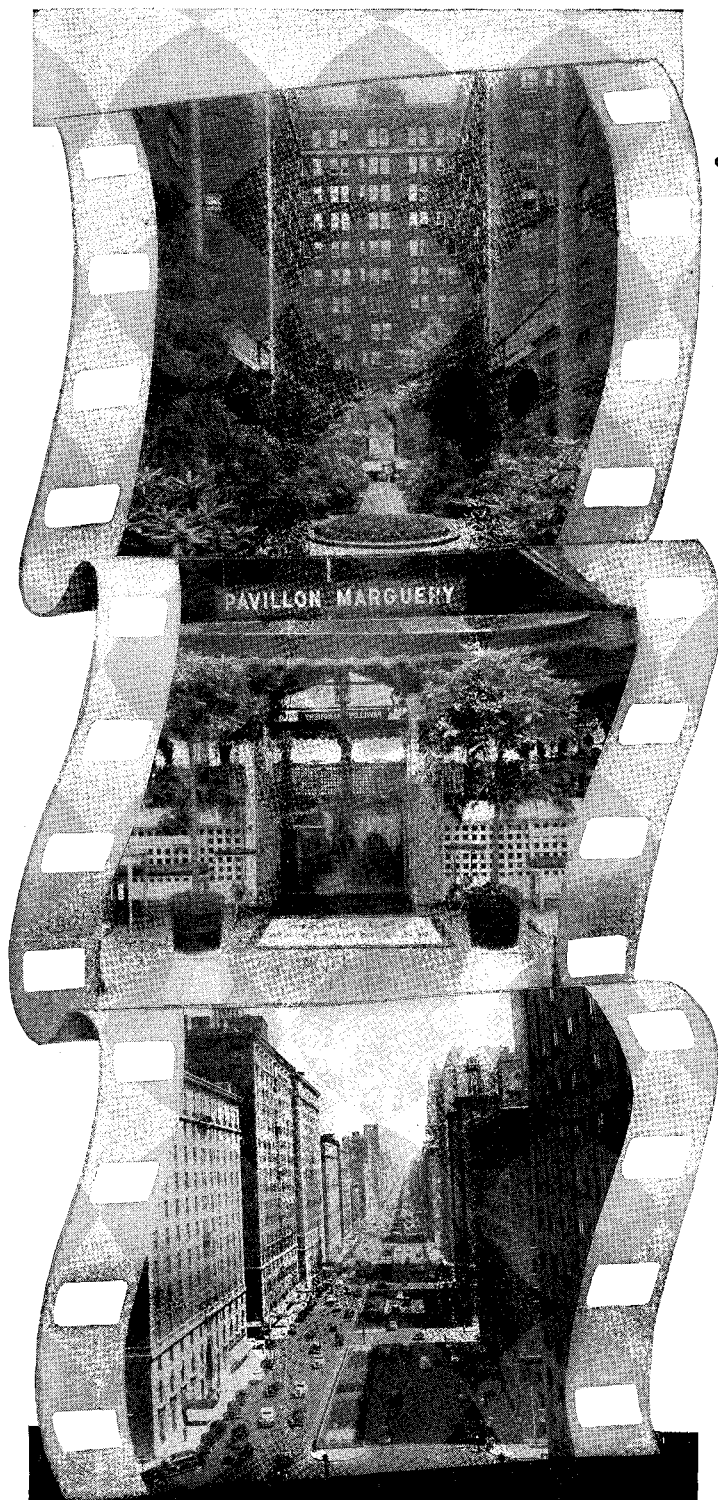
If any stickler has any complaint about the format of the *Atlantic*, please refer him to me! I think the new style is well-nigh perfect — proportions, print, and intention. It must have been a big job, and I think the achievement is grand! — *Robert Hillyer, Cambridge, Mass.*

May I express my approval of the new Atlantic Report as a concise and satisfactory summing-up of the world situation. I like all of your changes, save the dropping of the Contributors' Club. — *Mary L. Bryan, Columbia, S. C.*

In 1924 we went to Europe to live and work. At that time I did not read "Law and Manners" by Lord Moulton. I feel it is a great thing that you have reprinted this speech in the new *Atlantic*. I am one who will benefit from having read it. I have been conscious of the subject for a long time but never have had it clearly defined before. I hope that all the men who are now in high places in our government, directing the destiny of this nation, read this speech. — *Arthur Linz, New York City*

The only thing I feel regretful about is the Contributors' Club. There is now no place, as far as I know, in any magazine for the short piece, the little oddities. The omission of this tends to make the *Atlantic* more stereotyped and I am all for the widest variety in magazines as in life. So I hope sometime you can restore space for these. Not that Brooks's article isn't pleasant, but as a feature this section will probably become more routine than the column it replaced. — *Diarmuid Russell, New York City*

"Accent on Living" — a grand beginning for the old, newly vitalized *Atlantic*. All the changes are excellent, the more easily handled size, the type, the brief story of each writer at the foot of the page, and oh! so many other improvements. Congratulations. — *Carl Dreyfus, Marblehead, Mass.*



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Atlantic Repartee

Wilson Follett's Files

In your April issue Mr. Wilson Follett writes an article on the subject of "Tools and the Hand," which is most enjoyable reading if you don't happen to be one of the manufacturers he refers to.

As we understood Mr. Follett's article and the subsequent letters we have received from him, he believes (1) that saw files made today are not nearly as good as those used by his grandfather; (2) that file makers could produce much better files than his grandfather used if they did not prefer to make large profits selling easily worn out files (has Mr. Follett ever examined our books?); (3) that file advertising today exaggerates the quality of the files it is promoting. In witness thereof Mr. Follett introduces (a) the complaints of his grandfather in the latter's declining years; (b) the testimony of a Mr. Rivers, a seventy-year-old English saw filer of Bradford, Vermont.

We have tested files made in 1901 against files from current stock. The durability or number of practical strokes of the new files is 23 per cent better than the old, and, further, the total amount of material removed is 50 per cent more. Records of the test are available in this office and they are certainly just as convincing as the hearsay evidence of Mr. Follett's grandfather.

Mr. Follett says Mr. Rivers is an English craftsman, presumably a fine judge of tools. You might be interested to know that there are over a hundred file makers in the city of Sheffield, England. We sell hundreds of dozens of Nicholson Files right in Sheffield, under our own brand, at higher prices than the English file makers can get for their own product.

We have made money for many years on quality files, produced by machinery which we make ourselves. It is designed and built by craftsmen whose patience and skill are beyond anything Mr. Rivers ever dreamed of.

Mr. Follett contends in (3) that our advertising exaggerates. Well, we use uniformly high quality as our basic theme. Following are the results of one test we made on 5½" Slim Taper Files to prove uniformly high quality. "Strokes" means number of strokes the file cuts before it wears out. "Grams" means amount of metal removed. The files are used to form completely new teeth in a piece of blank saw steel, Rockwell Hardness C49.

	Date of Test	Strokes	Grams
File 1	January 1941	2448	8.1
File 2	May 1941	2451	8.1
File 3	October 1941	2406	7.9
File 4	May 1942	2469	8.3

— George Ashbey, Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I.

Really, there is little for me to say to the Nicholson File Company "in detail" — especially in view of the fact that what I said in the *Atlantic* is all testimony from experience. Files are now bought by the gross for uses that once called for dozens, and by the dozen for uses that once called for them by ones. Elderly and aged dwellers in wooded regions (such as this), who have filed saws for forty, fifty, and sixty years, never turn up with anything but complaints about the files they are able to buy now. Among these, I have never encountered a single exception; and among them I have encountered more than one who went out of his way to state that the 35-cent saw files he got at the hardware store were in no way better or more serviceable than those for 15 cents from the dime store. — Wilson Follett, Bradford, Vt.

The Chicago Tribune

"Is this the voice of middle-class America?" No! We read the *Dubuque Telegraph-Herald*, the *Des Moines Register*, the *Sioux City Journal*.

Having read the *Chicago Tribune* for fifty years, I may qualify as *Advocatus Diaboli*. It has never been a mirror for the ideas of one man. In "The Voice of the People" it has always given place to the most divergent views; those of the socialist and the conservative will be found side by side. Its Washington correspondents give a richly varied picture of national politics. Its religion editor is noted for the breadth with which he reports fairly the stream of Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic religious life. Some of us favor a strong world federation after the war, while there are equally patriotic Americans who doubt the wisdom of a superstate. The *Tribune* and its editorial staff can be fairly judged fifty years from now when history has given its final verdict on the present crisis. — Herman S. Ficke, Dubuque, Iowa

Many of us feel, I believe, that a proper control of our feelings is necessary now and tactful, until these wars are over (or are we not as courageous as Mr. McCormick?), but there is a seething, I can assure you, in this "middle-class middle America," which I hope will explode when the wars are over. And long may the *Tribune* live! — Mrs. Theodore Doane Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

The *Atlantic* has no wish to conduct a witch-hunt at this time, and we have never been a magazine which indulged in smearing an individual's reputation. But these letters illuminate one of the very reasons why we published the article in criticism of the *Chicago Tribune*. There are two halves to winning this war: we must win it militarily, and then we must go on to win the peace. If we refuse to accept the responsibilities which go with a nation of

130,000,000 people, as we did in 1919, if at the end of this war we simply retire into a cyclone-cellar of our own, as some in the Middle Corridor believe we should, then our children will have to face calamity worse confounded, and that is the plain truth.—THE EDITOR

I notice that the *Atlantic Monthly* has picked up and rehashed the old attack launched against the *Tribune*.

One of the *Atlantic's* editors is quoted as stating that the isolationism of the Middle West is one deplorable factor in the case, but that the truly unforgivable sin of the *Tribune* is its American point of view, which puts the interests of the United States above those of Great Britain. This same gentleman mentions with pride that many Britons have called Boston the most English city out here in the states (or does he mean the sticks?).

From this, two thoughts come to mind. First, the *Atlantic Monthly* once before played a most noisy part in arousing sectional feelings of disunity which flowered in the bloody tragedy of reconstruction in the South.

Secondly, during the Revolution Boston was so utterly un-America First, and so many of its citizens were British Tories, that the city was unable to defend itself from capture. George Washington had to call on his Virginians to enlist in an army which he then marched to Massachusetts to retake Boston for the Americans. — *Historian, in the Chicago Tribune, June 9, 1942*

In the drive for collaboration with the British, at least one prominent Rhodes scholar has lent himself to the "smear" campaign against newspapers which criticized Washington blundering. He is Robert Lasch (Nebraska and Oriel College, Oxford, class of '28).

Lasch lit into the *Chicago Tribune* in a recent magazine article. He accused the paper of practically every high crime against patriotism and declared the *Tribune* "sought to obscure the true nature of this conflict as a world-wide attack upon our freedom and our civilization."

The article followed the familiar refrain of Archibald MacLeish, darling of the intellectual Reds and head of the Office of Facts and Figures. MacLeish has been heading up the Washington drive to discredit the *Tribune* before the Congressional elections in the fall. — *William Fulton, in the Chicago Tribune, June 20, 1942*

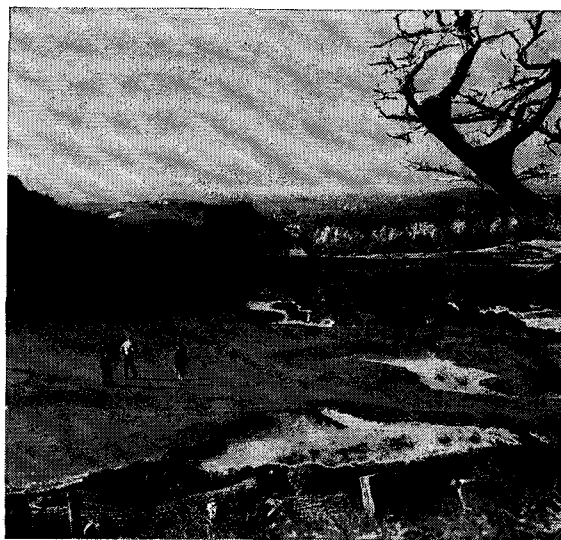
Robert Lasch wrote: "To the nation's struggle for its life the *Tribune* has contributed suspicion of our allies and suspicion of our government." These excerpts from the *Chicago Tribune* "news" story and the curious statements of the anonymous "Historian" from that newspaper's correspondence column support, in our opinion, Mr. Lasch's argument.

—THE EDITOR

C A L I F O R N I A

How to Keep From Getting Tired

We are a nation at war. And because each one of us has a precious stake in this war effort, our first duty is to keep on our mental toes. A tired mind may make a costly mistake. In order to make proper decisions promptly, your mind must be refreshed and your physical condition always good. Furthermore, everyone from the President down is emphasizing the vital importance of regular healthy recreation as a morale-builder. And that's where Del Monte — California's favorite resort — comes in.



GOLF AS YOU LIKE IT on four championship courses

You don't need your car to get to Del Monte—or to have a wonderful time while you're here. Fast planes and trains (two a day) bring Del Monte close to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Your favorite sport is within easy walking distance of the Hotel: swimming and tennis, one minute; golf, three minutes; beach, five minutes. Saddle horses are brought to the Hotel entrance. If you do want to drive, there are still "Driv-ur-self" cars.

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You can have all this for as little as \$9 a day, including meals and full guest privileges. Write for free colored map and book that tells all about America's greatest resort. Address Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Dept. 53-C, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, Calif.

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Atlantic Repartee

General

I do not know when my current subscription expires, but please extend it for a two-year period. War operations have made the delivery of my installments uncertain, and for the past five months no issue of your magazine has arrived at this station.

Will you please change the address from via San Francisco, California, to via Postmaster, New York, New York? — *Lieutenant Commander T. O. McCarthy, U. S. S. Black Hawk, U.S.N.*

Please let me congratulate you on the liveliness of the June *Atlantic*. I am impressed by the warmth and humanness of sketches such as "Write It Down" by Harriet Culp in the Contributors' Club. There is a complete absence of the stuffed-shirt variety of writing, a pleasant lack of pedantry. I have felt for several months that you have a new *Atlantic*. — *Kate S. Kendall, Peterborough, N. H.*

To one who has become dizzy with attempting to follow science in its mad dash through space, Mr. Leacock's travesty on "pure" science, "Common Sense and the Universe," is a relief, a chance to plant one's feet on the firm ground of reason. — *Mrs. A. H. Waters, Hyattsville, Md.*

I like "Educating Daughters" in the February issue and the *Atlantic Repartee* on it, and other articles that help my everyday life. Have tried not to miss a copy of the *Atlantic* since Mr. Weeks's first lecture in Fort Worth two years ago, and I hope he is returning next year. — *Mrs. Edwin Gunkle, Fort Worth, Tex.*

You have been walking in high cotton for a long time; keep it up! I was born in the deep South, lived all over the U. S. A., and have seen and experienced much abroad. Every month when it comes in I feel like saying, "Hi, honey!" She has never failed me, nor disappointed me.

I feel I should tell you that the boys in camp like it too. They get mine, along with *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, *Newsweek*, etc. I wish someone had done as much in World War I. You are doing swell; keep it up! — *Frank C. Heard, Greensboro, N. C.*

In days like these when the future is still so uncertain, a year's subscription to a magazine is an act of faith. And a three-year subscription seems to be a defiance of all the powers that are trying to stop a free and forthright press and end my chances of being alive to read the magazine to the end of the three-year term. — *Nixon Mumper, New Cumberland, Penn.*

The demands on our health department in these days of war are tremendous because of the examination of draft boys, sanitation, immunization, and obtaining delayed birth registration. The *Atlantic* is even more welcome than usual now at the end of a busy day or to read on the bus coming to work. — *Ladine E. Ferrell, Registrar, Cass County Health Unit, Harrisonville, Mo.*

Fadiman's article in your May number was *very* interesting. It suggests to me further that Russia's mystical or spiritual power is there largely because her people are primitive and agricultural, whereas the democratic countries are sophisticated and skeptical (and thus incapable of fiery faith in themselves) because we are highly industrialized. Our lives are complex, artificial. I could elucidate more, but this is hardly the place.

I still look in vain for a poem that hits the bull's-eye, but I do not relinquish hope. As for stories — well, why don't you reprint Virginia Woolf's essay: "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown"? That says just what I mean about much fiction of today. — *William H. Archer, Pasadena, Cal.*

H. M. Tomlinson's power-concentrated article, "Back to First Things," in the June *Atlantic*, is one of the most clear-thinking appraisals of the universal nature of human motivation I have read in some time. — *Charles C. Irwin, Detroit, Mich.*

I wish to express my appreciation for the short novel, *Men Without a Country*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall in the June issue.

Devil's Island has long been the most notorious of vile penal institutions, but yet it survives to shock a pious world too busy with its own affairs to do anything about it. Great calamities, such as the present war, are not without their ameliorating influences, and let us hope that, as class distinctions are being swept away in Great Britain, so may abuses and inequality be eradicated in the affairs of France. — *Eugene Goude, Monmouth, Ore.*

As you give space in your magazine for letters of commendation and also of criticism, I'm taking this liberty. I have been a reader of your magazine for some time and enjoy it very much, but I must say the article in your June issue, "The Stork, the Goose, the Eagle, and the Swan," with its subtitle, was vile and an insult to decent people. I do not wonder it was signed "Anonymous." Had you nothing better to offer, the pages might better have remained blank. — *Anonymous*

Please pass on to the author of "The Stork, the Goose, the Eagle, and the Swan" my sincere compliments. Well done, clever, and typical of many women (even here in California if not elsewhere). The entire June issue was excellent. — *Jane Adams, La Crescenta, Cal.*



America's Secret Weapon

You won't find it on the production lines at Rock Island or Willow Run.

It isn't guarded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or tested at Aberdeen.

But it's the toughest weapon these men you are looking at will ever take into battle. It's the stuff with which all our wars are won.

The boy in the uniform doesn't call it *morale*. That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.

Perhaps he can't give it a name. But he can tell you what it's made of.

It's made of the thrill he gets when his troop train stops at a junction point and fifty good-looking girls are at the station with cigarettes.

It's made of the appreciation he feels for a bright new USO clubhouse where he and his friends can go for a few hours' rest and relaxation.

It's made of laughter and music—when Bob Hope or Lana Turner visits his camp with a USO show.

It's even made of a cup of coffee and a Yankee smile—at some lone outpost in Alaska or the Caribbean

Maybe it's just a feeling of kinship with this land of a hundred million generous people. Maybe it's just the understanding that this whole country cares; that the soldier is bone of our bone; that he and we are one.

Name it if you can. But it's the secret weapon of a democratic army.

What can you do to sharpen the weapon? Give to the USO. This great national service organization has been entrusted by your government with the responsibility for the service man's leisure needs.

The requirements of the USO have grown as enormously as our armed forces themselves. This Spring we must have \$32,000,000.

Give all you can—whether it's a lot or a little. Send your contribution to your local chairman or to USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

★ **USO** ★

NEXT MONTH'S *Atlantic*

SEPTEMBER, 1942

THE COMING AIR AGE

Igor Sikorsky
Frederick C. Painton

In 1908 Igor Sikorsky first began experimenting with the helicopter. Today his new plane, the VS-300, promises to revolutionize air travel when the war is over. Here is the air bus, the air taxi — the plane your wife can drive.

SUBMARINE FROM CORREGIDOR: ESCAPE

Elizabeth E. Sayre

The wife of the High Commissioner to the Philippines tells in unforgettable detail how she and her husband came out from Corregidor two thousand miles undersea. A superb narrative and incidentally a superb tribute to the U.S.N.

THE LABOR PARTY IN ENGLAND

Helen Kirkpatrick

What has been taking place within the Labor Party in Britain? Who are its new leaders? What are the sympathies of the rank and file in this third year of the war? From London comes this answer.

FATHER'S TELEPHONE. *A Short Story*

Ruth Gordon

The most delightful story of a telephone conversation that we have ever printed.

INDIANS COME ALIVE

John Collier

Speaking from his vigilant experience, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs describes the struggle for liberation which has put new life and hope into our Indians.

and

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES

by MacKinley Helm



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